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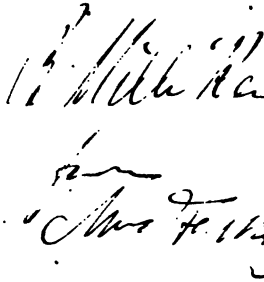

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MISCELLANIES.

MISCELLANIES.

THE

FOREIGN RELATIONS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE:

THE

INTERNAL RESOURCES OF IRELAND:

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER:

DRAMATIC CRITICISM:

ETC. ETC. ETC.

By JOHN FINLAY, LL.D.,

BARRISTER AT LAW.

"Quicquid agunt homines,
nostri farrago libelli."

DUBLIN:

JOHN CUMMING, LOWER ORMOND-QUAY;

AND WHITTAKER, TREACHER, AND CO. LONDON.

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TO

THE MOST HONORABLE

HENRY WILLIAM PAGET,

MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY, K. G.,

ETC. ETC. ETC.

My Lord,

Although I have written many books for the public, I never dedicated one to a man in power; and I avail myself of your absence from office, humbly to inscribe this volume to your Lordship; who, in your distribution of the patronage of the crown, when pressed by high interests from different quarters, selected for promotion a man without such aids, and vindicated my labours from a long neglect.

This distinction has been to me, a source of much benefit—a matter of great pride—and I assure your Lordship has made its due impression on the feelings of him who had the honour to be its object;

John Finlay.

November, 14*th*, 1835.

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CHAPTER I.

ON THE FOREIGN RELATIONS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE WITH EUROPE.

THE FOLLOWING LETTERS ON THIS SUBJECT WERE ADDRESSED TO EARL GREY, BY THE AUTHOR, IN THE YEAR 1831.

LETTER I.

RUSSIA.

HAD Nicholas of Russia the energy and character of Peter the First, or Frederick the Second, his conduct to the rest of Europe would resemble that of Philip of Macedon to Greece.

If Poland sink again in this conflict with her oppressor, the independence of Europe may endure, until among the quick passing crowd of short lived Czars, the stratocracy shall elevate a soldier of ambition: but that independence must be deeply endangered by such an event.

In this lottery of sceptres, working its evolutions with such rapidity and restless variety, what security can we have that no such character will arise? How reasonably may we look for such an appearance? And should he come—behold the figure shadowed by the finger of the Prophet; behold him hunting the flying nations of the earth with the velocity of the leopard, and the ravenousness of the evening wolf, clothed in a vesture steeped in blood, and on whose head are many crowns.

Is this apprehension reasonable or otherwise? was it not expressed by a witness who knew the strength of Russia, and position of her Czar? Has not Napoleon

bequeathed it as a warning to posterity, on that occasion when man speaks truth—when he saw the grave yawning before him, and the world and its vanities fading from his view? But did we require any one to tell it? Is not this lesson distinctly told or repeated in every stage of the growth of this empire?

What are the stages of her growth, but the stages of her aggression? Has she not appropriated seriatim and uniformly, the territory of every power who had the misfortune to be her neighbour? Is there any denial of this observation, or any exception to it? Is it not proved by her lawless occupation of the Crimea, Courland, Poland, Finland, Turkey? Did she not, like Philip of Macedon, first obtrude her guarantee of their independence, and interfere to embroil the factions of her neighbours; and after having approached as a friend and protector, reduce them by main force to the condition of her slaves? If this has been the uniform course, heretofore, what reason is there to infer that it should not be the course hereafter, when this colossal empire shall have acquired a head capable of wrestling with Britain and Gaul?

Therefore, let Britain and Gaul be wise and beware. Poland having expiated the follies of her discords, by the severity of her sufferings, seems to interest the mercy and the favour of Providence. Man's extremity is God's opportunity; and the enlightened minister, who now guides the councils of Great Britain, will not permit the extermination of the Polish race—the ancient and habitual guardians of Christendom.

The question is exactly come to this: for all Poland will resist, like one desperate man, and among the nations of the earth, they have but one enemy.

> "Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just,
> And he but naked, tho' lock'd up in steel,
> Whose conscience with injustice is corrupt'd."

LETTER II.

PRUSSIA.

NON-INTERVENTION means *neutrality*, or *nothing*. The king of Prussia says it does not mean neutrality, and that he does not intend to be neutral, although he intends to adhere to the principle of non-intervention. I say, and the world will say, that when he breaks the engagement of neutrality, he breaks the engagement of non-intervention in the better part of it.

What difference does it make to say that he will not aid his son-in-law against the kingdom of Poland with *men*; men are the material which Russia does not want; in her dominion, where every thing is cheap, nothing is so cheap as men. Her soldier does not cost her a penny per diem, and her Cossaque costs her only the license to plunder, or leave to sell their property to its owners.

Therefore how does this king maintain faith with his allies, in declining to give Russia that which is not wanted, and how can he be "inactive," as he says, in this contest, when he supplies Russia with "munitions de bouche et de guerre," the only material which, in fact, she requires, declining that which she does not require.

But let us try the matter by this test: Prussia, with the aid of Russia, has taken from Poland every port on the Baltic. Will Prussia permit to Poland, from Great Britain or France, the *like aid* as Prussia concedes to Russia? Did Great Britain give no aid to Austria, Russia, or Prussia, because she sent no troops to Austerlitz, Auerstadt, or Jena, or was she "*neutral*" for that reason, or was she "*inactive*" on those occasions? Miserable must be the councils of this *king of soldiers*, when he has the courage to address to the judgment of Europe, such an argument for such an act. It is, however, in the true spirit of the Catharine policy, and, per-

haps, is not worse than the Prussian argument for seizing Silesia, Posen, or Prussian Poland, or, for apropriating the line of the Vistula, and the keys of a country, which was the granary of Europe. But I am rejoiced to see the mask falling off and disclosing

> "A Calmuc beauty, with a Cossack wit,
> And generous spirit, when 'tis not frost-bit."

I admire the part now acting by this crowned courtier of the czar, not less than the *reason* he gives for it; and I admire both, not more than I do his "inactivity" and "non-intervention." The Polish question could not have been opened if this had not occurred, and the fatal policy of the Castlereagh diplomacy would neither have been corrected or exposed. In the effort to re-construct the bulwark of Christendom, this gaoler-king may be invited to explain on what principle of general benefit he has assumed the key of the granary of Europe; for Poland, not only by the valor of her sons, guarded Europe from the barbaric incursions of Asia, but the fertility of her soil was the natural resort to each nation in Europe, against famine and scarcity. It will be necessary to Europe, and indispensable to Great Britain, regarding our corn laws, to ascertain whether this Pharaoh should sell the corn of another country at his own price, and command the avenues of Europe's granary, in the character of the regal forestaller of its produce, to such nations as may suffer from scarcity or famine.

LETTER III.

BELGIUM.

I HAVE spoken of the fatal policy of the Castlereagh diplomacy; I mean the practice, heretofore *unprece-*

dented in diplomacy, of tearing asunder kindred states, and annexing them to others which they detested, disregarding the ties and habits of those thus severed, and the repugnancies in manners, language, interests, with the antipathies in national feelings of those so suddenly and oddly conjoined. Norway from Denmark to Sweden: Finland from Sweden to Russia; half Saxony from Augustus to Frederick William; Italy to Austria; Genoa to Piedmont; and the warlike Belgians, with their chivalrous nobility, their Catholic tenets and monarchic principles, to their opponents in trade, politics, and religion; compelling the latter to acknowledge a *king*, and forcing the former to bow to a *Dutch* one.

The conduct of France, in the divulsion of states, had the apology of a revolution; and she lost what she gained. The violence of Russia to her protegee, Poland, is an exception to all rules of honesty and fair dealing. All former incorporation of European states, by regular diplomacy, or international law, had been the gradual growth of marriage, succession, treaty, or such means, limited in its extent, and protracted in its duration; but to adopt the revolutionary principle of forceful appropriation in the calm of peace, and the arrangements for its continuance, was without precedent, as we trust it will be without imitation, and is already producing those necessary consequences, which the Marquis Wellesley forewarned at the time, and every man of sense and reflection foresaw.

> "Let but a beam of sober reason play;
> See, fancy's fairy fretwork melts away!"

Sixteen years of general peace witnessed the birth, duration, and explosion of the new kingdom of his Dutch majesty, and sent him back to Amsterdam. It was easy to see from its first inception, that this goodly kingdom was on a weak foundation. Its creation was the offering of ministerial flattery to regal vanity and family ambition. The enormous expense which these nations in-

curred in creating, increasing and protecting this kingdom, referred to the then intended marriage between the Prince of Orange and heiress to our crown. Belgium and Holland must be compressed into a kingdom, and the prejudices of Dutchmen be violated by regalities, lest, forsooth, our future sovereign might descend from her rank to marry a stadtholder: it would be an anomaly in etiquette that Charlotte, queen of Great Britain and Ireland, queen of Hanover, and protectress of Brunswick, should descend, in her palace of the Hague, to the rank of her highness the lady Stadtholder; it would be an inferiority to Hortensia Beauharnois; and then the barbarism of the Burgomaster title; and, therefore, the Dutch must have a king; but the British spirit of our Princess Charlotte soon dissolved the object of this cost and toil; she would not give a hand where she could not give a heart; the Duchess of Oldenburgh had her full consent to carry off from Carlton House his serene highness "in the plush breeches," who quickly united him to her sister Anne, and thus seemed to secure to the interest of Russia, that kingdom, so created at the expense of millions to the people of these countries. I consider its dissolution, and the enthronement of Leopold, a blow to Russia, and a benefit to Europe.

As to the dismantling of the fortresses in Belgium; why not? when it was clear that the allies would not, the Belgians could not, and the British should not, maintain them. But if they could be maintained, for what purpose should they? when it is clear, that, in the first week of war, they would be in the hands of the French. It was allowable enough in the French king to put the matter as a concession from the allies, and in a light favourable to France; the compliment was so put to him, and, however groundless, was an indication of peace. But there is no man of talent in the army of France, who would not prefer that these fortresses should remain as they are; and it is certain that Belgium is more inde-

pendent without them. Belgium could not keep *these*, but *these* might keep Belgium.

What does Sir Robert Peel mean by saying, "they were not meant to menace France, but to defend Belgium." How could they defend Belgium, without menacing France? If a man be guarding his safety with a gun, how can he guard himself, without menacing his assailant?

LETTER IV.

SWEDEN.

When the follies and disasters of Charles the twelfth made Russia face about from Asiatic objects, Peter, to create a maritime empire, and force his people in a European direction, planted his new capital on the border of his territory.

Little more than a century ago, Petersburgh was a morass, and its neighbourhood was Swedish. At any time before the accession of the late emperor, the Swedish cannon, in a *feu de joie*, would shake the glass in the palace of Petershoff. This vulnerable and humiliating situation has been entirely reversed by Alexander; the gulfs of Bothnia and Finland are under the command of Russia; the fortresses of Abo and Sweaburgh in her possession, with Finland and the islands of Aland. From the most advanced of these, it is not more distant than twenty-four miles to the coast, and seventy to the capital of Sweden. The intervening sea is often so frozen as to admit the passage of carriages; add to all this the political fact, that a stranger sits on the throne of Vasa, and Nicholas is enabled to hold him in check, by pointing to his relative, the representive of that family. But why,

it may be asked, should not Russia have espoused the interests of this prince on some former occasion? Perhaps, because, for the interest of Russia, and her supremacy in that quarter,

"'Tis better as it is."

And certainly we know that the impulse of policy is stronger among czars than that of consanguinity. But if Alexander were regardless of the claims of his relative, why make the following observation to Bernadotte. "If Napoleon fails in his attack against my empire, and the French throne becomes vacant by the result of his defeat, I shall think no one so eligible as yourself for that station."

Thus Finland was added to Russia, and in lieu thereof, Norway to Sweden; to neither of which should Great Britain ever have consented, and by which Norway, the kindred nation of a kindred ally, which it is computed furnished 10,000 sailors to England, was placed under the range of Russian influence, though the intermediacy of her new connexion.

It is little more than half a century ago since Poland, connecting Stockholm and Constantinople, and indenting itself along the Russian frontier, formed Europe's bulwark against the czar, as formerly with the Hungarians it had against the Turk. By the supineness of other cabinets, and ignorance of their diplomatists, it has since become the frontier of the Russian empire; and should the Poles be suffered to sink in their present struggle, not for themselves alone, but Europe also, it must again become the frontier and magazine, and vanguard of Russia, in the uniformity of her progress to appropriate, as she has ever done, the territories of those states adjoining.

In further evidence of this progressive aggrandizement, the territory of Russia in the neighbourhood of Thorn is within 170 miles of Berlin. At Kalisch it is nearly equi-distant from Dresden and Berlin; and in its course along the district of Cracow, approaches within 170 miles of Vienna.

In the position between those points, which may well be called the very heart of Europe, it has been well explained by a military sketch of Russia, published by Ridgeway, in 1817, that "she rides alongside the Brandenburgh possessions with the lofty and fearful superiority of one of her hundred-and-twenty gun-ships over a Prussian galliot, where there is no escape from pressure, and where the weaker must be crushed or overwhelmed." The degrading policy to which we have referred, instead of making Prussia a check, has rendered her a friendly outpost of Russia, impotent to resist, important to aid. Her late adhesion to Russia is strongly in proof of the overwhelming influence of the latter power; *she will be never any thing but Russian again.* The absurd spread of her dominions, not inaptly assimilated to a pair of garters, with her weakness increased by her Saxon acquisitions, leaves her *neighbours every where, and frontiers no where.* This kingdom also, the growth of a century, we have seen at Jena fall in a day; and its position, instead of reckoning among the chief bulwarks, will operate as a chief aid to Russia in her aggrandizement. Frederick William may still reign, but, as in the case of Stanislaus of Poland, the Russian ambassador will be "viceroy over him." As Prussia has found it her interest to aid Russia, Great Britain should feel it her duty to aid Poland: she owes it to her own interests, and Europe's also. The opportunity, if lost, may never return.

LETTER V.

PRUSSIA.

The Russian army, that from the battle of Ostrolenka lay without movement, in the palatinate of Plock, re-

freshed and refitted from Dantzic and Thorn, is by the means of Prussia again before Warsaw. Had Frederick William construed his engagement of non-intervention, as he did in respect to France and the Netherlands, Poland even now would have been free, Prussia independent, and Europe secure. We have the satisfaction to think that the Prussians are of that opinion, for there is a public opinion, and a German feeling in that country, however military, although the king is generally behind it; it saved him before, and may do so again. He is an amiable, but an indecisive man; he owes the preservation of his crown to his subjects, and they owe their calamities to the wavering policy of his court. His indecision lost Austerlitz to Austria, and her consequent inability lost Jena to him.

By this time an important blow is struck, and Poland has fought another battle for Europe. It may decide the chance of the invader, but cannot determine the fate of the invaded; for though Russia lays on with all her force, Poland strikes back with all her people; they fight for every individual in civilized Europe, against their oppressor, for wrongs endured, and rights withheld, and treaties broken. A constitution and distinct government were promised to them, and would be promised again, with similar sincerity.

LETTER VI.

AUSTRIA.

I HOPE, my Lord, you have an able "homme d'etat" at Vienna: it is at this moment an all-important situation. Such a man in such a position might save Poland from Russia, and Europe from war: he could convince that calculating court that the protection of Poland is the policy of Germany: he could remind Francis, (we hope your ambassador knows it,) that his majesty was deeply impressed with that just opinion, so lately as the congress of Vienna, and was likely to succeed in his wish, of the re-establishment of that kingdom, up to the moment of the evasion of Bonaparte from Elba: he could remind him that it was that phenomenon which, coming like the stroke and suddenness of a clap of thunder, shook him from his wise and generous purpose, and enabled the czar to rise in his demands. "Be it so," said Alexander, "Poland shall be a kingdom; but that kingdom must be mine." He could show him, that this restoration to a *kingdom* developed the purpose of Russia to appropriate *all* Poland. For how does Russia now stand in respect to the other two partitioners? She got her portion on the first partition, which, as in all other cases, was the lion's share; and again, her portion on the second partition; and again, her third portion on the final extinction of the kingdom. But the chief consideration still remains: Bonaparte, after the battle of Jena, created what he called "the grand duchy of Warsaw," as an nucleus for Poland's hopes and patriots, and a reward for the fidelity of the Saxon king. This duchy was entirely composed of six Polish departments which Prussia, on the partitions, had appropriated; these were Posen, Kalisch, Plock, Warsaw, Lomza, and Bydgoszez. Alexander laid his hands on the whole territory of this

duchy; of which he gave back to his friend Frederick nothing but Posen; and superadded these other five departments to the three Russian appropriations already referred to, under the title of the kingdom of Poland, with the chart of a constitution so extremely liberal, as to excite the approbation and surprise of La Harpe and Carnot.

Our ambassadors might again put to the emperor Francis, that this establishment of a kingdom, and donation of a charter, was nothing but a double mask to the Poles and the allies, concealing from the former the slavery that he was preparing for them; whilst his false promise was purchasing their consent to his new dominion; and concealing from the allies, however imperfectly, his design to appropriate the entire of Poland. For what remains now to the other two partitioners, except Posen to Frederick, and Gallicia to Francis? And how certainly would both fall into the ancient kingdom, under the sway of the Russian emperor, on the occasion of the next war in which Russia would oppose them? So that it is certain that neither Austria nor Prussia has a longer tenure of its Polish possessions than until its next war with Russia. How impolitic is it then for either to be unwilling to contribute its Polish possessions, which only brings Russia home to its doors, if by doing so, it could re-establish that ancient and valorous kingdom of Sarmatia, which guarded for ten centuries the religion of Christendom against the power of the Turk, and the liberties of Europe against the inroads of the Barbarian?

How justly could our ambassador compliment the emperor on the wisdom and policy of his offer, at the congress, to contribute Gallicia as his subscription to the re-establishment of Poland? How forcibly could he refer to the national emotions in Hungary; to the wounded conscience of the beloved sovereign of the Hungarians, his grandmother, Maria Theresa, when, with streaming eyes and uplifted hands, the aged empress besought the Deity to pardon the wrong inflicted on Po-

land, and the cruel office imposed upon her by the policy of Kaunitz and the craft of Frederick? How might the hereditary recollections of Francis be thus kindled to a sense of his duty and obvious interest, when reminded that that same nation which his grandmother thus partitioned, was the nation whose valour repelled the conquering sultan from the gates of Vienna in the reign of her grandfather, when she was a little trembling child? How well could he compliment him on the admitted fact, that whilst Austria, under Maria Theresa, was the last to join the coalition against Poland, the same empire, under the honorable sentiments of her grandson, was the first to propose the reversal of that iniquity?

Such views, my Lord, might, at Vienna, be put with success by a special British ambassador: but he should be a man who was chosen because he was fit for the place, and not a man who was chosen because the place was fit for him. We know not who the ambassador may be; but we know the sort of man he ought to be. He should unite a cool judgment with a generous heart; he should be a master of language, history, politics, manners; and, in reference to the last trait, we doubt if he should be a Whig; but, unlike Castlereagh, he should be entirely unembarrassed by friendships or acquaintances with foreign sovereigns, and in this view he perhaps should not be of the old Tory *corps diplomatique*. More attention, in his selection, should be paid to his talents as a statesman than his rank as a peer. Indeed we have too much aristocracy through the departments of the ministry; but there are situations in which it is *a crime* to impose the burden of office on an incapable; and doing so in respect to the diplomatic corps, has mainly contributed to the fall of Poland, and to make our diplomacy the scoff of Europe.

LETTER VII.

HOLLAND.

THE ex-stadtholder has made war on two-thirds of his late subjects. Suddenly, but not without preparation, he approaches them, as it were in the night; steals on their unsuspecting security, and with no other heralds than fire and the sword, announces his advance by the thunders of his cannon.

In this manner a long and solemn truce is broken, at that time the subject of general negociation, and guaranteed by all the great powers of Europe, each of whom, it is presumed, had a right to expect that an international truce thus circumstanced, and not dependent on any efflux of time, must have been broken, if at all, by some public declaration, or, at least, notice by the party dissolving it.

This measure is not only not announced, but it is masked by an ambassador to his ancient ally, to talk of peace, and conceal the war which he must have known had commenced; and that ally, the sole friend and support of this prince, during a long exile and state of destitution, which it terminated by raising him to a dominion, greater by two-thirds than any that his family had ever enjoyed, and which, under different conduct, he might have transmitted to his posterity.

We are told this conduct is infatuation; something like the declaration of war by Charles, against the Turks at Bender, or the Pretender against Louis XV. at Paris, or the Pope against the French republic, or the late Duke of Brunswick against the King of Hanover. We fear there is method in this kind of madness; we see that his son, not remarkable for enthusiasm, but rather for a character of moderation, leads the army of his father, and now tries the chance of war, with his successful rival

in marriage and ambition; it requires a good deal of credulity to believe that this is the mere effusion of enthusiasm in the Dutch prince; but we sincerely hope it is so, for it would be the largest instance of political duplicity that occurs in the history of Europe, to find that any diplomacy could instigate such conduct at the Hague, and carry the obverse aspect which it has lately done in London. It is, however, unnecessary to speculate farther on a case which time must so rapidly develope; but, whatever be the result, we commit this prince, and his conduct to his late subjects, to the special protection of our tory opposition, in company with that object of their care and solicitude, that other great anti-reformer, his brother Miguel.

LETTER VIII.

FRANCE.

THE reporters impute a large portion of twaddle to the opposition in both houses on the subject of our foreign relations. It is more trashy than any thing I have read, except the debates on the reform bill, which occupy a greater quantity of letter-press, with a lesser quantity of common sense, than was ever turned out since the invention of printing, and which afford a strong proof of the necessity for reform, in showing how much the House of Commons, as now composed, is behind the general intelligence of the age.

Next in worthlessness to the effete trash last referred to, come the reported puerilities on our foreign relations, in which it is difficult to find even a proposition to grapple with, save that notable one, that we should have gone to war *with France*, for not making us arbiters of her

quarrel with Miguel. To this I answer, that indep ent nations are to each other as individuals; they arbitrate their interests but not their honour.

> "To the liege lord of my dear native land
> I owe and pay a subject's homage; but e'en him,
> And his high arbitration, I reject.
> Within my bosom reigns another Lord;
> Honour, sole judge, and umpire of itself."

France could not, and, at all events, did not, seek Br intermediacy, nor any other on the occasion, and bec she did not, we should, forsooth, go to war, and *France*. I trust the time is gone for ever, w those two neighbouring and eminent nations shall anxious to disturb, on trivial grounds, that mutual a so important to the best interests of civilization and world; leaders of the other nations of the earth in ence, knowledge, arts, and arms, they are constitu for mutual esteem and friendship, and blessed with proved institutions and an energetic press, they enough influenced by wisdom to know that their best terests are the good of mankind, and that they can c *mand* the peace of Europe.

To call these nations "natural enemies" was an stance of the gross political ignorance under which world has so long suffered; the unchristian result o anti-social system, and the odious relique of by-g and barbarous times. Great Britain may maintain, we trust will, relations of amity with France and Euro should an alternative unfortunately arise, there can little doubt which should be preferred; but how abs to suggest the possibility of a misunderstanding, in spect to the conduct of such a thing as Miguel.

LETTER IX.

THE LAW OF NATIONS.

SIA, who appeared so lately and so suddenly a
r and an intruder in the great family of Europe,
as bound by treaty, at no distant period, to the
of the Crimea, that its czar should hold the stir-
id feed with oats from his cap the horse of the
* Russia, unknown to the treaty of Westpha-
ose capital was a morass in 1700; whose *first*
as built about that time, and who in 1734 had
assed a soldier beyond the Rhine; Russia, fear-
markable on many grounds, is on none more so
hat her conduct denies the obligations of those
y which the other nations of Europe rule their
to each other.

nit me to recall the attention of your lordship to
nciple of that code of international law to which
thus exults in being a rebel and an outlaw.
n the encroachment of ambition, and the rapacity
ice, when the advantage of the strong over the
and the bold over the timid, established the ne-
of civil society, mankind became divided into a
of states, politically *equal* and *independent* of
her, constituting, in the language of civilians, "a
lic," having states for its subjects, and God for its

soon found, in the school of experience, that the
s and sanctions of natural law were inadequate to
in concord among states, and it was found neces-
superadd other regulations, deriving their efficacy
eneral consent and *general benefit*. Thus was

* Mottley's Peter the Great, p. 23.

the *law of nations* instituted, and the *faith of nations* declared inviolate.

At all periods of history, and through the different stages of progressive civilization, we find its obligations generally acknowledged from a sense of their justice or their *necessity*. The Romans, following the examples of the Greeks, felt a pride, perhaps an interest, in being regulated by its dictates, and obedient to its decrees, and priests were appointed, and ceremonies instituted, to expound the nature, and solemnize the operation of the "*Fecialia jura.*"

This respect for "*public faith*" we find soon swelling into a religious veneration, the apotheosis of *Fides*, or public faith, was decreed, and her temple in the Capitol vied with the adjacent fane of Jove in the splendour of its structure, and the number of its votaries, conveying to posterity, through the mists of mythology, an allegorical hint of the close connexion between a nation's piety and *a nation's justice*. To maintain this grand and necessary principle, Regulus became a willing sacrifice, and his afflicted country a consenting party; and to brand with just odium the breach of this principle, Punic faith has passed into a proverb. When Vandalism, and despotism, and conquest, combined to swallow in a deluge, the grandeurs of Rome, and the lore of antiquity, this great principle was still buoyant, and indestructible; it escaped the command of the caliph, and the firebrand of the slave; it sprung from the conflagration; it floated on the deluge.

This herald of antiquity, this monitor of equity, descended through modern times, to the present day, speaking in its progress to the nations of the earth,

"Discite justitiam moniti et non temnere divos."

The European code, "*de droit public*," derived and sanctioned from such high originals, has accordingly held sacred, among many other laws, the principle not to make slaves of their prisoners. "Le principe que

les nations Europaines ne font point esclaves leur prison niers." Has this principle ever restrained this power from peopling, by force, Siberia and her other deserts with Swedes and Poles, with her prisoners and her neighbours, with Kosciusko, because he fought for his country, with Kotzebue, because he wrote for humanity? What nation, save Great Britain, has been exempt from this treatment? Not Germany, not France. And how long shall this exemption continue? Are the other principles of this code better preserved, namely, to respect the demarcations of neighbouring states, and the weakness of inferior ones? What weak state, if in her power, did Russia ever spare? What neighbouring state did she fail to encroach on, or appropriate? Must all other nations acknowledge the obligations of this code, and Russia only, when it promotes her advantage?

LETTER X.

INFRACTION BY RUSSIA.

RUSSIA, by making slaves of her prisoners, and transporting them in fetters to labour for her profit in the most remote and inhospitable climes, expresses her contempt for the just interests of other nations, and the public law of the civilized world.

Alike insensible to deference or dread for the law of nations, or the power that should enforce it, she abates no part of those savage usages towards the subjects of other states, derived from that condition of barbarism, out of which she has so lately emerged. The brutal chieftain of an African horde used to sell his prisoners to a European merchant, but the philosophic sovereigns of all the Russias, the legislatrix Catherine, or the pupil of La

Harpe, sends them in winter, through deserts, in chains to labour for life in the snows of Siberia.

Is not this a system at war with the personal interest and the individual rights of every man, woman, and child in the civilized world? Is not the soldier of another state fighting with Russia placed in a different and incalculably worse situation than he would be if contending with any other state? Are not the chances of war bitterly aggravated by the circumstance that Russia strips her prisoners of the rights of humanity, and that if he falls alive into her power, he may expect for life a distant, cruel, irremediable slavery; severer than any that the world ever saw, and extended, if possible, to his wife and children?

But what is the magnitude of this power, thus at war with mankind and humanity? It was the policy of Peter the Great to retrench rather than extend his frontiers; but that policy has been departed from to an alarming extent, and from his time to the present day there has not been a country in Europe or Asia, to which Russia was a neighbour, whose territories she has not encroached on or appropriated. Her empire covers a third of the habitable globe, including thirty different nations, speaking twenty different tongues, bound in the unity of a military government, and moved by the will of an unlimited monarch.

This colossal and barbarous power is thus not only formidable by its own immeasurable force, but its unconfined freedom from those moral checks by which other nations are restrained from aggression.

This power thus unconstrained is still more formidable on another and additional consideration. The policy of Russia is essentially warlike. The czar can never suffer in Greece, Poland, or on his borders, a constitutional government or free institutions. Such a proceeding would not only threaten the selfishness of his ambition but the ruin of his empire. The contagion to be expected from a neighbourhood of that kind, is as alarming to the czar as the cholera to his subjects. *Ideas* are formida

ble to Nicholas, and most so in the time of peace. The shoolmaster has been abroad in Russia. The Russians are the best linguists in Europe; their minds are susceptible of new impressions; their sojourament in France has affected them in a manner somewhat similar to that produced in North America on the troops of France, namely, by notions of representative government and liberal institutions. Therefore the army of Nicholas must have *work*.

There are but two powers in Russia, the czar and the army. In war the czar may rule the army, but in peace the army becomes formidable to him; it acknowledges masterdom, but, like the demon in the fable, it shouts continually "work, work, work;" its submission is concurrent with, and contingent upon the circumstance of its being employed. But should that employment fail, its chain is weakened and its keeper at its discretion.

Here then is a power strong from its force, stronger from its barbarous unrestraint, and essentially warlike from its policy and character, threatening civilization with continual war, and humanity by stripping warfare of its established mitigations. This power is come home to our doors. The sister of Nicholas, the Arch-Duchess Anne, one of the cleverest women in Europe, and nursed in the school of her grandmother, Catharine, is fixed in the councils of the Dutch king, and is the interpreter and conveyancer of that powerful and well concealed aid, which so lately enabled that very ordinary person, the Ex-Stadtholder, almost to carry Belgium by a *coup de main*, and mask his object till he struck his blow. There was more of Russian strength and secrecy in that memorable *coup d'etat* than has yet transpired. But when we may so naturally expect to see a Russian fleet riding *in the Texel*, it is right that we know the character of the enemy with which we may so soon have to deal, and that British subjects, by the chance of war, may soon be labouring for life as slaves in Siberia. This brings the evils of the Polish partition home to those who might have prevented it; and unless victory favours the

cause of Poland, so neglected by states, yet so dear to subjects, often will that great and eminent breach of public faith, and protecting treaty, avenge on Europe the injuries of Poland, in copious expiatives of blood and tears.

Resistance to this modern Carthagenian power, is the interest, not only of Europe and Great Britain, but of HUMANITY, and makes a part of the individual interest of every man, woman, and child, in the civilized world.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE FOREIGN RELATIONS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE WITH SOUTH AMERICA IN 1820.

PART I.

NEW AND OLD SPAIN.

EMPIRES have their periods of glory and duration; they rise and flourish, they fade and fall. The Roman empire did not crumble under the sword of Alaric, it fell asunder by its own weakness and its weight. An ally may guard the empire of Ferdinand against divulsion by an extern power, but no ally can protect it against the dismemberment which results from the force of circumstance, and the inveteracy of misgovernment.

The physical tenure of Old Spain in her colonies, was actually weakened by the distance that divided them; her navy was the arm by which she grasped them; and that arm, never strong, was palsied, if not amputated, when Britain extinguished that navy at Trafalgar. South

America should raise her trophies to Nelson; his own country is not more indebted to him.

England, by Drake, destroyed the naval pre-eminence; by Nelson, the naval power of Old Spain; and common sense establishes this obvious position, that no country who has lost her navy can retain her colonies against their will.

The destruction of that floating isthmus, which united European to American Spain, had long engaged the naval policy and prowess of Great Britain; Drake and Effingham, Blake and Penn, Rodney, Anson, and many others, in their different times, and with varied success, laboured at that great purpose which Nelson fulfilled. Shall Great Britain now pervert her success, and impotently attempt to restore that connexion which it has been the glory of her best times, and best men, to annihilate.

It has often been said of our cabinet on the continent, that Britain loses by the pen what she gains by the sword; and that her treaties, or ill-considered stipulations, generally frustrate the fruits of her victories. It is anxiously to be hoped on this nervous occasion, that her cabinet may not justify this sarcasm on her diplomacy; the phrase, or meaning of her treaty does not require it, and the defaults of Ferdinand, in respect to obligations imposed on him by that treaty, let in the consideration of the general interests, and the great principle of the law of nations.

Considered independently of treaties and documents, the law of nations is the general interest of nations. Disguise it as thou wilt, in learned garb or abstract terms, the amount of all that ever has been written, in deducing the grand principle of inter-national law, is reducible to this great principle of natural law, that the rule of each should be the good of all. This is the common law of nations; the law, as Cicero calls it "not written for us, but born with us;" the *Jus Naturæ*, the *Lex Legum*.

Apply this principle to the claim of Ferdinand, is it

the general interest of nations, that such a great portion of the new world should still remain unknown to the old, three centuries after it had been discovered? Is it their interest to encourage a bondage which makes

> "Thy world, Columbus . . . . .
> . . . . . a world of solitude,
> Where the sun smiles, and seasons teem in vain,
> Unseen and unenjoyed!"

Surely this inveterate and cruel monopoly is not only an injury to the nations of the earth, but a reflection on their rulers and a fraud on the world. "It is my own," exclaims the royal Ferdinand, "and I may do what I like with my own." Be it so, I reply; but, although it may be your right to abuse your own, is it your right to call upon other nations to sanction that abuse; to aid you in continuing it, and to protect you against the consequences? Is it not their right to refuse you? But how is it your own in the excluding sense in which you take it? Did God make Columbus for Old Spain, and New Spain for the king of Arragon? But granted that he did. Did God not only give this King the land, but did he give the ocean also? When Balboa, led by the thirst of gold, followed the Indian across the isthmus, and climbed the mountain until he discovered the Pacific, it is very true that he took that occasion to become the conveyancer of this right divine, and of vesting not only all the countries on that side the ocean which he saw, but *all the countries which he did not see*, in the king of Arragon and queen of Castile. But I apprehend this liberal donor went too far when he went into the sea and made their majesties a present of the *ocean* and the land. But, perhaps, Old Spain in this respect stands upon her papal title, and says, that he who held the keys of Peter gave her in gift the key of the Pacific. Whatever be her title or right to do so, one thing is certain, (and in this the world is much interested), that her conduct has hitherto made her for centuries almost the exclusive owner of that ocean.

The sea has been called the high-way of nations, the great common of all mankind. The Isthmus of Darien forming a centre point, which connects New Spain with South America, and almost the Atlantic with the Pacific Ocean, has a position on the globe so curiously important, that it has heretofore enabled Old Spain to appropriate this universal right; to lock up the Pacific Ocean, and defraud commerce and the world of most of that benefit which they should have enjoyed from the discovery of Columbus.

It is no answer in Ferdinand to say, "I do not obstruct the universal right, I only exclude you from a passage through the Isthmus. If it be the purpose of a British merchant to trade in the north of the Pacific, or a Russian to carry his furs into the north of the Atlantic, the exclusion of a passage to them through the Isthmus, makes only the difference of a voyage round Cape Horn; they have only to coast round the Peninsula of South America; the additional navigation which this exclusion imposes, is not more than sixty-five degrees south, and as many north. This elongation to their voyage of 130 degrees will not occupy them more than the third of a year: it is, therefore, untrue that I exclude my brother George, and the other nations of Europe from the Pacific, as I concede to all the right to go round." This reasoning for this *right* has been hitherto acquiesced in by the other rulers of mankind. The junction of these oceans so practicable, and more important than any other possible event, has never been insisted on, and Spain still keeps the two worlds at a distance which nature never intended.

In my next I purpose to shew the physical facility with which these oceans may be joined by a canal; and some of the commercial advantages which must follow from effecting that junction; indeed I have been informed on good authority, that a natural communication does exist, which the Spanish government has been able to conceal.

PART II.

ISTHMUS OF DARIEN.

A contemplative mind, on the inspection of the globe, must infer that great destinies await the new world. In the expanse of her regions, and the conformation of her coasts, nature has prefigured her future grandeur. This hemisphere has been ranked as a fourth division, but is in fact a third of the earth; it approaches nearer to the North Pole than Europe or Asia. Europe extends little beyond the Arctic, America even to the Polar Circle. Below the Equator it overstretches by 1500 miles, the greatest elongation of the ancient continent; it includes every climate where man can live, or his aliment can grow.

The Creator has marked its physical aspect with features of peculiar prominence and magnificence; the base of the Andes in altitude, above the sea, is equally high with the summit of the Pyrenees; that majestic ridge of stupendous elevations traverses the entire of Spanish America; and whilst the thunders roll at its base, and the storms break upon its bosom, its summit, even in the centre of the Torrid Zone, is deeply covered with eternal snows.

The rivers which pour from these lofty mountains are not less considerable than themselves.

> "Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd
> From all the roaring Andes; huge descends
> The mighty Orellana.
> Wide o'er his isles, the branching Oronoque
> Rolls a brown deluge."

These floods flow through such spacious channels, that as the "sea-like Plata," long before they feel the tide, they resemble rather arms of the sea than rivers of the fresh water.

Africa is barbarous and must remain so, for it is undivided by those aqueous intersections which unite the parts that they seem to separate. Asia also labours under this disadvantage; but its coasts are indented with those inlets of the ocean which admit commerce and invite civilization. Europe enjoys these two physical benefits, configuration of coast, and intersection of land; but America possesses them in a transcendant degree; *her* continent is divided with rivers like seas, her coasts indented with gulfs like oceans; lakes similar to inland seas are dispersed through her interior, and her mountains, which break the violence of the whirlwind and damp the fervors of a tropical sun, afford alike, by their interception and altitude, all that variety of season which gives to her population the selection of their climate. Whilst the African, in a region truly torrid, pants under the intenseness of the fervid ray, the inhabitants of Quito, in the same latitude, receives through a canopy of grey clouds the mitigated influence of a vertical sun, its beams entire, its fierceness lost; and as man there "sits coolly calm," and sees the vegetation springing around him, he kneels to the genial orb of day, and blesses the beneficent God of the Peruvian.

Such is the region, the greater part of which this king Ferdinand claims as his own, exclusively.

The continent of America may be divided into North America and Spanish America; the latter by far the greater. Spanish America, or the region lately so called, extends from California on the one side, and the Mississippi on the other, as far as Cape Horn, and is washed by the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans.

Spanish America is again divisible into Spanish North and South America; the former includes Mexico or New Spain, and is joined to South America by the Isthmus of Darien.

Whether viewed as a point of union or division, this Isthmus holds the most important position on the globe; it divides the continent and waters of the new world into

two continents and two oceans; it unites North and South America, and connects, or nearly connects, the Atlantic with the Pacific Ocean. This land was discovered by Columbus, and Balboa ascertained that it was an Isthmus. On the Atlantic side of this Isthmus Columbus built the town of Porto-Bello, which he so called from the beauty and security of its port; and opposite to it, on the side of the Pacific, Panama was founded, shortly subsequent to the discovery of the South Sea.

It appears by the inspection of any ordinary map, that many geographical facilities exist, by which the junction of these oceans could be easily effected. This Isthmus is indented with inlets of the sea, interspersed with lakes, and intersected with rivers running respectively into the Atlantic and Pacific, and nearly uniting with each other in the interior. *The Edinburgh Review* of January, 1809, vol. xiii. p. 277, has an able article on this subject, to which I would particularly intreat attention, and which shows the great facility with which this important junction may be established. According to this article, there are three modes by which this Isthmus may be rendered navigable. First, the river Chagre, which falls into the Atlantic at the town of the same name, about 15 leagues westward of Portobello, and is navigable as far as Cruzes, within five leagues of Panama. Secondly, five leagues from the mouth of the Chagre it receives the river Trinidad. This river is navigable to Embarcadero; from that place to Panama is a distance of about 30 miles, with a level country and a fine river to supply water for a canal. This ground has been surveyed, and not only the practicability but the facility of the work ascertained. Safe harbours at the two extremities are here supplied to our utmost wish; at the mouth of the Chagre is a fine harbour, which received the British 74 gun ships in 1740, when the castle of Lorenzo was bombarded, and at the other extremity is the famous harbour of Panama.

The accuracy of these statements may be established by a reference to an instructive work, published in 1762,

by Thomas Jeffereys, Geographer to his Majesty, from drafts and surveys found on board the Spanish prizes. Thirdly, further north, the grand lake of Nicaraguay by itself almost extends the navigation from sea to sea. Into the Atlantic Ocean it falls by a navigable river, and reaches to within three leagues of the Gulf Papagayo, in the Pacific. Mr. Jeffereys tells us, it was the instruction of the king of Spain to the governor of St. John's Castle, not to permit any British subject to pass either up or down this lake; for if ever the English came to a knowledge of its importance and value, they would soon make themselves masters of this part of the country.* This latter circumstance agrees with the information which I have lately received on good authority and local knowledge, that a navigable communication does exist, which the Spaniards have hitherto been able to conceal.

I presume this communication must be by the lake Nicaraguay. It is admitted even by the Spanish government, that in this place the communication is entire between the oceans, with the single exception of the neck of land that separates the lake from the Gulf of Papagayo. Humboldt insinuates his belief that some river unites the lake with the Pacific. If this be so, my information must be true; for it is clear that the lake is united to the Atlantic by the Rio Juan; but whether it be true or false the *Review* gives three practical communications between the oceans, and Humboldt, in his writings subsequent to the *Review*, lays down nine possible ones. When these circumstances are coupled with the fact, that the Spanish government to this day has never permitted the publication of any survey of this Isthmus, there is every reason to be persuaded that a communication or facility of a junction exists.

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* Vide a Memoir by M. Martin de la Bastide, Ancien Secretaire de M. le Comte de Broglio, published in the second volume of Histoire Abregée de la mer Sud, par M. de Laborde.

This is no new idea; its practicability was proved nearly 150 years ago by Morgan, the celebrated bucanier. We are told by Raynal that Morgan, with his freebooters, sailed up the river Chagre for thirty-three miles, until he came to Cruzes, where the river ceases to become navigable; that then a march of five leagues brought him to Panama, which he sacked, and having burned, returned by the same route to Portobello, of which he had also made himself master; and thus in a short time, not only captured and pillaged the two great entrepots of Spanish wealth and commerce in the new world, but taught posterity a lesson of which they have been slow to profit, namely, the easy communication between the two oceans, and the still easier demolition of that power which obstructs it.

The facility of this communication was admitted throughout Europe at the beginning of the 17th century. William the third, as appears by his charter; the parliament of Scotland, as appears by their statutes; and all the great merchants of these countries and the continent, admitted and acted upon this idea. But time and circumstance are the great reformers, and they have now conducted this project to its maturity. The Isthmus was of little value to Spain, but must be invaluable to any other power. It must fall into the hands either of the Independents, or North Americans.

PART III.

ISTHMUS OF DARIEN.

I BELIEVE I have shewn that a navigable junction of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans exists in fact, or is easily practicable. But, whatever be the merits of the question

respecting a passage *through* the Isthmus, one thing is certain, that a communication *across* the Isthmus, either by land or water, or both, has at all times existed since its discovery.

We are informed by Robertson, that the reinforcements which followed Pizarro, under Benalcazar, crossed the Isthmus by the lake Nicareguay; the inspection of a map shows that this is a passage almost entirely by water. It is certain, that for more than two centuries after Columbus, the communication of Old Spain with her colonies in the Pacific was conducted *by the Isthmus.*

The treasures of Peru, Chili, and California, the Spanish trade with the Philippine islands, and through them with China, Japan, India, and the East, concentred at Panama. The branch of this trade with the Philippine islands and the East was conducted by the Acapulco ships; these vessels never went round Cape Horn, and their cargoes, after being deposited at Panama, were carried across the Isthmus to Portobello. The communication on the Atlantic side was conducted by vessels called galleons. The galleon was a ship constructed for the double purpose of war and trade, it resembled a British Indiaman on a larger scale, *these* vessels never went round Cape Horn. As the Acapulco ships never came into the Atlantic, so the galleons never went into the Pacific. At stated periods, a fleet consisting of about eight of these galleons sailed from Old Spain for Carthagena, laden with the European exports, and military stores necessary for the colonies; on their arrival at Carthagena, expresses were dispatched in various directions, giving notice to all concerned in the Spanish American trade, to meet this fleet at Portobello.

The fair of Portobello lasted fourteen days; the concourse of strangers was considerable; a mean lodging cost 100 crowns, and a stall was rented for 1000. Merchants differing in colour, language, and creed, there consorted in the universal fellowship of trade, and com-

mingling the costumes of every country, in the bustle of business and pursuit of gain; they forgot that they were objects of curiosity to each other: Chinese craft encountered and was purified by its attrition with Spanish probity; the Spaniard, though intolerant in his religion, was generous and confiding in his notions of traffic. He gave credit and put trust in the Turk and the Jew, and this confidence, never denied, was, perhaps, for that reason seldom abused. Ingots were seen piled in heaps on the wharfs, as if the owners were regardless of their value, or secure of their safety. The gold and silver of Chili and Peru; the emeralds of Granada, and pearls of California; the drugs and spices from the Ladrones; the teas of China, and the wares of Japan; the calicoes, chintz, muslin, silks, and all the precious commodities of the east were there given in exchange for the more curious and convenient productions of European manufacture. The great mart of the city of Bagdad, so fancifully portrayed in eastern story, would be, perhaps, not an exaggerated description of the great fair at Portobello.

When the scene of this extraordinary intercourse had terminated, the galleons returned with their rich freight to Europe. This mode of communication by the galleons was not discontinued until 1748. This system of commerce was conducted on behalf of the government of Old Spain; at length, however, it discovered the impolicy and felt the mischief which any executive must feel, when it assumes directly or indirectly the incompatible character of a merchant. In the year 1748 it resigned this character, and dismantled its galleons. Since that period, whatever trade has existed between Old Spain and the Pacific, has been conducted by private individuals in vessels which are called register ships; these are compelled to go round Cape Horn. The government reserved the passage by the Isthmus to itself; and when the trade by that passage could be no longer under its immediate control, and made available to its exclusive benefit, it thought fit to send the Spanish merchants, with the other

merchants of Europe, round Cape Horn, lest, if it opened the Isthmus to its own subjects, they, from the nature of commerce, might open it to the world.

I have dwelt so long on this subject for the purpose of shewing, from historical facts, independent of all statistical considerations, that the Isthmus of Darien must be passable for all the purposes of commerce, inasmuch as Old Spain had so long conducted a trade so extensive through its medium.

The interests of mankind have not suffered more from the vices than the ignorance of their rulers. When the Isthmus shall be opened, as it soon must, it will prove a fruitful theme of comment to the historian, how the governments of Europe so long endured an exclusion which inflicted such gratuitous hardships on their subjects. Great Britain imposes on her merchants the necessity of coasting round the Peninsula of South America, in cases where she might secure for their cargoes a passage to the Pacific by way of the Isthmus. Independent of the length of this supplemental voyage, the additional hardships are worthy of observation. There is no harbour or place for refit or shelter from the River Plate to the Pacific Ocean. In the high southern latitude of Cape Horn, the junction of the oceans round the Cape, and the rush of their waters through the Straits, produce a sea so tremendous as to astonish the most experienced, and appal the most undaunted mariner. The roar of the ocean against this awful coast, creates a sound like continuous thunder, and the violence of the surge produces a settled mist, concealing the land from the view of the navigator. No ships, save those built on a principle of peculiar strength and structure, are adapted to weather this frightful head-land. It is only passable with safety during two months of the year; these are the summer months, which, in those latitudes, are December and January. In a passage from Europe, at any time of the year, the navigator must calculate on the necessity, of

beating round the Cape or through the Straits; *for him* the wind is never favorable, a violent and unchanging westerly gale guards the Pacific at its entrance, and assails the intruder.

It is certainly practicable for the navigator to make his way into the Pacific, so it is for the æronaut to make a voyage to the clouds; but the elements of wind and water unite with the nature of the coast, and the height of the latitude, to dissuade from this attempt the boldest seaman, and warn him to avoid altogether these truly dangerous seas and shores, as briefly and beautifully expressed by the poet—"*Fuge Littus et undas.*"

The obstacles with which nature seems to have resisted the course of the mariner round the Cape, is not more remarkable than the peculiar facilities with which she points to the easy and near communication with the Pacific, by the Isthmus. In the latitude of the Cape the wind is always unfavorable. In the latitude of the Isthmus it is always favorable to an intercourse with the Pacific; a westerly wind prevails at the Cape, an easterly wind in the latitude of Darien; the trade wind in the tropical climates, which cools and refreshes the West India Islands, and the entire region of equinoctial America, is always easterly; therefore when a ship from Europe gets so far south as to arrive within the influence of this trade wind, it will carry that vessel direct to Darien, and the same wind would carry ships from the Bay of Panama through the Pacific to India.

Thus a ship from Britain to Darien could encounter no uncertain wind, except during her passage southward into the latitude of the trade wind; from thence to the Isthmus her course must be a bird-line, and with a fair wind; and the same course, and the same wind, will carry her cargo direct to India.

It is a principle of nautics, and of common sense, that a mariner who can shape his course in a right line, and calculate on a favorable wind, must work his ship at less risk, and may do it with a smaller crew, than he could in

a voyage where it might be necessary to pass through many latitudes, traverse many coasts, and require those winds necessary to conduct him through the incurvations of a course so diversified. The instance which I have given, clearly and simply illustrates the truth of this great naval principle. The cargo from Britain, in its voyage to India, would have only to traverse two right lines, forming a right angle, or nearly so. The direction of the first side, southward, in which course only could any uncertainty of wind be encountered; the direction of the second side, westward, stretching directly to Portobello, through the Isthmus, across to India, when no incurvation of course could occur, and no want of a fair wind could be apprehended. The Pacific, so called from the tranquillity of its waters, has been described by sailors as an ocean of glass, and the uniform course and rectilineal direction of the winds and currents in the Pacific regions, have enabled ships of 800 tons to be worked by not more than eight sailors, the crew having little else to perform than to set their sails when they began their voyage, and take them in at its destination.

When we observe and reflect on this providential adaptation of the elements of air, earth, and water, formed to conjoin, by moral means, those hemispheres severed by physical distance, an inquiring mind is disposed to lament the extent to which the wise providence of God has been obstructed by the ignorance or wilfulness of those who have been the masters and enemies of mankind. That easterly winds prevail in the tropics, and westerly in the higher regions of the temperate zones, is a clear position, which displays the folly of the governments of Europe in permitting the king of Spain to say to the world, "you may enter the Pacific by a circuitous route, which nature seems to forbid, but you shall not enter it in that near and easy manner, which nature and your own interest unite to recommend." Accident is dispersing, and time will heal the injuries which this ignorance has in-

flicted on the world; but posterity will be astonished, that evils so obvious could have been so long endured, and so slowly remedied.

PART IV.

THE PACIFIC AND ITS WINDS.

[Not published before.]

The two phenomena of the new hemisphere, which most excited the surprise of Columbus and his followers, were the *variation of the compass*, and the REGULARITY OF THE WINDS. These two facts are still the leading distinctions between the physical characters of the old and new world: to the latter of these facts I confine my attention.

Before Columbus left Europe on his first voyage of discovery, he adopted the opinion, that by sailing due west, a navigator must find a passage to India. When he had penetrated the tropical regions, about so far south as the latitude of Darien, he found, as all succeeding mariners have found, a regular easterly wind, corresponding exactly with the idea of that westerly passage which he had anticipated. In pursuing this favorite and rational hypothesis he was stopped by the discovery of a *continent in his way;* but should the communication through Darien at last be opened, it is curious, and may be useful, to observe, that in affording a direct passage to India, by sailing due west from the southern islands of Cape Verd, it will but justify and substantially realize the original conception of the great discoverer.

His first idea was a westerly course; his first discovery was an easterly wind; in the passage through Darien both concur; and after an obstruction of three centuries the world at length would begin to enjoy the

compound benefit that long since should have resulted from the fact which he anticpated, and the phenomenon which he ascertained.

The perfidy of Ferdinand and cruelty of Spain, denied Columbus the opportunity of an intercourse with the western side of the continent which he discovered; had he sailed in the Pacific, the surprise which he felt at the extraordinary regularity of the winds in the new world, would have been increased to a considerable degree; but his voyages were bounded by the Atlantic. He there discovered the *one* great trade-wind, which, parallel to the equator and intersected by it, sweeps a great circle round the globe; but in the Pacific he would have discovered many winds, similar in their regularity and the importance of their directions.

The enlarged sense in which Captain Carteret and others understood the Pacific, as extending to the Poles, has been considerably and properly limited by more correct and informed topographers. The Pacific properly so called, as distinguished from the north and south seas, is included between the latitudes of 45 north and south. The regions of the Pacific, thus circumscribed, are traversed by FIVE REGULAR WINDS: one easterly, two westerly, one north, and one south; the three first cross this ocean; the two last skirt its shore; the three first establish a closer connexion between the continents of America and India; the two last connect within the limits of the Pacific, the north and south of Spanish America; three of these course the three sides of a parallelogram; the remaining two, of a rectangle; three meet at the Isthmus of Darien; and the five lead to it.

Humboldt says, that the physical descriptions of a country, although perhaps the least interesting, have yet one advantage, that they never grow old. The physical circumstances of the Pacific have now become unquestionably important to the interests of the commerce of mankind. The discussion of this view of that ocean has been little, if at all, dwelt on, in the observations of mo-

dern writers, and has excited but little notice since the enterprise of Anson, or the discoveries of Cooke; but it engaged and engrossed the attention of the public, about the commencement of the seventeenth century, and its merits were familiar to all the political and scientific men of that day. The king of England, and the parliament of Scotland, the merchants of Great Britain, Holland, and Hamburgh, discussed and adopted at that time this view of that ocean. A charter of William and a statute of Scotland attest the intention of that king and legislature to act upon this view of that region; but political conflict and commercial jealousy united to frustrate the purpose of both.

Of the five winds already mentioned, one is common to the Atlantic and Pacific; four are proper to the Pacific; the wind common to the two oceans, is the easterly or great trade-wind; of those proper to the Pacific, two are land winds and two westerly. In the year 1700, it was ascertained on evidence before the parliament of Scotland, that from the southern coast of Chili, which is about the latitude of 40, a regular trade-wind blows from the south *up the coast*, for about ten months in the year; that it stretches about a hundred leagues from the shore, and would carry ships up northward, at the rate of an hundred miles a day, to the Gulf of Panama, where it terminates. It was further proved, that another land-wind blows from the regions beyond Mexico, along the coast *down southward*, in depth one hundred leagues from the shore, and which would carry vessels from the latitude 40 north, at the rate of one hundred miles a day, to the Gulf of Panama, where this wind terminates.

Thus the first southern land-wind sweeps uniformly upwards the shores of Chili and Peru; whilst the second land-wind sweeps downwards the shores of California and Mexico; both equal, and contrary in their force and direction; both a hundred leagues in their depth from the coast, and a hundred miles in the daily velocity; both severed and extinguished at their point of approxi-

mation by the easterly trade-wind, which, at Panama, crosses them at right angles; both equal, opposite, and corresponding; and both uniting to make this spacious bay a centre point for regular and rapid communication with all the extensive and productive regions on the western side of Spanish America.

Thus, from any port in Chili or Peru, a land-wind blowing up the coast to Darien can be calculated on, and from any port in Mexico or California another land-wind blowing down the coast to the same place generally prevails: thence follows, simply, clearly, and certainly, this curious and important inference, that from any port on the Pacific side of Spanish America, there is a fair wind to the Isthmus for a considerable period of the year.

Thus, the produce of the Pacific regions would meet the exports from Europe at Panama, and a ship from any port in the Pacific would not only have a fair wind to Panama, but also another from thence to India; for it would there meet the great easterly trade-wind, and having exchanged its freight of American for one of European produce, this wind would carry it right across to India. This voyage was performed by Captain Clipperton, in a two-masted bark of ten tons burden, in which he arrived at the Philippine Islands in fifty-four days after his departure from the Spanish coast. The winds of the Pacific, though not so favourable, may yet be taken advantage of, by a ship in its return from China to America. This leads me to consider the two westerly winds. In the latitudes 40 north and south, these two westerly winds blow across the Pacific. When these winds meet the lands of America, they are broken into the two land winds already referred to, which running downwards from Mexico and upwards from Chili, meet the great easterly at Panama.*

* When the passage is made, vessels meet with a south land-wind from the southmost point of Chili, all the way to the bay of

That part of this view which refers to the position of Darien, and the winds of the Pacific, is taken from the 2nd volume of Sir J. Dalrymple's Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland, p. 113, and the Appendix thereto, No. I.; in which a more authentic account is given of the Scotch settlement at Darien, than had previously, or, I believe, has since appeared; the learned baronet having drawn his authorities from the original papers of the Darien Company, some of which are in the Advocate's library, and others in the Exchequer at Edinburgh, and from the family papers of many who were the chief actors in the company's affairs. Of Paterson, the enlightened projector of that promising but unfortunate* enterprise,

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Panama. This wind never varies, carries ships above an hundred miles a day, and the tract in which it runs reaches an hundred leagues off the coast to the west.—*App. to Sir J. Dalrymple's Memoirs*, Part I.—*Edinburgh Review*, xiii. p. 284.

From the extreme point of Mexico in the north, there is a land-wind which blows all the way to the Bay of Panama, from the north to the south, precisely similar in all respects to the land-wind which blows along the coast of Chili to that bay, from the south to the north.—*Ib.*

* "Les Ecossois ayant résolu d'envoyer une colonie à Darien, contrée habitée par les Indiens seuls, et n'appertenant à aucun prince de l'Europe, il vint un ordre aux colonies Angloises en Amerique, non seulement de décourager nôtre commerce, mais encore de ne nous fournir ni pain, ni eau, ni aucune provision de bouche, même pour de l'argent. Ainsi d'environ quatre mille braves hommes, qui s'étoient embarquez pour cette expedition, il en retourna à peine cent en Ecosse, et le reste étant perdu, leur dessein s'evanouit en fumée: Recompense reconnoissante des services rendus par les Ecossois en Flandres, et du sang qu'ils y avoient versé en défendant courageusement la Liberté Angloise. Comme on ne put les chasser de leurs postes par la force, on y employa la famine, et quelques personnes crurent ne point interesser leur conscience par cette conduite. Les Ecossois ressentirent vivement la perte également injuste et cruelle de tant de sang et de richesses. C'est pourquoi ils présentèrent au Roi une adresse, signée de la grande noblesse, de la petite, et des Communes, où ils se plaignoient des injustices que les Anglois leur avoient faites; injustices que les Ecossois ne s'etoient point attirées, et qui violoient la loi naturelle,

and who was sacrificed with his project by William the 3rd, to the jealousy of commerce and of Spain; this historian gives the following account. "The birth of Paterson is unknown. It is probable he had education, because he expressed himself well in writing, and had a good address. He was bred to the church; but having a violent propensity to see foreign countries, he made his profession the instrument of indulging it, by going to the new western world, under pretence of converting the Indians to the religion of the old world. In his courses there, he became acquainted with Captain Dampier and Mr. Wafer, who afterwards published, the one his voyages, and the other his travels, in the regions where the separation is narrowest between the Atlantic and the South Seas, and both of whom, particularly the first, appear by their books to have been men of considerable observation. But he got much more knowledge from men who could neither write nor read, by cultivating the acquaintance of some of the old bucaniers, who, after surviving their glories and their crimes, still, in the extremity of age and misfortune, recounted with transport the ease with which they had passed and repassed the one sea to the other, sometimes in hundreds together, and driving strings of mules before them loaded with the plunder of friends and foes." "Paterson knew that ships which stretch in a straight line from one point to another, and with one wind, run less risks, and require fewer hands, than ships which pass through many latitudes, turn with many coasts, and require many winds; in evidence of which, vessels of seven or eight hundred tons burden are often to be found in the south seas, navigated by no more than eight or ten hands, because

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le droits des gens, et les loix du païs. Maìs ces remonstrances ne servirent à rien. Ainsi let esprits aigrìs par cette injustice, s'alienèrent du roi, et se révolterent contre les Anglois."—*Memoires de Mr. Jean Ker*, p. 32. A Rotterdam, 1726. And see, a scarce book, *Scotland's Grievances*, 1700; and the Works of *Fletcher of Saltoun*, p. 341.

these hands have little else to do than to set their sails when they begin their voyage, and to take them in when they end it; that as soon as ships from Britain got so far south as to reach the trade-wind, which never varies, that wind would carry them to Darien, and the same wind would carry ships from the Bay of Panama, on the opposite side of the Isthmus, to the East Indies; that as soon as ships coming from the East Indies to the Bay of Panama, got so far north as the latitudes of 40, to reach the westerly winds, which, about that latitude, blow almost regularly from the west as the trade-winds do from the east, these winds would carry them in the track of the Spanish Aquapulca ships, to the coast of Mexico; from whence the land wind, which blows for ever from the north to the south, would carry them along the coast of Mexico into the Bay of Panama. So that, in going from Britain, ships would encounter no uncertain winds, except during their passage south, into the latitude of the trade-wind; in coming from India to the Bay of Panama, no uncertain winds, except in their passage north, to the latitude of the westerly winds; and in going from the other side of the Isthmus to the east, no uncertain wind whatsoever."—*Sir J. Dalrymple*, vol. ii. p. 116, and quoted in *Edinburgh Review*, xiii. p. 284.

The following is a sample of the view and language in which Paterson himself contemplated this subject. "The time and expense of navigation to China, Japan, the Spice Islands, and the far greatest part of the East Indies, will be lessened more than one-half, and the consumption of European commodities and manufactures will soon be more than doubled. Trade will increase trade, and money will beget money, and the trading world need no more to want work for their hands, but will rather want hands for their work. Thus, this door of the seas, and the key of the universe, with any thing of a reasonable management, will, of course, enable its proprietors to give laws to both oceans, and to become arbitrators of the commercial world, without being liable

to the fatigues, expenses, and dangers, or contracting the guilt and blood of Alexander and Cæsar. In all our empires that have been any thing universal, the conquerors have been obliged to seek out and court their conquests from afar; but the universal force and influence of this attractive magnet is such, as can much more effectually bring empire home to the proprietors' doors." —p. 150.

"But from what hath been said you may easily perceive, that the nature of these discoveries is such as not to be engrossed by any one nation or people, with exclusion to others; nor can it be thus attempted without evident hazard and ruin, as we see in the case of Spain and Portugal; who, by their prohibiting any other people to trade, or so much as to go to, or dwell in the Indies, have not only lost that trade they were not able to maintain, but have depopulated and ruined their countries therewith; so that the Indies have rather conquered Spain and Portugal, than they have conquered the Indies: for, by their permitting all to go out and none to come in, they have not only lost the people which are gone to these remote and luxuriant regions, but such as remain are become wholly unprofitable and good for nothing: thus, not unlike the case of the dog in the fable, they have lost their own countries, and yet not gotten the Indies. People and their industry are the true riches of a prince or nation; and, in respect to them, all other things are but imaginary. This was well understood by the people of Rome, who, contrary to the maxims of Sparta and Spain, by general naturalizations, liberty of conscience, and immunity of government, far more effectually and advantageously conquered and kept the world, than ever they did, or possibly could have done, by the sword."—p. 118.

Sir John Dalrymple, after remarking that no greater idea has been formed since the time of Columbus, proceeds as follows:—"Paterson's original intention was to offer his project to England, as the country which had

the most interest in it, not only from the benefit common to all nations of shortening the length of voyages to the East Indies, but by the effect which it would have had to connect the interests of her European, West Indian, American, African, and East Indian trade; for the English ships which for the most part go with half a cargo to the West Indies and America, would then have carried another half outwards to the Isthmus, to be transported from thence to the East. The ships in the African trade, after selling their slaves, might have gone to the Isthmus and return loaded with the produce of the East. The ships of the East India Company, which go in a manner without freight to the East Indies, would, after getting one freight to the port of the South Sea from the India Sea, have returned with another to open a trade with the islands which lie between New Holland and India, if they kept near the line; and to increase the trade to China and India, according as they kept further to the north of the line." And the same historian in another place adds: "Should Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Prussia, the Emperor, Holland, England, France, Portugal, and Italy, join to obtain from Spain, by treaty, or by force, a passage across the Isthmus of Darien, (in the same way as the king of Denmark grants a passage to all nations through the Sound,) on paying more for it than Spain can possibly lose by it, they would do more good to their subjects, than they have done by the three hundred great battles in which they have been laying Europe waste for two centuries and a half back."

1835.

During the period that has elapsed since 1820 to 1835, the possession of this Isthmus, as the author anticipated, has passed from the power of Old Spain into the possession of the Republic of New Grenada; and a French engineer is now commencing a canal across the Isthmus; but so shallow as to fall far short of effecting the mighty change and improvement, which this navel of the globe

is capable of conferring on the world; and to which the diplomacy of the courts of Europe could now by a small effort, with the government of New Grenada, succeed in realizing.

Among the movements with which the march of Russia, occasionally surprises and affrights the world, few are more remarkable than her late appearance as a naval power, descending from her polar and arctic territories through the northern regions of the Pacific to the neighbourhood of Mexico and India. The diplomacy of Europe should fix its eye on this movement; for should Russia, in accordance with her usual policy, interfere to embroil or intrigue with the infant governments of South America, and either by art or force possess herself of settlements in this direction, or perhaps seize the Isthmus itself, from a government so feeble as New Grenada, under the pretext that it should be opened; she might thus gain a position, which not only would free her navies from the occasional inactivity of frozen seas; but would exalt her into a mighty naval power, and make her possibly the tribute exactor and tyrant of the ocean and the two worlds. What would be her position on the seizure of the Dardenelles, with the Euxine at her back and the Mediterranean at her feet, compared to her position on the Dardenelles of the New World, with the Pacific on one side and the Atlantic on the other?

The balance of power veers like the needle, still pointing at the varying position of the Usurper in the Republic of States and the family of Sovereigns. The principle of the political balance, unjustly deemed a diplomatic chimera, is on the contrary the obvious dictate of cabinet foresight and state necessity; and as in the case of Charles the 5th, Louis the 14th, and sometime of Napoleon, so now as to Russia, restraint on her aggrandizement is the true doctrine of the balance of Europe, the main object of its diplomacy, and may with reason be ranked in chief among the rights of nations, and the duties of kings.

CHAPTER III.

SPEECH OF JOHN FINLAY, ESQ., DELIVERED FROM THE CHAIR OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN, AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SESSION OF 1809.

Advertisement to the first Publication.

It is an established custom, in the Historical Society, that each Session should be opened and closed by an address to the members including an eulogy on Poetry, Oratory, and History. When his speech was in preparation, Mr. Finlay could not foresee that he should be requested to print it; and when such request was unexpectedly made, Mr. Finlay did not consider himself at liberty to make alterations.

Gentlemen of the Historical Society,

It is not less grateful to my present feelings, than suitable to the respect which I owe to you, to congratulate you on being here assembled, from the retreats of rural and social recreation, for the useful purpose of commemorating the establishment, and resuming the business of this institution.

It is now, I believe, nearly forty years since the Historical Society began to discipline the collegiate youth of Ireland in poetry, oratory, and historical knowledge. Throughout that period, it has been the custom that the close and commencement of each annual session should be marked by an address from this chair, relevant to the importance of your duties, and the value of those objects which we profess to pursue. The standard topic of that address have already been enforced and adorned and exhausted by the first rate abilities in the college

and the country. The success of each individual in that lengthened series has conduced to multiply the difficulties of his successor; so that it is now become not only an argument against a man's modesty, but a presumption of that self-confidence which so seldom accompanies capability, when he suffers you to impose the duties of a task, where there is so little to hope for, and so much to apprehend.

If this usual exhortation have any good effects, it is your interest to take care that the custom be preserved: but it must be interrupted, nay, altogether omitted, (because none will be found to undertake the office), unless the increasing severity of its discharge be softened and balanced by a corresponding increase of indulgence on your part.

On this general principle I trust you may always feel it a duty imperative on you, to entertain on these occasions a disposition to indulgence. If I thought that disposition could now be increased, to the benefit of him who has the honor of addressing you, by referring you to the weight of the burden you have imposed, or the weakness of him whom you have commanded to bear it; I should not neglect my own interest in that respect; but I have had too many earnests of your individual good will to doubt its existence in this assembly. I shall not therefore misuse another moment of the attention with which you appear disposed to honor me, by any further reference to the difficulty of the task, or the deficiency of your agent, sensible as I am sure you already are of the former, sensible as I feel you too soon will be of the latter. Clinging then firmly to the cheering expectation, that the same partiality which placed me here will attend me throughout the struggle, to extenuate faults, and apologize for failure, I shall proceed in my humble attempt to discharge the duties of my arduous situation in the mingled emotions of gratitude, diffidence, and pride.

Among the dispositions which appear first in the mind of a child, and attend him from boyhood, through man-

hood, to old age, there is none perhaps so early, so remarkable, or so general, as that principle of *curiosity*, which prompts him to bend the eager ear of attention to the legendary tale, and delights him to dwell on the marvellous acts of "the heroes that are with the years that are gone." He that hath created nothing in vain; he that hath made man "little less than angels," could not act so inconsistently with his own wise ways, as to agitate his creatures by an unnecessary passion, by a resistless impulse to a useless activity, whose ultimate end would be a worthless gratification. No. Self-gratification, though one of the effects and one of the stimulants, cannot be the main scope of this pervading passion, it cannot be merely to give pleasure to ignorance, it must have some ulterior, some adequate, some worthy tendency.

It is a curious truth that this passion for inquiry bears a near resemblance to what we call instinct. It appears *before* reason, and *then* acts with *most* force; it then generates certain habits, dispositions, and propensities; reason subsequently observes and reviews this passion and those propensities; she examines their drift; she determines the line of direction in which they could display most energy, and dispense most good, and ascertaining the end from this inspection of the means, she confidently suggests that this inquiring passion must be a gift from Providence to man, inducing and propelling him to enlarge his acquaintance with human life, beyond the limits or opportunities of individual existence.

When we consider the existence and nature of this passion and these habits; the pleasure which attends its gratification; and the strength which the memory may derive from that pleasure, in a study in which, of all others, memory is most needful, is it too much to infer, that all these considerations combine to convey an emphatic recommendation of the *story* of man to the *study* of man? Nature has done her part; she has given the excitement and the faculties: reason has done her part; she has determined their direction: it is for you to do

your part; and if is for me to shew you, that you bu consult your most valuable interests when you obey a recommendation urged alike by your nature and your reason. To this purpose let us ascertain what is education, I mean moral education, the great process of moral instruction. Education in this sense may be defined in this way: an *institution* which leads us to practise the rules of self-direction and self-restraint, by means of precept and example; Education, is the institution; precept and example, her agents; self-rule, her end; precept and example, her means. The importance of example, appearing, as it must, from this consideration of its high agency, will appear in a still stronger light when its operations are contrasted with those of precept.

Precept speaks to the ear; example presents to the eye; the one is an argument, the other an image and an argument; the one is speculation, the other is fact. Precept speaks to the understanding alone; example to the understanding, and the senses, and the passions of man. Precept addresses the understanding in the language of command; example insinuates in the accents of persuasion. Precept insults human pride, because she would impose the judgment of another; example flatters human vanity, because she invites you to resort to your own, and compliments human sagacity, by desiring you to make your own deduction. This contrast, I trust, is sufficient to shew that example is not only an agent of education, but the chief agent; not merely a means of moral instruction, but the chief means. But what relation has example to the subject before us? Much: because *history is philosophy teaching by example.* If then example be so essential to moral education, we should next inquire whence it may be had. Example springs from two sources: self-experience, and the experience of others, as recorded in history. But would not self-experience be sufficient without history to supply us with examples, the necessary materials for instruction? Certainly not, and for a very simple reason; self-

experience does not properly begin, until education ha ended. The school of self-experience is not the nurser the seminary, or the closet; the great school of sel experience is the *world;* therefore, self-experience ca *not* properly begin until education have ended; a therefore if history make no part of a young man's stud example can make no part of his education; and t effect would be, that he must be introduced on the bu tling theatre of active life, the pupil of mere prece From that single source he might derive some kno ledge, but from that source alone he could derive *no wi dom;* and the value of that knowledge would be abo equal to the mathematical knowledge of the boy who h no other acquaintance with the science than that he h committed the axioms to his memory. Self-experien then entirely fails to supply a *youth* with the materi of moral education. How is this dearth of example be remedied? Unquestionably by resorting to the oth source—to history, that grand globe of example; s will afford them beyond number, without expense, a without distortion. *Her* images, sometimes less livel are generally more natural than those of self-experienc because always less affected by prejudice or passion, a the variously multiplied and modified correlatives of se She not merely gives you a few effects whose causes y do not know; or a few causes whose effects you cannot se she gives you cause and effect together, and rece causes whose events she will enable you to divine. She n merely gives you a few links, but a whole chain; n the experience of a life, but the experience of ages. the price of a few days' industry she will give you, pe haps the experience of a century, and place you som what in the situation of the man, who having ascend that extraordinary Alpine hill, becomes, in the few da necessary for the ascent, acquainted with all the variat of climate and natural phenomena which he would h encountered in a voyage from the line to the pole.

History now invites you to pursue her numberless

vantages, at that season of life when alone she can be cultivated with the requisite leisure, energy, or effect. Youth, as I have remarked before, is not the time to derive improvement from self-experience; but youth is the only period to reap advantage from recorded experience; *nescire quæ acciderant ante natus es, est semper esse puer.* These opportunities, if neglected, can never be redeemed. At such a suitable season of life, history, in this temple dedicated to her honor, her study, and her name, opens to you the exhaustless repository of the models for moral instruction; invites you to enter the grand gallery of the portraits of life in all ages; presents to the delighted and astonished view, the beautiful, the boundless panorama of man.

But history is not merely this grand display, this rich and varied repast, this *dubia cœna* for human curiosity. History is not merely the exhibitor, she is the monitor also; she not only displays, she also reviews; *non solum nuntia vetustatis, sed etiam censor vetustatis et monitor ævi.* Touched by the finger of industry, she throws wide her valves, and presents to view the full length figures of the saints and sages, the heroes and the villains of antiquity; exalted on the monuments which their own acts have constructed, the moral of their life and death engraven on their pedestal, and the commemoration of their crimes branded on their brow; easy to be read, most difficult to be effaced; without any of that flattering colouring or friendly shadowing which marks an exhibition of living characters; history may mistake, but her pencil seldom intentionally flatters; dead men are not often flattered. But it is not only in faithfulness of delineation that history excels the other recording arts. Sir Joshua Reynolds justly remarks, that painting and sculpture can utter but a single sentence, display but a single attitude: history gives an entire description, and a series of attitudes. Again, she excels them in the durability of her records. History, by means of what I must term, for want of a better word, her copyability, is

in a great degree protected against the ravages of time, circumstance, or accident. The earth may yawn at the base of a museum, and swallow and inclose its varied treasures; a convulsion of nature may overturn the proud monuments of a people's grandeur, a prince's vanity, or a sculptor's skill. The research of a Hamilton may unbury the classic lore of a Herculaneum; and antiquarians may conjecture and explain what they have been; but history requires no decipherer; she speaks her own language; she gives her own comment; she occupies too much space to be cut off by detail, or vitally affected by isolated accident. Vandalism, and despotism, and conquest, may combine to stifle the utterance of the herald of antiquity; with similar success would the fabled Æolus struggle to silence the winds of heaven; *illi indignantes magno cum murmure montis circum claustra fremunt.* History's strength grows under depression; and history's echo swells from enclosure; she escapes from the command of a caliph, or the firebrand of a slave; she springs from a conflagration; she floats upon a deluge.

How aweful must be the sanctions which such a disinterested, and general, and never-dying annalist suspends over the conduct of man, the wicked and the good. Let him who has laboured for the benefit of his fellow creatures, and sinks into the grave, depressed by the calumny of an ungrateful world; let him be cheered by the reflection, that history at least will restore the distinctions of vice and virtue, confused and confounded as they may have been in his life. That *ille, qui, boni viri, famam perdidit ne conscientiam perderet;* the man who hath sacrificed every thing to character, except the sacrifice of self-esteem; the man who hath only lost his character for the purpose of retaining his self-esteem, *extinctus amabitur idem.* History will give him *back* his reputation; teach sons to blush whose fathers were his foes; expunge the unmerited blemish from his fame, and transmit along the stream of time the unfading honors of an unsullied name. Tremble the

wretch, who, in the mask of hypocrisy hopes to deceive her searching eye, and escape to the grave, eluding punishment, or evading detection; let him tremble at the certainty that history at last ever plucks off the vizor of the villain, and that not even the tomb can afford concealment to guilt, or shelter to the guilty, when history is the prosecutor, and posterity the judge. Surely there can be none so enamoured of wickedness as not to startle at that never-ending infamy which history dispenses to the enemies of man. When the great master of nature would portray the highest flights of human crime; he represents the royal regicide of England, wading through slaughter to a brother's and a nephew's throne; murdering as he moves, and murdering in mirth; trampling on all the respects of age, sex, rank, kindred, and gratitude, a stranger alike to pity, feeling and compunction; his savage soul unawed by fate itself; yet the poet tells you that *once* he trembled; when could he tremble? at what could he tremble? The ruffian reeled back from the verge of infanticide, at the aweful idea

> "Of what men's tongues will say, of what their hearts
> Must think! To have no creature love me living, nor
> My memory when dead;
> Shall future ages, when these children's tale
> Is told, drop tears of pity for their hapless fate,
> And read with detestation the misdeeds of Richard?"

In reflections such as these, the poet flashed upon his darkened soul the frightful spectacle of words unborn, gazing on the towering enormity of his turpitude, in wonder, and horror, and execration. The poet here drops the curtain, and leaves you to suppose, that had the kindless villain been less hardened in guilt, or involved in crime, History would have thrown the relenting wretch upon his knees, and terrified him into *repentance.*

Surely, gentlemen, if history contributed nothing to your education, nothing to your instruction, nothing to the direction of your life, or the correction of your ex-

perience, nothing to your best or dearest interests, surely she has attractions even from her dignity.

Such are some of the considerations which appeared to me to connect history with the process of moral instruction. Permit me now to offer some reasons which may shew the necessity of its study to those among you who may be destined for the walks of professional or political life.

First in order as in dignity, let me entreat the attention of the candidates for the priesthood. You who are self-devoted to the ministry of your God; you who now stand between the porch and the altar; in this awful season of preparation; never for a moment let it be absent from your mind, that the pastors of the flock should be the guardians of the fold; that the ministers of christianity should be her champions also. I do not mean that each should prepare himself with the weapons of polemic controversy, to encounter in the lists of doctrinal disputation every fiery or frantic sectarian; I would rather dissuade you from such ambition; I would dissuade you, on the authority of the great apostle of the Gentiles; "let us (says he) leave such unprofitable questions, they only engender strife;" nor yet do I mean that each cleric should feel it a duty to pamphleteer with the Paynes and Voltaires, and D'Alemberts of the day.

> "Satan-like spirits,
> Who with ambitious aim, against the throne
> And monarchy of God, wage impious war
> On earth, and battle proud."

But I mean that on every fair occasion, in conversation, by letter, or other private manner, within or without your parochial jurisdiction, you should be able to give a reason of the faith that is in you. I do not mean that all who preach the religion of Christ should write in its defence; christianity has already suffered too much from the prevalence of that notion; but I mean that all whose duty it is to teach her truths, should read her evidences.

Gentlemen, the evidences of christianity must be searched for in history; in history, not only sacred but profane: for it is a peculiarity in the divine founder of our religion, and one of the great distinctions between him and the founder of all other religions, *that he never wrote any thing himself*, and has deemed it wise to scatter the proofs of his truth throughout all nations, and in all times: it is your duty to collect them.

The necessity of *sacred* history to the knowledge of christianity, appears, of course, at first view; but that of *profane* history is not so apparent. Profane history will afford you enlarged and correct views of the force and extent of internal evidence. It enables you to converse with a Socrates, a Plato, a Cicero, and a Seneca; to compare their systems with the system of christianity, it shews you what man can do, and what he failed to do; and that all the great lights among the Heathen, were but so many forerunners of the Messiah in the Gentile world, displaying by their doubts, their difficulties, and deficiencies, the necessity of the interposition of *the wisdom from above*. In this way profane history leads you to the philosophy of christianity. Sacred history next comes in to conduct you to its divine original; she shews you the miracles which marked the life of Christ, and the miracles and prophecies which foretold his coming, meeting in him as in a focus, with an accuracy of convergence, with a degree of strength and splendour truly astonishing; she shews you the equally miraculous coincidences between the prophecies expressed in the law and the subsequent facts recorded in the gospel; and that human credulity must sustain an extraordinary shock, by ascribing these coincidences to any thing different from those causes to which they are assigned in the faith and conviction of Christians. If still, however, your unbelieving disputant should remain unreclaimed. If he should be so unreasonable or absurd as to require an existing miracle as the price of his conversion, profane history puts it in your power to gratify that ab-

surdity, and to take away that excuse. Bid him take a comprehensive review of the many political revolutions which have in the different ages of mankind convulsed the Heathen or the Christian world. Bid him select any single instance of a subjugated people. In a few years subsequent to their conquest, he must see the denominations of victor and vanquished gradually falling into disuse; he must perceive the attrition which arises from unavoidable intercourse, wearing down the asperities of national peculiarity, until all difference in the language, the manners, and the customs between the subduers and the subdued, growing still more and more undistinguishable, is finally lost in a general commixture. Then bid him look to the Jewish nation; led into captivity by the Babylonians twenty-five centuries ago; it might naturally be supposed that in process of time they would have coalesced with their conquerors, and have been absorbed in that union; yet, scattered as they have ever since remained over the face of the globe, they have never perhaps in any material instance lost their national or religious distinctions, nor does there seem to be any appearance of diminution in respect to their numbers. Shew him from history that the situation of the Jews is without example and without parallel; that it is a phenomenon, totally contrary to the course of nature and the order of things; that it has been boldly and not improperly styled a standing miracle.

There are other instances of equal force; but you need go no farther; if this circumstance do not shake his unbelief, why he would not believe, "even if one came from the dead."

The amount of it is this, Gentlemen, and I speak it with confidence, although conscious of speaking it in the hearing of many able divines, that if the student of divinity neglect the study of history, the fabric of his religion must be unsupported by conviction, must be piled upon faith.

With respect to those who may be destined for the profession of the law; let me remind you, Gentlemen,

of what we all have read in our Cicero; that, "the legal advocate, if possible, should know every thing." Indeed it was a saying of some lord chancellor, "that the sparks of all the sciences in the world are raked up in the ashes of the law;" certain it is, that there is no vocation so likely to require and so likely to give scope to every species of human information. The law is a river which meanders through all the intricate involutions of human transaction, and it is a river "which reflects every flower upon its border."

But of all sorts of human knowledge, historical knowledge is chiefly necessary to the legal advocate. My Lord Bolingbrooke calls it the very "vantage ground of law." It leads you to an acquaintance with the *jura naturæ*, the *leges legum*, the abstract nature of all law, and indeed that book so appropriately termed the Spirit of Laws, is nothing else than a collection of inductions from the history of all nations. With respect to that code which governs, or should govern states, history, in all matters intrinsically indifferent, may be regarded as the great *report* of the cases of the law of nations.

With respect to the law of a particular nation, it has been said that there is a very close connexion between law and history, but the connexion between the law of these countries, and the history of these countries, arises from their mutual uses to each other. History acts as a cross-examiner on ancient instruments; a critic upon ancient law books and the opinions of *judges therein* laid down. If you be startled by the legal doctrine, history comes forth to inform you who *the judges were*, whether a Herbert, a Jefferies, or a Finch; she tells you also what the times were, whether they were times when the "little finger of the law was heavier than the loins of the prerogative," or times when the judges were nothing more than the executive agents of the monarch's *will;* and a *murderer*, in the robes of a lord chief-justice, steeped the ermine in the blood of the *innocent*. The law amply repays history for the benefits which she thus

derives; she supplies history with its best materials, and the records of law are the *pillars of history*. In fine, Gentlemen, it is the very nature of positive law, the great difference between it and natural law, that it grows out of particular events, and a knowledge of these events is often indispensable to explain or expose the construction of the law.

With respect to *constitutional* law, history makes a part, and the better part, of its definition; constitutional law being only the compound of the law and history of these countries. The amount, Gentlemen is this, that if the student of law neglects the study of history, he must drink at the *streams*, he cannot go to the *source*; he cannot know the abstract reason of laws; he cannot know the material, *because* the questionable, part of the law of *nations*; he cannot know the law of any nation *radically*; he cannot know constitutional law *at all*.

You, Gentlemen, who may be led by ambition, or called by duty, to legislate for this in another country; to take a part in the deliberation of the senate or the guidance of the state,

> "——— The sage historic muse
> Stands forth to guide you thro' the deeps of time,
> To shew how empires grew, declin'd and fell
> In scattered states; what makes the nations smile,
> Improves their soil, and gives them double suns,
> Or why, they pine beneath the brightest skies,
> In nature's richest lap? ———"

The actions of others are "as paths to your eyes;" and history, "utiliumque sagax rerum et divina futuri," invests the statesman with the invaluable gift of political *prophecy*.

She unfurls to his view the great map of man, the grand chart of political experience. On it she lays down, and distinguishes, and comments upon the courses which have been shaped and pursued by previous state voyagers, all-powerful to warn, and direct, and preserve.

Here a bold shore, deep to the beech and indented with harbours. The vessel of the state may coast it securely, find anchorage in its bays, and shelter in its ports. There a bleak land darkens the horizon, outskirted with banks and shoals, and shifting sands, and fluctuating bars, and ridges of rocks occasionally uncovered by the waves, and continually lashed by their foam; formidable by its tides and counter currents, and under currents various and changeable, and fantastic in their drift, its warning beacons unfrequent, and most necessary, displaying its gloom, and announcing its dangers, "fuge Littus et undas." Here the stormy and shoreless ocean of anarchy; there the barren and cheerless regions of slavery. Here the dread whirlpool of political corruption, "torquet circum-agens et rapidus vorat æquore vortex."

If the vessel of the state once drifts within its attraction, round and round she glides in eddying and lessening circles, sweeping nearer and nearer to the roaring centre-point of ruin, where the gaping ocean presents the earth below the waters, and threatens to ingulf the wreck of every thing that ought to be prized by political men.

In such circumstances, nothing short of what I would almost call a miracle, because nothing less than an instantaneous, steady, and counteracting gale can restore to the pilot the command of the helm; or communicate to the bark, freighted with our liberties, that critical impulse which can conduct her outwards *into safety*.

Indeed, the course of historical study for a public man is so extensive, that he should embrace and invite every help which could quicken his progress, and retain his acquirements.

To read your history with maps and chronological tables, will both strengthen your memory and disembarrass your judgment. Chronology and geography have been properly termed by Chesterfield the *two eyes of history*. Without their assistance the bewildered student reviews the records of ages past unconnected, dis-

ordered, and confused. By these lights the chaos of eventful antiquity is reduced to a regular and luminous series. Geography and chronology are like the circles of latitude and longitude. By tracing to their intersection you are enabled to ascertain the particular situation of each event on the great sphere of human action. History without these may gratify curiosity, but never can lead to real improvement.

But notwithstanding all the aids from nature, and art, and application, if you read without *selection* you will read without effect; art is long and life is short. Bacon tells you that some books should be tasted, a few should be swallowed, and a few should be chewed and digested: reject the rubbish, select the wheat, extract the core, loiter not in portico, enter the temple. I might cite to you Bolingbrooke, Chesterfield, Robertson, and Hume, to back me in the recommendation that you should confine your attention to the eventful periods of Grecian, Roman, and European history; but I would obtrude no notions under the sanction of names, nor strain any authority beyond the reason of the thing.

Europe's history for the last three centuries, and more particularly from the treaty of Westphalia, should engage your chief concern; but above all, read the history of *these countries* with that warm and zealous attention which is called by Locke, *intention*. Beware of frittering away your valuable time on the minute and unimportant portion of remote and fabulous history:—

"Let blockheads read what blockheads wrote."

These historic antiquarians cannot instruct you. Beyond the reach of records there is a settled gloom. Ingenuity may sport her systems within the shade, curious, and amusing, and unprofitable; but the circle which bounds the light and the darkness, defines the extent and the limits of historical progress; where that gloom begins, history, to all useful purposes, ends.

It is the light of the song which irradiates *that gloom*.

It is POETRY alone can illumine that darkness. We cannot cite her, I admit, as authority in matter of fact, but we may fairly cite her to ascertain the character, and manners, and conceptions of the age. She gives you the language of the infancy of mankind; she comes in to supply the silence of history, not by telling what *these men did*, but by describing *what sort of men they were*.

In this way she conducts you to discoveries in regions which history had marked as terra incognita; she introduces you to periods perhaps the most *interesting*, because the most *ancient*; certainly interesting, because, as Blair observes, *then* the mind shoots forth free and unrestrained, and the passions are uncloaked, and the character undisguised by the artificialities of succeeding civilization.

But to be thus ancillary to history is indeed one of the humblest offices of poetry; she not only shoots beyond the reach of records, she overleaps the limits of existence itself; she soars aloft, she gazes *through* creation, and rolls her kindling and frenzied eye on the intolerable effulgence of celestial glory. *Her* eye alone can snatch a glance at that dazzling irradiance which illumes by its splendour, and veils by its brightness the awful grandeurs of heaven's High King. Her eye alone can view the magnificence of heaven; her tongue alone on earth can chaunt hosannas to the Most High. When praises and thanksgiving were to be offered up by a favoured people to a delivering God; the task was not committed to the wisdom of a Moses or the eloquence of an Aaron; the high task was intrusted to the lyre of a Miriam.

From objects so sublime as these, she turns inward on the ideal world, calls into being the fairy forms of fancy, and crowds it with numberless progeny of association. She exhibits the matchless archetypes for human emulation, and the mind, of necessity, derives a complexion from such high contemplations. It as it were escapes from the prison-house of the body, and refreshes itself by meditations upon excellence.

Away with the vulgar and absurd idea that poetry is

useless, because her images are unreal. It is the purpose of the poet to construct and hold forth an all perfect standard of human rectitude, which it is virtue to approach, although doubtless impossible to attain. But no matter; although possibly there never existed an *exact* circle, that is no reason why we may not argue from its properties: although there never was perhaps *pure* virtue in man, that is no reason why man should not aim at being virtuous.

The poet does not shew you *real existence*, that is history; but he shews you true beauty; he knows that true beauty could never be copied from real existence, and therefore he is obliged to *excel reality*, while at the same time he retains the resemblance. The poet does not describe *human life*, that is history; but he describes *human perfection;* not men, but man; not men as they have been, but man as he ought to be; not men individualized by their vices and their virtues, that is history; but man generalized and abstracted into perfection.

The proper study of mankind is man; the great purpose of the Historical Society is to present man, for the instruction of her members in every age, and stage, and shape, and attitude, actual and moral; her first branch of history gives you the history of human policy and human action; her second branch, poetry, gives you the history of human imagination and human passion: the view is complete, the two branches interchange benefits with each other. When the memory has been stored with the riches of history, you may try, without dread, the power of the imagination; a judgment, disciplined by historical study, will be ever able to restrain the fancy from any extravagant excursions into the regions of fiction, will be ever able to rein in the Pegasus, from out-vaulting the limits of poetic truth, or poetic probability.

> "Tutored by her, hence poetry exalts
> Her voice to ages, and informs the page
> With music, image, sentiment and thought
> *Never to die*, the treasures of mankind,
> Their highest honor and their truest joy."

Yes, never to die; a Gothic inroad may overspread the land; the invading host may thin the inhabitants and possess the soil, and time, commingling victor and vanquished, dissolve every vestige of national distinction; yet poetry oft out-lives the wreck which she describes, and either gives perpetuity to a nation's language, or survives in majesty amidst its ruins.

Poetry is fiction founded upon truth: she inclines proud reason's ear to her fascinating melody, *first* satisfies the judgment, and *next* conducts it a willing captive in her silken bands: she warms, and melts, and mends the heart, depicts the odiousness of vice, by painting the loveliness of virtue, she compels you to admire, she seduces you to imitate it; she transfuses her high passions into the minds of a people, and the conceptions of genius, in this manner communicated, become the incentives to national spirit, and to public zeal.

"———————— That zeal
Which throws o'er all the equal wide survey,
And ever musing on the common-weal;
Still labors glorious with some great design.—"

She pervades all ranks from the highest to the humblest; she fires the hero's and the patriot's *public soul*, and for the honor, the glory, or the good of their country, inspires them with the high resolve, to bravely dare, or nobly die: anon, with sweet melody she gladdens the heart of the swain, as watching his flocks he lies reclined near the foot of the "grey rock, or the root of the green tree."

Poetry cannot be created by rules, but may be regulated by them. Truth and nature supply the base of poetry; Longinus, Horace, and Boileau, the rules of its structure; nothing repugnant to their canons can be good. Her power can neither be taught by precept, nor acquired by industry, but she seldom deceives you, although you may deceive yourselves, and will ever give you certain indications of the place of her existence. To

be a poet, a man must be *born* a poet, and he that is born a poet, is born a man: *ingenium cui sit, cui mens divina atque os magna sonaturum*, his nature bursts forth early in childhood, and the favorite of fancy *lisps* in numbers. So it was with Pope; so it was with others; but why need I go from among ourselves; so it was with that highly-gifted individual,* not less distinguished here for his poetic talents, than for his *youth*, not less distinguished for either, than for his general acquirements. As many of you as may be endowed with powers, equal or superior to his, are upon this subject better fitted to give example than to receive instruction.

To the rest: a few words before I dismiss this subject. Let me again impress upon you, that poetry is perhaps the only art which cannot be acquired at the price of application; that this is perhaps the only art in which there are *no degrees*. In poetic merit there are no degrees; you must be *excellent*, or you will be nothing. But whilst I dissuade you from the writing, allow me strongly to persuade you to the study of poetry. Its study will have the best effects, in assisting you to excel in prose composition. It will exercise the faculty of sagacity, in the invention of connecting terms. It will supply you with the gay portraitures of a lively imagination, give enlargement to your conceptions, and elevation to your thought, excursion to your fancy, and ornament to your diction, and embellishment to your style; and aided by historical knowledge and a collegiate education, will leave no requisite *but exercise* deficient, to constitute the accomplished orator.

So long as human nature remains unchanged; so long as man continues to be what observation tells us he is, and what history informs us he has been; so long as he is more governed by his passions, than his judgment; so long must oratory, the great art of persuasion, be an object deserving cultivation. Oratory teaches you to in-

* Thomas Romney Robinson.

fluence the actions of others; she yokes together their passions and their judgment, and commits to you the control of both; she enables you to wield the sceptre of opinion, and exalts you to that glorious, that godlike sovereignty, the sovereignty of ruling the mind of man, of leading man to his own good, by the resistless agency of his judgment and his feelings. But, say some, our *good sense*, will not suffer us to be swayed by our *passions*, and we can only permit you to persuade us, through our reason. It is practicable, I admit, to reason with an individual; more difficult, but still practicable, to reason with a few; but it is widely different when you would reason with a multitude, if you be forbidden to interest their passions. A multitude can only be swayed by a *mere reasoner*, on the few points of their common agreement; now these points, always few, still diminish as the number of individuals increase, not so with their passions, *they* increase with the number, and more than that, they increase from the collision.

In a multitude you have exhibited, the many headed monster of the poets, which, according to their instructive allegories, would in his blindness and strength, wrest the thunderbolt from fabled omnipotence; a monster capable of doing *anything*, but incapable of guiding himself. Was the monster put down by the power of Jupiter, or the wisdom of Minerva? No; the poets tell you that he was suppressed by the interposition of Hermes, the deity of eloquence. But let me not weaken my meaning by illustration; fancy apart, the fact is this; in the multitude you have much strength to sway, by means of little reason, and much passion; it is the object of oratory, to speak to that reason through those passions; until they, by their native ardency, kindle the spark of intellect into a flame, and *then* oratory by *its* light, leads to truth, and by *their* heat rouses to exertion.

Oratory has been well defined by Mirabeau, to be "the compound of reason and eloquence," when reason and eloquence act *separately*, reason argues without in-

teresting, and eloquence interests without convincing; but when reason and eloquence unite their force, the *momentum* arising from their union is not to be resisted; then indeed oratory becomes all powerful, whether

> "To raise a mortal to the skies,
> Or draw an angel down."

Oratory should more particularly be cultivated in these countries, because these countries more particularly admit of those assemblies which may be supposed to lie under the influence of oratory.

The numerous assemblies of a public nature, required by our constitution, and sanctioned by our laws, are so many theatres where the art of persuasion operates influentially on the conduct of man. To be able to sway the opinions of others is, in *any rank* of life, a desirable advantage, but in *political* life it is the certain road to honor and distinction, whether you seek honor and distinction from the prince or the people; what raised the great Chatham from the rank of a subaltern in the army, to that high situation in which he is described by our countryman, that "with one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and with the other, wielded the fierce democracy of England;" was it his family or connexions? he had none, it was his oratory; what raised his son to the high rank of minister of England at the age of three-and-twenty? Was it the aristocracy of the country? No, they were *in opposition* to him. Did he derive any importance from the place he represented? No, he sat for a borough, Cambridge would not elect him until *after* he was minister. Was it his father, or his father's power? It could not be his father, for he was dead; nor his father's power, for that died *with him;* but it was the advantage and reputation necessarily resulting from the *oratorical* education which his father gave him. What shook his power after it had been rooted by possession? The oratory of the great leaders of opposition. What confirmed his tottering power, by the accession of the

whig aristocracy of England? The oratory of Edmund Burke. Thus then oratory gave his father power, gave himself power, shook that power, and confirmed that power. What procured Fox the respect of his *enemies*, and the reverence even of the despotic crowned heads of Europe? His oratory.

But let me not depreciate the value of this great moral instrument, by referring merely to its efficiency in the procurement of individual aggrandizement, or individual distinction; I will put it to you, gentlemen, on a stronger ground, because I will recommend it, as *the friend of virtue*, the ally of virtue—the *natural* ally of virtue. Their natural connexion appears from the consideration, that in the ranks of virtue, oratory is as a giant striking with a weapon, sharp as the scimitar, and forceful as the battle-axe; removed to the *opposite* ranks, oratory shrinks into the nerveless dwarf. Yes, oratory contending in the one cause, opposed to oratory *struggling* in the other, pourtrays the ill-matched contest of the giant and the dwarf; the dwarf may attempt to trip him, as "he runs his course," but the man of strength, if roused to wrath, might crush the reptile into dust, or hurl him beyond view. The one is the bright star, the guide of the mariner, the ornament of the hemisphere; the other the gleaming flitting exhalation that perplexes and misguides the benighted traveller; the one a steady, shadowless light, the other a dusky dull red glare, curling its volumes through kindred gloom, dazzling the sight, mocking the step, and enabling you to see *nothing* but the darkness; oratory, like every thing excellent, like reason and religion, has its abuses, but "if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog," is that glorious luminary to be blamed?

But the fact is this, that oratory, perverted to such *ill intents*, oratory, when she deserts the cause of virtue, is stripped of her strength, shorn of her beams, loses her essence, changes her nature, ceases to be oratory: nay more, she ceases to be oratory when she deserts freedom; she is ever either the parent, or the offspring of liberty;

she is, in either case, its best supporter; she retards its extinction, but never survives it. What was it that Philip dreaded, more than he dreaded the slaves of Persia, or the soldiers of Greece?—the oratory of Demosthenes: but the hand which stifled the thunder of his eloquence, extinguished at the same moment the liberty of Greece; and Roman liberty, and Roman oratory, fell together when great Tully fell; yet oratory takes vengeance even in her fall, and the tyrannic *triumvir*, who proscribed Cicero in his age, is in return proscribed by Cicero to all ages.

Should you not then, who reverence virtue, and value liberty, be anxious to cherish this friend to both; to cherish oratory, the instructor of the people and the monitor of the monarch; that teaches the subject what he should do, and that teaches the sovereign what he should not do; that exalts a people to the heights of freedom, and balances their unsteadiness on the giddy summit.

IN THE SENATE she instructs us, that it is not the nature of liberty to be niggard of her blessings, that she contains a principle of her own diffusion, that the rights of human nature, and the rights of human conscience, are not confined to considerations of colour or of creed; that no man has a right to make another man his slave, because he may differ in the cast of his complexion or the texture of hair; and that the power is equally *questionable* which would, unchristian-like, subject christians to loss of *social or civil* estimation, because they adhere to the faith of their forefathers, or worship their God according to the dictates of their own conscience. She stands the watchful guardian of the British constitution, ready to sound the tocsin of alarm, whenever the palladium of our rights may chance to be endangered by corruption from within, or violence without. Bowing to the crown, she drags the cabinet culprit from behind the throne, and before the states of the realm indicts the robber of the nation in the name of the people, and in the eyes of the king. She goes on to instruct, and cor-

rect, and incline, and persuade, until her opposition to abuse, at first perhaps weak, collects strength from resistance, and triumphs in success.

At the Bar she is as a "flaming sword," leading and lighting the injured to their own; she gives to the widow her dower; to the orphan his inheritance; to the poor man his *right;* she gives the protection of the law to victims of its abuse; she unravels the intricate web of chicane, and disentangles and relieves the innocent, the ignorant, and the honest, from the toils and torments of causeless litigation; swayed by her voice, mild equity descends to adjust the scales of *right*, by the balance of justice; she throws out the "make-weights" of office etiquette, and judicial ceremoniousness, of clerical omission, and *forensic* informality; and she equalizes *solid right* with *solid restitution*, and substantial injury with substantial compensation; legalized plunder is wrested from the gripe of the statutable plunderer. *Abjuratæque rapinæ cælo ostenduntur.*

Thus, in every instance of individual hardship, we see oratory introducing and disposing equity, to "break the teeth of the common law;" but her influence is most beneficial and apparent, when she invokes the discretionary authority of that court, dignified by the name and supposed presence of the king, when she calls on it to interpose the forceful and shielding arm of its benevolent and protective prerogative, whenever life, liberty, or property, is endangered by POWER.

She says to the man of power, it is "excellent to have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous to use it like a giant;" to pharaphrase the admired idea of Chatham, she throws the shield of protecting law round the peasant's person, and the peasant's cot; she says to the man of power, the winds of heaven may whistle through his walls, the tempest unroof his humble dwelling, and the wintry storm drench the straw bed of his cheerless progeny; but thou proud man, thou shalt not, to his injury, lift the latch; thou shalt not touch one hair upon

his head, nor tread with offence on the border of his garment.

IN THE PULPIT she wields the inviting, and deterring sanctions of the all-wise, omnipotent, and benevolent Father of the universe. She enforces the grand and simple statutes of theocracy—honor God, injure no one, love one another. She refers the sinner, with the eye of hope, to the great miracle of man's redemption; that grand connective between man and angels, prefigured by the ladder in Jacob's dream; that grand connective between man and angels, between earth and heaven. The isthmus work of hands divine, durable as the pillars of Jehovah's throne, frowning on the powers of darkness, which roar around it, and offering to man a safe passage along it, from life to immortality, from misery to beatitude—repentance the passport, and religion the guide. She depicts the influence of religion upon man in his last moments; she shews the christian, led by religion through life to its close: in the spirit of resignation and humble confidence, he sees, without a pang, the world and all its vanities fading from his view, he feels the bonds of mortality melting around him, he awakes from the silly dream of life; and his soul, springing through the gloom that overhangs this land of the shadow of death, bursts into the lustre of eternal day; he hears every quarter of the heavens re-echoing, in loud peal, the glad greeting of his God—"well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord;" the stars of countless systems sing together, and the archangels of Almighty shout for joy.

Thence turns to earth, and tells to man, that to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked, is to worship *practically* the God of christians, is to give sinners a confidence in the mercy and favor of a Deity, incensed by ingratitude, and insulted by sin. She teaches the wealthy, that they are but the stewards of God's bounty, and that they are agents accountable for their trust; she commands the rich to be "rich unto the Lord," else

" will he make their blessing a curse;" she makes the miser feel himself a man; and by the magic of her voice, succeeds in converting the superfluities of the opulent into a treasury for the wretched.

She melts the misanthrope's frozen heart, and conveys to his dull, chilled bosom, the grateful glow of social charity. The sons and daughters of affliction, so often repulsed from his door, wonder that this man is not what he was; take courage and venture to crowd into his porch; and *the grass withers, that grew upon his threshold.* Shame, shame upon him! who thus with the sanctions of the present and future world at his disposal, with the power of enforcing every motive that can possibly interest human hope, or human fear, can yet be insensible to the dignity of his sacred vocation, and listless in those duties, which the priesthood enjoins, can prefer to crouch at the footstool of some sacerdotal satrap, with supple-kneed servility, going on from submission to submission, and meanly crawling upwards to some bad pre-eminence; can sheer the fleece, whilst he famishes the flock, and heartlessly doze over the charities of man, the salvation of souls, and the awful, and merciful attributes of omnipotence.

Such, Gentlemen, are some of the advantages, which here invite your cultivation. Here you enjoy the uncommon benefit of being admitted to the secret of what some hundreds of your cotemporaries may conceive of your manners, your talents, and yourself; here your classic and scientific acquirements are brought into a common stock, a stock increased by the contribution of each, and not diminished by the improvement of all; here you have an opportunity of securing the suffrages of ingenuous and discerning rivals, and establishing a character on this theatre of honorable emulation. Let no one excuse himself from exertion here, under the plea of *peculiar* talent: there is no description of talent, which cannot here find exercise and reward. Let no one assign *personal modesty*, as an excuse; there is no degree of

modesty which may not here find protection and encouragement; let none be discouraged from exertion, by the opinion of *self-insufficiency*; recollect what Seneca says, "you could, if you would, but you cannot, because you think you think you cannot, without trying whether you can or not;" persevere, and I promise you, you will be surprised at the fruits of your perseverance; I promise that you will be astonished at yourself.

Every personal motive should dispose you to exertion; but are there none but personal motives? is it nothing to become, on just grounds, a mother's theme, a sister's boast, a parent's pride, the pride of his life, the ornament, perhaps the prop, of his age. But are there no other relations than these? yes, others more extensive, and as sacred.

This must be the work of an educated gentry, for it is an educated gentry that must influence and inform the physical force, that gives light and life to a people, and *soul* to a nation. I have at length arrived at the termination of the last duty which I owe to you: small return this to that society to which I am indebted for every advantage I now possess, or any prospect to which I may yet look forward; my gratitude suggests but one other return, it is a wish springing warmly from the heart:—may he, who must ever regard with complacency the virtuous pursuits of the young generation, may he, in pity and favor to his country, raise you up an "ensign on the land;" may he confirm, by a portion of virtuous enthusiasm, the energies of your industries, and the rectitude of your hearts, "thou corps of example" to the rising race, thou nursery of men, for the service of Ireland.

The following Gentlemen, deputed by a considerable number of the Members of the HISTORICAL SOCIETY, waited on Mr. FINLAY, to present him with an elegant PIECE OF PLATE, and the following ADDRESS, upon his Speech from the Chair, at the opening of the present Sessions:

SIR,

We feel highly gratified in being deputed to congratulate you on your performance of an important duty, which from its extreme difficulty, and the talent displayed on many occasions by your predecessors, rendered your success equally arduous and honorable. In the mind of those who remembered the brilliancy of your career in the HISTORICAL SOCIETY, before the urgency of professional duties rendered your attendance less frequent; who reflect how much the prosperity of any society must depend upon its public estimation, which, in the present instance, is generally commensurate to the opinion entertained of the manner in which the Sessions are opened and closed from the Chair, your appointment excited a tender interest and lively satisfaction. Bound as we are by the strongest motives of public principle and private attachment, to an institution which has long proved the nursery of national genius; which, while it promotes the cultivation of polite literature, inculcates at the same time the salutary lessons of wisdom and integrity, spirit and moderation, we behold with pride and pleasure its character, in common with your own, not only sustained but exalted in the opinion of an audience distinguished for their number and respectability. In addition to the above communication, we are further directed to request your acceptance of this small but somewhat more permanent memorial of the feelings excited on the present occasion.

(Signed,) W. WALLACE, Chairman.
T. R. ROBINSON.
THOMAS STEELE.

To which Mr. FINLAY returned the following answer:

149, *Mecklenburgh-street.*

GENTLEMEN,

In the present time, when public distinctions are so *indiscriminately* bestowed; when they are so often conferred for disreputable services, and have lost much of their value by losing

all their novelty; it is to me a just cause of self-gratulation, that the distinction with which I am now enriched, is derived from a source whose purity is unquestionable. You are too young to deceive, too wise to be duped, too numerous to be disciplined by art *to a purpose*. I beg my young fellow-collegians may give me as much credit for my gratitude, as I freely give them for the sincerity of their esteem. In the flattering phrases with which your partiality has disposed you to speak of my late and former exertions, I readily recognize the ingenuous mind, hurried into exaggeration by the honest warmth of the youthful heart; I hope it may not make me too vain; I am sure it cannot make me too grateful. The time which I spent amongst you was certainly the happiest, I may add, the best spent portion of my life. I then felt myself standing in the "heart of the land," surrounded by the future men of Ireland. Thus patronized by the favourable opinion of an educated class of the rising race, I must struggle to support, in some respect, this high recommendation. I accept this testimony of your friendship, as the purest and most valuable in fortune's power to bestow; your esteem *is my estate*. This cup, in which the jewel reputation is enshrined, I shall cherish with a lover's fondness, and a miser's care. If I *stand* in the opinion of the good, it will be unto me as a pillar of strength. If I fall, it will be a melancholy, but magnificent memento of my disgrace! Bear back the grateful acknowledgments of an everflowing heart, to that numerous body of enlightened young men, by whom you are deputed on this occasion. Bear back my duty to the Belles Lettres seminary, to which we have the honor and benefit to belong. The best wish which I can entertain towards you, is, that you may persevere in pursuing its invaluable advantages.

JOHN FINLAY.

AN ARGUMENT AGAINST TRIAL BY BILL, AND FOR CAROLINE, QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

[Printed for WILLIAM HONE, 45, Ludgate-hill, London, 1821.]

THE late proceeding against the queen abounds with anomalies; it confounds the relations of our constitutional jurisprudence, and is repugnant to many of those principles essential to guard the subject against wrong.

In criminal accusations before the highest tribunal, the grand and simple arrangement of our constitution is this: the commons may accuse, but shall not judge; the lords may judge, but shall not accuse; the king shall neither judge nor accuse; but his high station, wisely protected against the invidiousness of the one character, or the responsibility of the other, it becomes his duty to punish or to pardon. He is the executive; he is one-third of the legislature; but he is *not judicial*. In all judicial proceedings, every thing is done in his name, but nothing is done by him. The king might sit on the king's bench, but his chief justice would tell him that he must not interfere. It is for him a glorious, a protecting disability; but the proceeding against the queen makes the legislature *a court*.

Thus, the king becomes *judicial*, who, in judicial proceedings, should only be executive. Thus the peers become *accusers*, who should only be *judges;* and thus the commons become *judges*, who should only be *accusers*.

The equipoise of the three estates is their independence on each other; and, therefore, it was the boast and wise privilege of the lords, that the members of the upper house were not amenable to the lower; but, according to *this* proceeding, a measure of this kind, against any peer, may be originated in the commons, and thus the members of the *lower* house become not

only the accusers, but, subsequently, the *judges* over the members of the *upper* house.

The peers are no longer the *supreme* tribunal, as they ought to be. An appeal is given from them to a court consisting of six hundred judges, of which the *counsel* for one party happen to be members. Nor does the absurdity stop here, for there is another appeal from the court of six hundred to a court of *one*, which, in the present case, happens to be the *other* party. Thus, the commons are made judicial, and placed over the lords, and the king is made judicial, and placed over both.

Under such circumstances the queen is brought before a tribunal consisting of three divisions, king, lords, and commons. The first division of this tribunal is constitutionally the maker of the second, and the first and second might, by possibility, have some influence on the third. The first is the party in person, the second the accusers in person, and the third the house of commons!

Principle says, that the subject cannot be criminally amenable, unless the court proceeds on sworn testimony, given under the penalty of being punished as a perjurer. Here the highest subject in the land is made in the highest degree criminally liable, before a court of six hundred judges, where no judge is sworn, where no witness could be sworn, and no false witness could be punished as a perjurer, nor confined longer than that prorogation, so likely to occur soon after this trial; in fact, as stated by Sir Richard Temple, on the trial of Sir John Fenwick, this proceeding is an attempt to make a law which overthrows all the laws of England.

Principle forbids the union of the judicial and legislative authorities; here they are united. Principle forbids the mixture of the executive and judicial; here they are confounded. Principle forbids the king, the commons, the accuser, or the party to be judicial; here the king, commons, accusers, and party, are judges. Principle says, that even the lowest subject shall be only

punishable *by the law*; here the highest subject is made punishable, where her accusers declared that there was *no law* to punish. Principle makes the law prospective; here it is retrospective. Principle makes the law for the public; here it would be made for an individual; and all this inversion of principle, for what? To punish a woman; and that woman a queen, a wife, a discarded wife, on the charge of infidelity, alleged to have occurred seventeen years after she had been discarded, without cause; when father, mother, daughter, brother, uncle, and king, and all her natural protectors, except her husband, were in their grave. When all foreknowledge of the time, place, or witnesses, respecting these allegations, were refused; although by the generality of the charge, thus spread over many years, and many countries, the accused was, in a great measure, disabled from resorting to an *alibi*, that species of defence best calculated to detect the falsehood in such a case, as was confessedly proved in respect to the offences alleged to have happened at Trieste; although the witnesses were *foreigners* in humble life, respecting whom some foreknowledge was the more necessary, because they did not come forth like witnesses in an ordinary case, surrounded by that halo of character which throws a light on the value of human testimony: although for these reasons the queen should have had a specification of her charges, and a foreknowledge of her witnesses, even if such information to the accused was not rightful or usual, and although every military man within or without the house of peers must have well known, that even in *military* law, no man is ever brought to trial before a court martial, without a specification of the charges, as to time, as near as possible, but as to place, most strictly, together with a list of the witnesses to be produced against him.

Such was the case, on the external view of it, for which so many of the best principles of the constitution were violated.

It is true that precedents have been cited in sanction of this proceeding; but what is there for which precedents may not be cited. The precedents here referred to are of two classes: the first class happened about the time of the Reformation, and the second class not long after the revolution. Stormy periods, pregnant with agitation, when society was convulsed, and authority unsteady. The cases of Atterbury, Bolingbroke, Fenwick, and others, at that time, were, like the case of Marshal Ney, the sacrifices to the terror of the times, and the apprehensions of a new and threatened dynasty, and were mostly against persons dead, or fled, or afterwards reversed. But this class of cases in no wise apply, except as *ex post facto* laws; and in searching for a precedent for dethroning and divorcing a queen by *ex post facto* laws, we are turned round to the former class, to the reign of Henry VIII. In this reign, certainly, there are precedents for such a proceeding, and such a punishment. Four queens were dethroned and divorced, at the instance of one king, by the consent and enactments of parliament, in the short space of eight years.

But let us examine whether these precedents are calculated, by their example, to sanction or dissuade; they prove nothing, for they prove too much; they not only prove that a queen may be divorced and dethroned by *ex post facto* parliamentary enactment for imputed incontinence, but where no impropriety could be imputed. Two of these queens, before marriage, were princesses, Catherine of Arragon, and Anne of Cleves. No impropriety had been imputed to either, yet both were dethroned and divorced by *parliament;* but both these illustrious ladies had powerful *protectors.* The *first* had the protection of the emperor Charles, and the catholic league; the *second* of the elector of Saxony, and the protestant league. No impropriety is imputed to either of those princely-born queens; but in respect to the other two, Anne Boleyn, and Catherine Howard; the first, only the daugh-

ter of a baronet, and the second, the niece of a duke; these powerless ladies escaped no imputation.

After being married for twenty-three years, the heads of the church, and parliament of England, dethroned and divorced Catherine of Arragon, and bastardized her daughter, who was afterwards queen of England, without the slightest imputation of indecorum in the mother; and on a ground which the church, the parliament, and king, were well acquainted with, before the marriage of Catherine.

Immediately after, the king married her maid of honor, Anne Boleyn. Cranmer was present at this marriage, and subsequently stood godfather for her daughter Elizabeth. About two years after, the attractions of Jane Seymour determined the king to get rid of his consort. On the 1st of May, 1536, whilst holding with the queen a tournament at Greenwich, he thought proper to conceive displeasure at seeing her let her handkerchief fall to a supposed favourite, who wiped his face with it. He suddenly returned from Greenwich to Whitehall, and immediately ordered her to be confined to her chamber. Her brother, Lord Rochester, two gentlemen of the court, and two menials, were immediately committed to the tower; she was committed on the following day. On her passage up the river, some privy councillors were sent to examine her; she protested her innocence, and on landing at the tower, fell down on her knees, and prayed to heaven to assist her, as she was free from the crimes laid to her charge. Burnet and lord Herbert tell us, that the poor victim alternately laughed and wept excessively; and was devout and light by turns; that her uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, and the privy councillors, falsely told her that the menials had made confessions against her. Burnet says, that Smeton, the musician, afterwards made confession of her guilt; but Cromwell's letter to the king, and Lord Herbert, both cotemporary authorities, lead us to a conclusion, that no such confession occurred; Smeton and the other three

were, however, found guilty, and executed on the 17th of May; one of them, Norris, in his dying moments avowing his conviction of the queen's entire innocence. She and her brother were tried *by their peers*, and found guilty on the 15th. She was sentenced to be beheaded or burned, at the pleasure of his majesty. The king was resolved on her divorce, as well as her death, in order to bastardize her daughter, Elizabeth. The pretence of a pre-contract with Lord Percy, was then resorted to for annulling the marriage. Lord Percy took the sacrament, and by his oath, on his knees, before the privy council, denied any such pre-contract: but the queen, terrified at the sentence of being burned, confessed something that was construed by Cranmer into a pre-contract, upon which he pronounced a divorce, which was confirmed by the whole convocation. Thus the spiritual lords bastardized the daughter on the ground, that the mother had never been a wife, and the temporal lords sent the mother to the scaffold, on the ground that she had committed adultery; and notwithstanding the absurd inconsistency of the conviction for adultery and the divorce, both were subsequently confirmed by the parliament. On the 19th, the queen perished on the scaffold, and on the following morning the king married Lady Jane Seymour.

The divorces of Henry VIII. from four of his wives, in the short space of eight years, are the only precedents which can be referred to in respect to the late proceedings against our queen. It has not been sufficiently remarked, that these divorces were all *parliamentary*; for although these, as unworthy pecedents, may fail to shew what parliaments *should do*, yet they may show what parliaments *have done*.

Neither can these parliamentary enormities be excused or explained, as the products of a credulous or barbarous age; it was in the age of the Reformation those things were done; when public opinion was in action, and in considerable force; when it was able to war with the thunders of the Vatican, and divide the empire of the ancient Church;

when the press, in the energies of its youth and novelty, poured its rich treasures on the public mind; when the thrones of Europe were filled by men of gallantry, knowledge, erudition, and genius! when, in the mighty conflict of opinion, great characters in great numbers displayed first rate examples of the powers of intellect and the heroism of principle; an age which abounded with such men as Fisher and More on the one side, with Ridley and Latimer on the other; when the lords spiritual and temporal of England included names of the highest order, and the highly-gifted Surrey, the Bayard and the scholar of the age, was evidence of the taste for chivalry and literature which then pervaded the nobility of England.

No doubt the peers who voted these statutable enormities were all "honorable men" in their day, and so considered, and perhaps justly so considered in the ordinary transactions of life, or as between man and man; but it requires a mind of no ordinary cast; a certain grandeur of sentiment; a loftiness of character; a moral courage; a disregard for self; a contempt for personal expectations or consequences, to look in the face of angry authority, to check its arm in the very tempest of its passion, and snatch the victim from its fearful wrath. In such a difficulty a man may be good, and very good, and good for nothing; such men were these Plantagenet peers, all honorable men; solemnly and on their honor they divorced Catherine of Arragon, sent Anne Boleyn to the scaffold, and bastardized their two future queens.

The next compliment paid by them to the crown was in the case of Anne of Cleves. Having brought this princess to England as his affianced bride, Henry was pleased to conceive an *immediate* aversion for her. The grounds of his dislike, as stated by his contemporaries, were "the unpoliteness of her person; that she had no skill in music, and spoke no language but Dutch." The marriage, however, was publicly solemnized with great pomp at Greenwich, on the 1st of January, 1540. The

next day they ceased to cohabit with each other, and on the 24th of June following, the king sent the queen to Richmond, on the pretence of the air being better for her health.

The hint was not lost on the house of lords; and on the 6th of July following, they addressed the king, praying that he would *consent* to have the validity of his marriage *examined* into. Cranmer the Archbishop of Canterbury, the lord chancellor, and others, went down to desire the concurrence of the commons, who immediately assented, and commissioned twenty of their house to go with the peers in a body to the king. These men, about two years before, had passed a statute, making it high treason to question the title of the queen.

His Majesty was pleased to consent to the united wish of the house of lords and his faithful commons; a committee was appointed for the examination of witnesses, the substance of the evidence amounted to this, "that the king had married the queen without any *inward consent*." The whole body of the *clergy*, in convocation assembled, with Archbishop Cranmer at their head, as they did in the case of Anne Boleyn, immediately pronounced the marriage void and the parties free. The *judgment* of the convocation, with the foundation and reason for it, namely, the *want of inward consent*, being reported to parliament on the 10th of July following, the parliament concurred with the convocation: on the next morning some peers were sent to the queen at Richmond, to inform her that the king would, by his letters patent, declare her his adopted *sister*, with an annuity of three thousand pounds a year; she had further the choice to live in England or return to her brother; she peremptorily refused to leave the country, and never did; but she was prevailed on to write to her brother, that the king had used her like *a father;* that all that had happened was with her *free will*, and to express a hope that no misunderstanding on her account would be excited among his German allies. The king *immediately* mar-

ried Catherine Howard. The mischievous implicitness of the church and hereditary counsellors of the crown fanned all his wayward passions. Within the first six months of the year 1540 he was publicly married TWICE.

On All Saints' Day in the following year, he received the sacrament, and gave a public thanksgiving to God, for his domestic happiness, with his new queen, lady Catherine Howard. On the *next day* he received an accusation against her of infidelity with *domestics*, and that she had presented the favorite of these menial paramours *with a gold chain*. It was said, as in the case of Anne Boleyn, that the paramours confessed: at all events they were executed. The church and parliament, as before, passed their statutes of degradation, divorce, and death; and this young woman also, about seventeen months after her splendid regal nuptials, laid down her dignities with her life on *the scaffold*. These are the PRECEDENTS! and what do they show? but the greatest injuries perhaps ever inflicted in any age or nation on the character of womanhood, and the greatest stain on the page of British, and I may add, parliamentary history.

The adversaries of the present queen in the house of peers must admit that her estate, reputation, and life, was placed in much peril on a *former occasion* by a conspiracy, admitted on all sides to have been founded in manifest perjury. That single fact should have secured her from similar accusations during the residue of her natural life. How have these worst of enemies been punished?

Let any man make this case his own. What has happened to the highest may happen to the humblest subject. If the highest subject in the land can be so attacked with impunity, how can the lowest be secure? There is a common interest between the queen and the public.

The last accusation against her has died in its own weakness. I scarcely ever knew a charge against any person in which the witnesses happened to be of so low

a description. Much perjury is admitted by her adversaries.—*The world does, and posterity will acquit.*

The queen has been saved by the spirit of the nation. She may now in confidence and security reply to any renewed attack from her ministerial defamers: "There was a time when you were the humblest of my flatterers, and told me I was the most injured of women. The clientship of my cause elevated you to importance; you have shewn your gratitude by an attempt to destroy that reputation which once you defended when it was your interest to do so; you have treated me with unmanliness, cruelty, and injustice. I had a father, the first soldier of Germany, who led the armies of emperors and kings; were he alive, the veteran would have taught you the prudence of respecting a princess of Brunswick—the peril of defaming a *soldier's daughter*;—he is gone, but he fell in the field of honor, fighting for his country, and guarding his capital!

"I had a princely brother, who, at the head of his little band, rushed like Protesilaus, the first victim of the war; arrested the fierce onset of Napoleon and his power, preserved the British army from the dishonor of surprise, and bravely fell the Leonidas of Europe in the Thermopylæ of Waterloo. Were he spared to me, the bravest amongst you might think it dangerous to insult the *sister of a soldier*;—but he is gone, and his laurels are worn by others!

"I had a sovereign, to me a father, who in his characteristic mildness and good feeling, would have reproved your calumnies, by reminding you 'how innocent you thought her when she was similarly accused.'

"I had a daughter! she would have protected me; she is in heaven; but if her pure spirit be sensible of the wrongs and miseries poured on the head of her desolate mother, she must be consoled in seeing me effectually protected by the generous hearts of the people that she loved."

A SPEECH ON REFORM, AT AN AGGREGATE MEETING OF THE LORD MAYOR AND CITIZENS OF DUBLIN. *March*, 1831.

My Lord,

The plan of reform introduced by the ministry, must succeed now, or immediately. Sustained by its own strength and the applause of three nations, it will bear on this cabinet to its object, because it must bear down any other that might be presumed to oppose it.

"Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength."

In this case we have not only his name, but his heart, and our hopes find an anchor in the decision of his character. History will record the gratitude of these countries for the timely patriotism of a benevolent monarch, who, under the wise dictate of his present ministry, has resolved to concede this great act of justice to the wants and wishes of his grateful people. It is the nature of time to generate decay; it is the favored lot of the inhabitants of these countries, as contrasted with the nations of the continent, that they live under a constitution which contains the means of its own correction and improvement; exempting us from that worst of all evils—the interference of physical force with civil establishments; which even when it succeeds to produce revolution, gives in that revolution but a chance for reform; gives a still greater chance of despotism; and to the poor the certainty of being its immediate and greatest sufferers. It is said that this measure, if successful, would be a revolution; if it be successful, it will be an act of parliament, effected by the usual authorities, with the usual solemnities; and the word "revolution" can bear no reference to it; and the attorney-general would shew that it was not safe to call it by such a term. It would not be a revolution, but a bulwark against one. The last

gentleman who addressed you seems to be of opinion tha the present plan of reform would be at least a new con stitution. A new constitution would be a proper objec tion: a constitution cannot be modelled like a buildin or a ship; it is not a matter of immediate manufactur out of hand; it is not the creature of invention, but o time, circumstance, climate, situation, custom, character and wisdom, working through experience. Thou cans not manufacture a tree, and the growth of a constitution i as the growth of a tree; but it may be lopped and prune of its fading verdure, its withered branches, and dispro portionate exuberance; not only with advantage to its growth and beauty, but to improve its health, and coun teract its decay. Therefore, this measure is not a new constitution; it is only the restoration of an old one: it is the application of the principle to the alteration in the circumstances. The principle originally was, that, whils the landed interest was represented in the house of com mons by knights of the shire, the rising interests of trade and commerce should be represented by burgesses from the chief trading communities; and originally the bur gesses were all men in trade. And this is my view of the origin of our representation, as contrasted with the indefinite commencement, to which the last gentleman who spoke would assign it, and which I shall endeavour further to explain. When England had no exports but the products of her soil, her tin mines in the west created her first trading communities; hence Cornwall exceeds Scotland in the number of her representatives; but when mines of tin were opened on the continent, and the trade of England, in process of time, began to run in a differ rent channel, these ancient boroughs rapidly decayed and withered; so that in some cases the stump of a tree, or the fragment of a wall, returned, and still returns, two members to parliament. Whilst this constituency thus perished, and its representation survived, the discovery of coal mines (and the word "coal" cannot be mentioned in an assembly of Irishmen, without associating with it

their debt of gratitude for the invaluable services of the enlightened secretary of this meeting) called into existence such flourishing communities as Birmingham and Sheffield, with their cluster of surrounding villages, like to towns. Other causes also conspired to make Great Britain the manufacturer for the world; thence the spirit of commerce breathed over the island; cities arose out of swamps and marshes; industry raised on high her monuments and her wonders. Here, then, are the constituencies without the representatives; there are the representatives without a constituency. Why should not the one be conjoined to the other? And why should almost all the counties of the realm have each no greater weight in the house of representatives than the fragment of a wall or the stump of a tree? But what is the objection to the measure? As to the objection of the admission of leasehold in giving any preponderence to catholics, I confess my inability to understand why the defects of institutions should remain without remedy, because the people of the country are of a particular religion. I do not know any religion in the world so bad as to require bad government; and I am sure no class of christianity is of that description; but if the argument were a good one, it does not apply, because a large part of the leasehold of this country happens to be church property, and, therefore, I presume, likely to be under the control of protestants. All church property in Ireland must be for years, whereas, in England it may be for lives; perhaps this distinction was not attended to, and that the framers of the bill thought, that a man holding church property in Ireland might, as in England, have got a life into his lease. This is, however, impossible in Ireland; he may have a perpetuity by renewal of years, equal in value to a fee; yet he cannot have a life in his lease in Ireland, and this makes the exclusion the more severe; yet, notwithstanding, I think the nation will be grateful for the bill. As to cities and towns in Ireland, I think the plan of the constituency entirely satisfactory. I may, how-

ever, be permitted to observe, that I think it unfair that Waterford and Limerick should each have double the representatives of Galway or Kilkenny, and each equal to that of Dublin. It has been said that the member for a borough was the most independent representative in the house of commons. There was more truth in this observation than at first sight appears. He is, indeed, sadly independent; he is independent of all control from the opinions and interests of a district, or from the opinions or interests of the realm; his conduct acknowledges no other control than individual generosity or individual selfishness. Mr. Finlay proceeded to argue, that as to the introduction of talent into the legislature, through the operation of these boroughs, practical knowledge was more necessary than talent; but that even in respect to talent, it was unfair to presume that the holders of boroughs should be better judges of talent than the well-informed constituencies, who were likely to be introduced in consequence of the extinction of these boroughs; and concluded in the following manner: Finally, I shall but refer to another argument, which has been introduced against this measure, with more ingenuity than substantial foundation. It has been urged that the present cry for reform is a matter of yesterday; that in the late sessions there were but few petitions; in the session before, none; in the next preceding one, none; and still none for a few years before. But, notwithstanding that circumstance, there was no doubt of the fact respecting the necessity of a measure of reform. It had been announced, so long ago as the early days of Mr. Pitt, who, on that occasion, had publicly declared, that it was not possible for an honest minister to conduct the business of the state under the then existing and still existing composition of the legislature. In fact, there must be a necessary subsequency in all political transactions between the time when the public opinion is made up, that a certain measure is right, and the occasion when that measure may become fit and expedient. The measure of

reform, now introduced, extends over the life of the master statesman who has planned it. At the distance of many years he marked the fissure in the rock, which divided the sound from the unsound portion. The time, however, was unpropitious for a remedy. Occasion and opportunity now concur, and lo! like Ithuriel, he strikes it with his spear; the fragment is disjointed from the mountain brow, and vain the exertion of any force to restore its adhesion or obstruct its fall.

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE INTERNAL RESOURCES OF IRELAND.

In the year 1822, in the first viceroyalty of the marquis of Wellesley, a number of letters were addressed by the Author to his Excellency, which had a two-fold object; the first, referred to Dublin in particular; and the second, to the country in general. The subject of the first was the local taxation of the metropolis, (and is here excluded); that of the second, was a suggestion of means to remedy the want of employment through Ireland, by cultivating the internal resources of the country; and bringing into view the consideration of her mines, coals, granite, bogs, canals, &c.

The letters on local taxation, with a few of those on the more general subject, were collected into a publication in the same year; but the chief part of the following letters were not there included, having been written subsequent to its publication.

LETTERS.

Dublin, 23rd July, 1822.

THE purchase of coals in this metropolis costs the public, every three years, *a million sterling*. The coals, not Irish, imported into Dublin during the last year, amounted to 267,470 tons. When a million triennially is paid for coals from one city, is it wonderful that its houses and *manufactures* fall?

There is a little turf in different parts of the range of mountains from the Scalp to Tallaght; but generally speaking, there is the greatest scarcity of fuel in the county of Dublin; the burning of straw, the sweepings of the roads, the plunder of the hedges, are the resorts of the poor in this lamentable necessity. Much of the interior of Ireland is in the same situation, particularly Leitrim, Cavan, and Roscommon; the people in Cavan are obliged to burn *coal*, which is carried from Drogheda, at a price of £3 per ton; Sligo and Belturbet are surrounded by large districts in a state of similar destitution; the interior of Ireland is a desert, chiefly, among other causes, for want of fuel; yet, in the centre of this district, the Leitrim mountains which immediately surround Lough Allen, abound in coal, lying at the surface, and easily conveyable from this spacious lake along the line of the Shannon and canals.

This is no theory, for two collieries in that place still survive, under all discouragement and neglect, and produce the coal at less than five shillings from the pit mouth; but the easy means which would render this navigation practicable, and diffuse comfort, employment, and manufacture, through a cheerless yet populous region, are still disregarded by authority, notwithstanding that these obvious and easy improvements have often been urged at different periods by different persons, and among them by

the three official engineers, Messrs, Guest, Grieve, and Griffiths, in different reports, within the last twenty years. Had such suggestions not been received with an unhappy apathy, Ireland, as the spider, might now be spinning her web of Industry, from her own bowels; but famine and misery cover the land, and the treasures of the country lie neglected in her mountains.

30th July, 1822.

In the presence of this nation I would present to its head, some of her strongest grievances in the simplest forms. Scarcity of fuel is alike inconsistent with the honesty of a people, and improvement of a country. A general view of our metropolitan county is enough to establish this position; the inquiring stranger who sojourns in our capital, sees in the adjoining district but little improvement that is not new, and very little that is older than a century. Whilst fuel is scarce, it will always be so; hunger that breaks walls will not respect hedges, and the little foragers for fuel, compelled early to encroach on the principles of honesty, and property of their neighbour, will proceed at all events to "make the pot boil," and take chance for future impunity from the pity of the injured, or the mercy of the law.

Such a state creates habits, and habits beget character. So long as Dublin pays triennially a million sterling for coals, and until our government *cheapens fuel*, the land-marks of property will be *never fixed*, and the improvements of our gentry *ever new*.

The scarcity of fuel is not more injurious to the morals than to the health of this nation. This unhappy country is periodically visited with a destroying epidemic, equivalent to a plague, we have had six of these in the last eighty years; the last of these was in the years 1817, 18, 19. The history of this contagion has been given by Dr. Harty, in a work that abounds with useful know-

ledge; from this authority it appears, that estimating the population of Ireland at six millions, an eighth were infected, and the probable mortality exceeded 40,000 persons. That book contains the opinions of all the medical authorities in Ireland on the causes of that pestilence, and they unite in assigning the cause of the plague to *the condition of the people;* hunger, cold, and crowded dwellings, or want of air, food, and *fuel*, with their necessary consequences and accompaniments. Coals were unusually dear at that period, and where the fuel was scarce, the contagion was most extended; for instance, in Navan, Dr. Brown reports, that a fourth of the population were infected; and Dr. Nicholls, in his report, states, that "at those times when the poor had sufficient employment, and *consequently a better supply of fuel*, the fever was *less* prevalent."

Therefore scarcity of fuel not only contributes to render property precarious, and public morals insecure, but also to assist the periodic return of those frightful visitations to which the state of our people so mainly contributes.

Indeed, local taxes, in their collective operation, promote this corruption of the public health; they *double rent* even on the beggar. Mr. Whitelaw, in his Essay on the Population of Dublin, states, that "in the ancient part of the city a great proportion of streets, with their lanes and alleys, are occupied by working manufacturers, petty shop-keepers, the labouring poor, and beggars crowded together, to a degree distressing to humanity; a single apartment in one of these truly wretched habitations, rates from one shilling to two shillings per week, and to *lighten this rent*, two, three, and four *families* become joint tenants. I have frequently surprised from ten to sixteen persons of all ages and sexes, in a room not fifteen feet square, stretched on a wad of filthy straw, and without any covering, save the wretched rags that constituted their wearing apparel. One of

these lodging-houses contained *one hundred and eight souls.*"

That house may be subject to £20, £30, or £40 of local taxes; these must be paid before any thing; many of them are collected in half-yearly gales, to comminute the demand and facilitate the collection. When the householder in the Liberties is quite a pauper, a chari table loan of a few pounds is procured for him, the collector of the taxes is the person who pays the charitable loan; he deducts the amount of the local taxes due, and if there be a balance, takes a receipt from the wretch "for the charitable loan," which must be repaid under the penalty of a stigmatized character. This constitutes an accurate sort of collection; it cuts close; thus local taxation, through every sinuosity, works its way on the house and *into the rent;* the miserable householder must discharge and subdivide the burden on the more miserable sub-tenant, and the beggar holds his sty at a rack-rent. Mr. Whitelaw remarks, that the organs of these creatures have actually grown insensible to the pollution of the atmosphere, and that their horrid habitations are so mephitic, that an observer can scarcely sustain it for a few minutes.

It is the rack-rent which causes the crowd in which health and purity together perish; and it is local taxation which produces the rack-rent. Add to this situation want of raiment, food, and *fuel*, and you have the causes which collect and preserve the seeds of our periodic and destroying epidemic.

What ships now crowd our harbours but the colliers; and how unfortunate must be the state of that country whose export is her provisions and inhabitants, and whose import is her fuel. Much amelioration to the state of this country may be expected, and effected on other grounds, and in different directions, but still the poor must be always miserable until fuel is multiplied and cheapened. The cheapness of coal would not merely abate the great national mischief that is caused

by its dearth, but would produce other independent and wide-spread advantages. New sources of employment must now be created; manufactures of some sort must be introduced: coal is the parent and nurse of manufacture. How is coal to be multiplied and cheapened? By reducing the imposts and working our mines: coal should be an export instead of an import of Ireland. Warner, the English historian of Ireland, who wrote in 1762, observes, in page 51, vol. i., "that one coal mine in this country, which was discovered *by accident*, is more than enough *to supply the whole island*," and that "there are several considerable collieries in many parts of the island, probably enough to supply all Europe with coals."

Warner had the best means of information, he wrote the ecclesiastical history of England, and had access to the records of both countries, with the assistance of the authorities and learned communities of each; he said that Ireland should have the export to Holland, and perhaps that is the reason why England exports to us; he mentioned it as a calamity, that "at a medium for three years preceding his publication, Ireland imported of this commodity annually from Great Britain to the amount of nearly £100,000."

This import has since increased tenfold, and notwithstanding our poverty, the purchase of British coals costs Ireland at present a million yearly.

6th August, 1822.

THE British coals imported into Ireland last year, amounted to 652,944 tons, and in the year 1820, to 688,884 tons; yet the tonnage of all the vessels bound inwards to Ireland from all parts of the world, in the year 1820, was only 926,601. Your Excellency will thus perceive what a considerable part of the import of this country is her fuel; and that of all the vessels in-

ward bound to Ireland, from all parts of the world, *two* out of *three* are British colliers.

These returns are official; but you cannot suppose that the import of British coals is limited to these returns. The present question is the actual import; and in its estimate you must make an additional allowance for the quantity of British coals which escapes the fiscal grasp; add further, the great expense of land carriage, which raises their price at Cavan to £3 per ton: and the aggravation of price produced by the occasional interruption of intercourse caused by wind and weather between the two countries; and you must conclude, that I understate when I estimate, that the purchase of British coals costs this country a million yearly.

Such a sum for such an import would retard the prosperity of a rich country, and must precipitate the difficulties of a poor one. But if it be necessary it must be endured, and it would be as useless as foolish to complain of it: that necessity I dispute and deny.

In a trade so extensive as this coal trade, with a market so convenient as that of Ireland, many interests are involved, and many men interested to uphold the opinion, that Ireland must import her fuel; but the best authorities are the other way. One of the first literary names that Ireland has produced, whose publication on the basaltic subject has so much interested the geological world, a fellow of our college, and a clergyman of the established church, Dr. Hamilton, the author of that elegant and erudite publication, called "Letters concerning the Coast of Antrim," is clear in the proof, that the *coal mines of Ireland were worked* before the coal mines of England were known, and that *Irish coal was a fuel in Ireland before the invasion of this country by England.*

Dr. Hamilton published this work in 1784, and a second edition in 1790: in page 24, speaking of the castle in the island of Raghery, celebrated for the defence made therein by Robert Bruce, the competitor of Baliol,

and still called from his name; the learned author observes, "the antiquity of this building is, therefore, not much less than 500 years; it may indeed be considerably older, as the time which Bruce spent in Raghery was scarcely sufficient for the purpose of erecting it. One thing concerning this castle is worth remarking, that the lime of which it is built has been *burned with sea coal, the cinders of which are still visible in it*, and bear so strong a resemblance to the cinder of the Ballycastle coal, as makes it extremely probable, that our information concerning the collieries of that place, was far from being an original discovery. Indeed, there is reason to believe, that they were both *well known*, and *extensively wrought*, at a period of time when few people imagine either the civilization or finances of this kingdom were equal to so expensive an undertaking.

"It may perhaps be imagined that the coals have been brought from Britain; but a little reflection will shew that to be extremely improbable, even so late as the time of Robert Bruce. It was but just then that the English themselves had discovered the use of sea-coal, as a fuel; and we find in the time of Edward the First, that after being tried in London, they were immediately prohibited, on a hasty opinion that the vapour was noxious to the health of the inhabitants. It is not, therefore, to be readily believed, that at this early period, England could have had any extensive export of trade in coals; or, if so, it must have been to some populous and civilized country, to some safe harbour, to a great and commercial town; but at the time we speak of, the British charts do not lay down a single village in all this line of coast."

In a subsequent letter, this enlightened writer renews this subject in the following words:—

"In my last letter I mentioned some reasons which might induce one to think that these collieries were wrought *at a very remote period of time;* but an accidental discovery has lately *put that matter beyond*

doubt; and has laid open a *very curious circumstance* in the ancient history of this country.

"About twelve years ago, the workmen, in pushing forward a new adit towards the coal, unexpectedly broke through the rock into a cavern. The hole which they opened was not large, and two young lads were made to creep in, with candles, to explore this new region. They accordingly went forward, and entered an extensive labyrinth branching off into numerous apartments, in the mazes and windings of which they were at last completely lost. After various vain attempts to return, their lights were extinguished, and they sat down together in utter despair of an escape from this dreary dungeon. In the mean time, the people without in the drift were alarmed for their safety, fresh hands were employed, a passage was at last made for the workmen, and the two unfortunate adventurers extricated after a whole night's imprisonment.

"On examining this subterranean wonder, it was found to be a complete gallery which had been driven forward many hundred yards to the bed of coal; that it branched off into various chambers where the miners had carried on their different works; that pillars were left, at proper intervals, to support the roof; in short, *it was found to be an extensive mine, wrought by a set of people at least as expert in the business as the present generation.* Some remains of the tools, and even the baskets used in the works, were discovered, but in such a state, that on being touched, they immediately fell to powder.

"The antiquity of this work is pretty evident from hence, that there does not remain *the most remote tradition of it in the country;* but it is still more strongly demonstrable from a natural process which has taken place since its formation, for stalactite pillars had been generated, reaching from the roof of the pit to the floor; and the sides and supports were found covered with

sparry incrustations, which the present workmen do not observe to be deposited in any definite portion of time."

The Rev. Mr. Dubourdieu, another clergyman of the established church, and Rector of Annahilt, in his Statistical Survey of Antrim, so lately as the year 1812, restates all the above facts, with other additional ones, and adopts all the inferences of Dr. Hamilton; he says in page 80, that the Ballycastle collieries have *certainly been worked at a very remote period:* and that in the "extensive mine," above mentioned, "the implements discovered were of a different construction from those of the present day; and candles, whose wicks were formed of rags or shreds of linen, were amongst the articles that were found."

To these I can add the evidence of a third clergyman of that established church, Dr. Warner, who states that the collieries of Ireland are sufficient to supply Europe; he wrote shortly previous to Dr. Hamilton. About the year 1790, a tour of England, Scotland, and Ireland was published by M. Chanbreau, a French writer of much literary celebrity, in which he states, vol. iii. page 144, speaking of Ireland, that coal of the best description abounds in this country; "le charbon de terre y est aussi tres abondant, et de la meilleure qualité."

Indeed, before any of the above-mentioned publications, namely, in 1750, this question was inquired into by a committee of the Irish House of Commons, *vide* 8, Com. Jour., p. 238; and there, after a full inquiry, and a lengthened report by a committee, including many of the highest and best informed members of that parliament, it was resolved, "that the several collieries of Stewartstown, Drumglass, and Dungannon, are furnished with a sufficient quantity of coals to supply the city of Dublin and other parts of Ireland." This inquiry referred only to the north of Ireland. Dr. Warner states, in respect to the south, page 52, that the mines near the Barrow would be enough for the supply of Dublin, and Mr. Griffith has reported within two or three years, that thirty

million tons of coal lay near the surface, in one small part of the district called from the abundance of coal which it includes, "The Connaught Coal District."

"Volcani domus et volcania nomine tellus."

Any of these sources might, and surely could supply the metropolis with fuel; or, at least in an important degree, reduce this import which so much drains this country.

Dutton, in his Survey of the County of Dublin, says, no part of Ireland is so badly supplied; and yet he adds, that from the actual surveys of Mr. Archer, and Mr. Donald Stewart, there is every likelihood of finding coals in Porterstown, on the Royal Canal, the hill of Howth, Garristown, Lambay Island, and the Naul.

Mr. Newenham, in his late admirable letter to your Excellency, states that fifteen of our counties produce coal. May it please your Excellency to take these matters into your wise and benevolent consideration.

13*th August*, 1822.

In the discussion of local taxation, the subject of coals came in my way; the importance of fuel to the prosperity of this country increased to my view the more I examined it; this importance will be my apology for this digression, if it be one.

No discussion can to you seem irrelevant which in any way may serve the interests of this country. The interests of Dublin are much involved in this question: one-third of the coals imported into Ireland are purchased in this city, and whilst its harbour is seldom crowded but with colliers, its streets are seldom free from a crowd of coal drays, conveying this article, through the city, or to the interior.

It is curious to observe the quantity of land carriage employed in the distribution of this cumbrous article, and

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which, if not thus pre-occupied, might be appropriated to the service of agriculture and manufacture, and to the increase of the food or the wealth of the nation.

Scarcity of fuel is an evil rapidly increasing; its increase derivable from two causes; the increase of population, and exhaustion of the bogs. In the last half century the import of British coals has increased about tenfold. Ireland has been called the land of bogs, but the bogs did not originally belong to this country, and are comparatively the production of modern times; they are the effects and evidence of the misgoverned state of society. At the time to which Dr. Hamilton assigns the period when the ancient coal mines, lately discovered, were in use, he is of opinion, that turf could not be our fuel, and that bogs are a *subsequent* production; he says, "this will not appear surprising to any person who considers that turf-bog increases by a process much resembling vegetation, and that the best land, if neglected, may by various accidents be very soon reduced to a state of rank bog. It is, indeed, next to demonstration, that many of the places where turf is cut at present, have once been arable lands; vestiges are discovered at great depths, and wooden palings traced many feet under the surface; even at this day marks of the plough appear on the summit of several mountains in the north of Ireland, where the great population of that country (which is at present better inhabited than most parts of Europe) has not yet spread itself. The following instance will show how extensive may be the increase of bog in a desolate country, even in so short a period as two hundred years.

When O'Donnell and Tyrone came to the relief of Kinsale, they wasted the country as they came through Connaught, which, by means of the Earl of Clanrickard, was generally loyal; and there is a great tract of ground, now a bog, which was then ploughed land, and there stands the house of my lord in the midst of it.* If,

* Vide letter from Mr. William King to the Dublin Society.

therefore, want of industry has in our remembrance produced bog, no wonder if a "country famous for laziness, as Ireland now is, abound with them."

This view respecting the growth of bog, with the previous view respecting the discovery of ancient Irish coal mines, are united by Dr. Hamilton to establish his position, that coal was, and turf was not, a fuel familiar to ancient Ireland.

Anderson, in his treatise on Commerce, says, that coals were not discovered in England until the year 1360, nor used until half a century after; and Dr. Hamilton is conclusive in his proofs, that coal mines must have been worked in Ireland at a period previous to their export from England, from all which this conclusion follows, that such was the ravaged and neglected state of this unhappy country subsequent to its invasion, that bogs overgrew her cultivated fields, and the varied treasures of the mineral kingdom became not only disused, but forgotten. About a century ago, they were re-discovered, and Dr. Hamilton states, that during the short time in which he resided in the county of Antrim, he found golden ornaments of curious workmanship, to the value of a thousand pounds.

Whatever be the value of the opinion on this subject, one thing is certain, that an abundance of coal may now be found in this country, and that the exercise of our coal mines, in addition to all the benefits already mentioned, would remove the only natural disadvantage under which this country at present labours. There is no country on the globe to which providence has been so favourable, or which nature has blessed with so many advantages; so early as the eighth century, she was described by the learned Donatus, as

> "Insula dives opum, gemmarum, vestis, et auri;
> Commoda corporibus, aere, sole, solo."

Her insularity suited to give her protection; her position to make her the emporium of two worlds; her wes-

tern coast scattered with harbours, unobstructed by the interruption of a channel navigation; in her soil, yielding only to Egypt in fertility; in her mines, not to those of Peru in real value; in the shape of her coast, and intersection of her waters, suited to welcome commerce in every gale, and to bring the market to the door of the agriculturist. She unites every advantage which nature could bestow, with a solitary, though most important exception: *she wants wood.* Want of timber aggravates the expense of building, enhances the rent of houses; increases the price of all machinery, and all utensils, in which wood is employed; obstructs manufacture, agriculture, and commerce, and is together an impediment and a tax on every description of human industry. This national calamity has but one remedy; open the mines; cheapen fuel; whilst fuel is dear, timber must be scarce; where there is scarcity of fuel there can be no security for planting. Thus national evil creates national evil, and national benefits multiply each other.

20th August, 1822.

You have been addressed by more writers than any other viceroy, respecting the state and resources of this country. So long since as the year 1808, the elegant author of "The State of Ireland, past and present," taught this country to look with expectation to you, and impressed upon you, in his dedication, that "the state of Ireland imperiously called on you, as a statesman and an Irishman, to exert your great and increasing influence in her cause, hitherto so constantly mismanaged, and so often betrayed."

This reference to you on behalf of a nation; this convergence of minds upon you, bespeak the confidence of thinking men in your ability to comprehend and assist the extreme difficulties of this unhappy country. This

is a confidence, an estimate of character, of which, doubtless, you are as proud as anxious to justify it. You will afford us national relief, *si curas esse quod audis.*

Does your Excellency think, that this country finds fair play in respect to her fuel and coal mines? I would not refer to this subject, if I thought it would insinuate the most distant imputation on that glorious nation, to whose high and generous sentiments my countrymen are so deeply and lately indebted. It is some narrow, partial, trading interest, different and contradictory to the national feeling of Great Britain, that has so long locked up the coal mines of Ireland, and baffled or crippled every effort that would enable Ireland to supply herself with coal, or diminish her dependance for this necessary on weather and import.

How miserable is this dependance in Ireland: next to food, fuel is the most essential article in every northern country; without it food loses much of its value. This is more particularly the case in Ireland, where potatoes are the principal food of the people, which compels them to make three fires each day. Turf, which formerly abounded in the country, must now be carried from a considerable distance; this distribution of turf, as well as that of coal, pre-occupies from agriculture much labor of man and horse; moreover, turf is a more precarious fuel than coal, and we know from melancholy experience, the difficulty of saving it in those wet summers so familiar to our moist climate. Turf is, perhaps, as abundant in Clare as any other part of Ireland, yet Dutton in his Survey of that county, page 176, mentions a ridiculous and mischievous arrangement in some parts of that county; no price is paid for the bank from which turf is cut, but six guineas per acre are charged for the ground on which the turf is spread. He adds, "this ridiculous custom occasions the turf to be badly saved, and in wet seasons often lost; for the poor people, to save this expense, heap their wet turf on each other, and lose a great deal of time by frequent turning; in other places

ground for spreading is let for six shillings per square perch, FORTY-EIGHT POUNDS PER ACRE."

Yet, although in this county, abounding in turf, such price is exacted for leave to spread it; and although such great numbers of the people of this county have been rescued from death by famine, only through the beneficence of generous strangers, Dutton informs us, page 13, that the "mineral productions of the first necessity have been there discovered in great abundance, such as coal, iron, lead, limestone; specimens of all which have been lodged by Donald Stewart in the museum of the Dublin Society."

The national importance of fuel can be shewn in no wise more strongly, than from this simple fact, that when the bog has been exhausted, the inhabitants have disappeared. The subject of fuel has always been matter of complaint in this city, but never with the same reason as now. In the year 1793, Mr. M'Carthy stated, in the Irish house of commons, that for the preceding three years, the import of coal into this kingdom was upwards of 350,000 tons yearly; (Parliamentary Register, vol. xiii. page 461;) and added, "that a substitute *for this monstrous export of the current coin*, for in that only did we pay for coals, was a grand feature in our political economy."

Your Excellency will please to recollect, that our import of coal has doubled within the last thirty years, being in the year 1820, 688,884 tons; so that this drain of capital from a country where taxation is so heavy and capital so scarce, is now double what it was in the year 1793, when capital was so active, taxation so light, and when Mr. M'Carthy complained of this import of fuel, as a monstrous export of the current coin.

This great increase in the import of coals does not result from any increase of manufactures; there has been no increase, but a great decrease, since the union. There was indeed great promise at the union of increase to our manufacture, and introduction of capital; these

promises have not been justified, and this proposition must be admitted, that for the twenty years preceding the union, there was no country on earth whose manufactures prospered more rapidly; nor during the twenty years succeeding that measure, was there any other country whose manufactures so rapidly decayed.

Having thus invited the attention of your Excellency to the increase of this great drain on our small capital, by this unnecessary import of coal, I shall now offer a few facts, in proof of the extent to which our coal mines have been mismanaged, and would reward, by an immediate and rich return, any reasonable attention which might be applied to them. I shall give them, on the authority of a man whose assertion is proof of any fact which he may state as within his knowledge, I mean Sir Wm. C. Smith. In the year 1810, he and a number of high and estimable characters, came into the direction of the Grand Canal; the majority of the directory was changed on that occasion. In five years after, Sir Wm. Smith was requested to publish a statement which he had made respecting the direction of the Grand Canal. From that statement it appears, that during the five years preceding 1810, the collieries which belong to this company were uniformly a losing concern; and in the last of these five years, the deficit amounted to £12,000 in one year; that in that year it was nearly determined on to give up the concern, and yet in the five years which followed the change in the majority of the direction, every year after was a year of profit—an average annual net profit of nearly £6000 yearly; and in the last half year, that is in 1815, these collieries produced a profit at the rate of *ten thousand pounds* per annum. Taking this single fact from this single colliery, what a number of hands must this colliery have employed, who would have been without support had the neglect of the colliery continued, and what a quantity of capital was thus detained in the country, which otherwise would have gone to England in the purchase of coals.

1st October, 1822.

WHAT gave Great Britain her commerce, but her manufactures? and what her manufactures, but her coal? coal, the parent and nurse of her manufactures, the spring and sinew of her commercial prosperity.

The useful accident of having at home a commodity of such universal and powerful agency, enabled her to outstrip Italy and Holland, her precursors in manufacture, by this natural advantage which she had over both.

It was the vicinage of coal mines that called into existence such flourishing communities as Birmingham and Sheffield, with their surrounding cluster of villages like towns. Hence cities arose out of swamps and marshes; hence industry raised on high her monuments and her wonders; hence England derived her celebrated boast, that the observer on her populous and extended plains may count within his view an hundred spires.

It was the scientific combination of labor and skill, working through the medium of this powerful and domestic agent, which enabled her to distance all competition, and made her the mart for every thing useful; which entitled her to the character of a nation of shopkeepers, (be it spoken in eulogy, for it never can in dispraise;) which so long gave her the market of two hemispheres, and kept in her hand the trident of the ocean; which made her merchants, the merchants of mankind, and her metropolis the emporium and capital of the world.

We are assured on the best authorities that coals, and all the treasures of the mineral world, are more abundant in Ireland than in England.

It is not surprising that some partial interests, at variance with the enlarged views of general policy and British generosity, should at different periods before the union have discouraged the development of these national resources.

In the year 1757, a remarkable series of letters was published in London on the state of Ireland, they were entitled "Letters from the Armenian in Ireland, to his friends at Trebisond, &c." The authorship of these letters was imputed to Doctor Andrews, but the better opinion is that they were written by Judge Hellen. In the fifth of these letters, and towards the end of it, the following observations occur in respect to Dublin and its supply of coals:—

"The inhabitants of this great city are supplied from England with coals; and the English send these materials in such quantities and at such prices as they think fit; when a number of coal ships arrive together, two or three only come at one time to the market, the rest stay at a distance from the town, and thereby enhance the price of this commodity as effectually as real scarcity could do; so that what people bought for thirteen shillings, before this device, they cannot now buy for less than seventeen, nor in winter for less than twenty: to defeat this combination of the coal-traders, the commons framed a bill, which empowered the magistrates of this city to sell, at a moderate price, all the coals which were not brought to market within a limited time after the arrival of the ships in this bay. Thou wilt think such a law, which was to save the poor from perishing with cold, would not be refused; but it is said that the privy council would not pass this bill, but destroyed it with some others of equal importance. I asked the brother of a privy councillor, if he could inform me why the council had suppressed this bill; he told me they had very good reasons; that the bill might go at another time, but at present the governor was a kinsman of the great coal proprietor in England."

It does not require the above extract, or any authority, to convince us that partial interests and public apathy have frequently, in former times, crippled the development of our national resources, and practised to lock up the coal mines of Ireland.

One benefit has resulted from the union—it has removed all grounds of commercial jealousy between the portions of the United Kingdom, and now England may, and ought, and I am sure her people are disposed to regard Ireland as they would Yorkshire; in addition to the weight of their own poor rates they will always have this multitudinous nation a men-

dicant suitor to their munificent benevolence, until means are adopted to multiply, not food, (for the country abounds with the cheapest food,) but employment. For that necessary purpose, the first, and best, and easiest course of remedy is, to give Ireland her own market for her own fuel; employment is the thing wanted; and for a poor nation, coal is most suitable to meet that want, because, like paper, its value is made up almost entirely of labor.

The value of paper is compounded of labor and rags; the value of coals is made up of the value of labor and the royalty; the value of the royalty is a very small part, or at least ought to be so; and, therefore, the value of coals consists almost entirely of labor; mere labor without skill; therefore, if Ireland supplied herself with fuel, not only that million would be retained in the country which now annually leaves it, in the dry form of money, and so heavily drains the little remaining capital of the country, but employment, to the amount of a large portion of that million, would be annually thrown in the way of the lowest orders of the Irish people.

If so much good cannot be done, surely half of it might be done: if any part of it can be done, even that would be so much of the purest good, of unmixed good; a guinea spent in the purchase of Irish coal would do considerably more good, than a guinea given away in charity; the individual might with reason reflect, that in the purchase of that one ton of Irish, instead of British coals, he kept that guinea in the country, which otherwise would have directly left the country, and sent a considerable part of that guinea to give employment to the very poorest of our unemployed poor.

Formerly this subject was met by a plump denial, that Ireland produced coals; it was so insisted upon even in the House of Commons of Ireland, in the motion on Ord's propositions; then it was admitted, that Ireland produced coals, but that they were bad coals; and lastly, it was insisted, that whether good or bad, they would never pay the labour and carriage in Ireland. In answer

to this it would be enough to say, that in the last half of the year 1815, the collieries of the Grand Canal produced a profit at the rate of £10,000 per annum; and that as to the value of that coal, it brings in the market a much higher price than the generality of British coal; and this Irish coal makes its way to the capital, under all the difficulties of occasional combination amongst the workmen, conjoined with the enormous obstruction of a canal toll, to the amount of five or six shillings a ton, indeed some tell me seven shillings. When Irish coal makes its way with such disadvantages, what would be its progress on the level of any fair and encouraging arrangement?

In reference to the other canal, and the produce of coals in another part of the country, namely, Leitrim, I find published in the *Evening Post*, of the 17th March, 1822, the following advertisement on the subject:

"NOTICE—IRISH COAL.

"A constant supply of coal, of a very superior quality, will always be ready for sale on the bank of Lough Allen, after the 25th of April next, at twelve shillings per ton.

"The proprietor regrets much his inability, under present circumstances, to afford them cheaper, having no road, nor any mode of conveyance from the pits to the lake, but on horses' backs, in small baskets."

This is no theory; here is fact; *there* are the coal mines at work; and there is the coal on the banks of the lough. And what sort of a lough? A lough thirty miles in circumference; where vessels of one hundred tons may ride in safety; up to which, or almost so, the Royal Canal has, at great expense, been carried; from which issues the Shannon, through ten counties, the largest river in the British empire, and considering its short course to the ocean, the largest in Europe.—*Sleator's Topography.*

There are the mountains in the neighbourhood of this lough, teeming with coal, iron-stone, limestone, lying

together in the same mountains, near to the surface, immeasurable in their quantity, and unexcelled in their quality. Yet to this hour there is neither railway, nor road, from these mountains to that lake; and the proprietor of this coal is obliged to struggle to convey a commodity of this weight from the mine to the lough, through a country without roads, on horses with baskets, or, perhaps, asses and panniers.

The expense of such a conveyance must amount to at least half of the twelve shillings so charged on the ton.

I believe that this subject has already attracted the attention of your Excellency, and of the gentry interested in these districts. You assumed the government of this country under alarming difficulties, and you have weathered through a frightful visitation; apply the energies of your mind to the object of preventing its recurrence, by creating employment for our unemployed millions; purer will be such fame, than that which results from an empire subdued, or a sultan dethroned; and the evening of your life will be brighter than its meridian, and when your sun shall set, no night shall follow; and when the man shall die, his name shall live;

"Et semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt."

15*th October*, 1822.

As national evils generate national evils, so national benefits multiply each other; and thus the correction of municipal mismanagement would, in many ways, improve the condition of our poor. It would improve their condition by the creation of employment.

We are not only compelled to import our coals, at the expense of a million annually, through the difficulties of a channel navigation, and winds adverse during most of the year; we even import the very *stones* from England.

The footways of the streets through this metropolis are chiefly paved with English flags, imported at con-

siderable expense from *Yorkshire;* yet the neighbourhood of Dublin abounds in granite, long known and celebrated as the finest in the world.

The late palace of our dukes; the late halls of our parliament; the testimonials commemorating the victors who most exalted the glory of Britain on the ocean and the land; our custom-house, and post-office; our courts of justice; the harbours of Wicklow, Howth, and Dunleary; the spire of St. Patrick; the grandest of our bridges, with most of our magnificent public edifices, have long displayed, and will long display, the value of our granite, for beauty and solidity.

It has supplanted the use of Portland stone; for, capable of being cut into the finer figures of architecture, it admits any shape; it bears any weather; and harder than freestone, and hardening in the air, and susceptible of all formation from the chisel, the mallet, and the hammer, it stands, of all the mineral kingdom, most faithful to the trust of monumental fame.

What ranks this city amongst the most splendid in Europe, but the happy accident, that it rose surrounded by exhaustless quarries of the best mountain stone?

When Chief Commissioner Taylor, and the *scavans* of his Board, resolved on importing our flagging from Yorkshire, doubtless they had forgotten that Sir Christopher Wren had imported from the county of Dublin, the flags which *now* form the steps of St. Paul's, and which still, at the distance of more than a century, add breadth to its base, and strength to its structure.

Amidst the inveterate neglect which has so long attended the physical treasures of this exuberant island, it is not surprising that Irish granite should have been slow in its approaches to that high estimation which it has at last attained, even in Ireland. Dr. Johnson, in his notice of this article, is at the same time an authority, not only of the value of Irish granite, but of the extent to which this country possessed, and disregarded it. "The hard, white granite, with black spots, commonly

called moor-stone, forms a very firm, and, though rude, yet beautifully variegated mass. It is found in immense strata in Ireland, *but not used there.*"

The fact is, granite was then beginning to be used in this country, but on so small a scale, as to escape the observation of a stranger, and excite his remark on the subject of its neglect. It would seem now, that the commissioners of paving have gone back to the opinion entertained by the majority of Irishmen cotemporary with Dr. Johnson, so far as the streets are concerned. Yorkshire flagging is by them mostly preferred, in making our footways, to Irish granite; and why? Compared with the granite, the Yorkshire flagging is inferior in body, density, and durability; it has neither the depth, strength, nor the resistibility of granite; it is continually liable to split and crumble, being thin and fragile, soft and friable. It is deficient in that ruggedness of surface which should belong to the material of pavement, and does to the character of granite, whereas, the Yorkshire flag has a smooth superficies, and does not afford that adherence which steadies the step, and gives security to the passenger.

When the Yorkshire pavement does not split or crumble, it rapidly wears under the incumbent pressure; and being seldom more than two inches in depth, it has not the substance to admit repair; the Yorkshire flag will generally wear down half an inch in about two years; the stone of granite adjacent to it, not so much in six years; and when repairs become necessary for both, the granite stone will bear it better and oftener, being, in addition to all its other advantages, three times more thick than the Yorkshire flag.

It is true, that the granite may be of any depth: but I speak of it and the Yorkshire flag in these proportions, namely, the Yorkshire two inches deep, and the granite six; because such are, in fact, the proportions of each, where both are used by this Board for the purpose of pavement, and lie alongside each other in the streets of

Dublin. Your Excellency will please to observe, that the commissioners of paving, as if yielding to the superior character of the Irish stone, have of late years edged all our footways with a rim of granite, so that the entire city is now, to adopt a technical phrase, entirely *curbed* with Irish granite; and most properly have they done so; they knew that the curb stone occupied the place most liable to continual, severe, and diversified pressure: it is in fact the post of labor and difficulty, and for that post they have, most properly, uniformly selected the *Irish* stone. I here give your Excellency their own conduct in evidence of their own opinion, that they consider our granite the best stone for these footways. Why then should they use, in the interior of the footway, a worse stone than the granite, at a higher price?

If the granite were somewhat dearer than the Yorkshire in the immediate expense of laying both down, the superior quality and durability of our own stone would make it in the end the cheaper to the public; and the consideration of the great numbers of the poorest of the poor who would derive employment from the production of this article, should be another strong motive to that Board to favor the natural productions of that community, which have long supported them in competence and respectability. But how is it possible, that flags excavated in Yorkshire, by English laborers, purchased there, imported here, and paying for every ton of stones, the same port duties as so many tons of mahogany; how is it possible, that such an article, so imported, can vie in cheapness with the Irish granite, excavated, for instance, at Dalkey or Kilgobbin, where it abounds, and where, in the year 1816, the wretched peasantry, through want of food and employment, struggled to exist by feeding on boiled furze?

Indeed, I have been assured, that the granite flag can be laid down cheaper than the Yorkshire flag, by a penny the square foot; some say for two-pence. It is difficult to calculate the additional quantity of employment which

could be afforded to the poor round Dublin, were this city, as it ought to be, flagged with granite. I understand that the Paving Board urge, in explanation of their preference of the Yorkshire flagging, that the large demand for granite that would result from a determination on their part to use it exclusively, would produce a combination amongst the country people concerned in this business, which would aggravate to a high degree the price of this material. To this it may be answered, that as granite is produced in so many different places, it is not so susceptible of an organized combination; the purchaser having so many different places to resort to, could control the price at the one, by purchasing at another. The commissioners, in this respect, could not be more inconvenienced than many other contractors for public buildings, who had the same difficulties to encounter. It is not, for instance, to be supposed, that the landholders surrounding the commons of Dalkey, would combine to obstruct the commissioners of Dunleary harbour from excavating the granite necessary for the new pier; and, at worst, the commissioners of paving might, like the gentleman who built the Wellington testimonial, frustrate the possibility of combination, by purchasing at once the side of a mountain, and thus excavating the granite for themselves.

I entreat your Excellency to consider the great addition and *regular* stock of employment which such a measure would create for the benefit of the poor. It would not be like those large incidental jobs, as a harbour, a pillar, or an edifice, which first collects, and supports a large number of laborers, and then, at its completion, throws them out of employment on the world; the demand would be regular for the streets of Dublin; that regularity would preserve the level of the market price; the trade would increase; its character and its benefits would expand, and many now without employment, would enjoy a new happiness resulting from their own industry.

22*d October*, 1822.

THE subject of our granite is so important in its relations to the employment and improvement of our numerous poor, that I feel it the less necessary to preface this letter by any apology for a second time entreating the particular attention of your Excellency to it.

If our commissioners of paving be right in their preference of Yorkshire flags to Irish granite, why is this English flagging, thus prized in Ireland, so much disregarded in Lancashire, an adjacent county to Yorkshire? Why is it not used in the chief town of Lancashire? No town is more in want of flagging than Liverpool; no town more favored, or perhaps so much favored, by the extraordinary good fortune of having a corporation singularly liberal, and almost singular in its liberality; a corporation applying wisely and exclusively its estate and income to the public advantage. How does it happen that this flourishing community—distinguished for public spirit, wealth, and intelligence, as well as the encouragement of all improvements, contributing to individual comfort or public accommodation; how does it happen that this community has never yet discovered the suitableness of the Yorkshire flag, for making footways in a town so destitute of flagging? Why do they prefer footways of mere paving stones to the introduction of the Yorkshire flagging? Why, but for this reason, that they consider such flagging *unfit* for such a purpose.

Yet in Ireland we import, at considerable expense, this vegetable substance for the pavement of our streets, and in compliment to it, preposterously postpone the use and encouragement of our own granite, one of the most esteemed and abundant of our products; one of the most durable substances of our globe.

Under the word *granite*, in the dictionary of Johnson, do you not perceive the poignant derision with which the sententious yet cynic philologer describes our granite, and sneers at our stupidity? Does not the picture of a

beauteous island, inclosing so much mineral wealth, and crowded with inhabitants, so unconscious of its value, lamentably and aptly bring into view the reprehending aphorism of the pearls and the swine.

The knowledge of this material, and this censure on our neglect of it, was not peculiar to Dr. Johnson; the great English writer on natural history, the celebrated Hill, in his history of fossils, speaks of its value and our disregard of it in similar terms as Dr. Johnson. The opinion of its value is not confined to Englishmen of former times, it is strongly operative at the present day; it is only in Ireland that it seems to be disregarded. I descend from matter of history to existing fact; your Excellency will be surprised and gratified at hearing, *that at this moment there is a treaty on foot in this city, on a proposal originating from intelligent Englishmen, to pave the footways of London with Dublin granite.*

The fact is, that Yorkshire flags have of late been much disused in London, although formerly resorted to for making the footways, from the necessity of the case. The substitution of granite has of late been adopted, notwithstanding the great increase of expense, it being necessary to carry the granite used in London from the remote parts of Devonshire, or from Aberdeen, a distance of nearly 600 miles. This fact affords abundant evidence, not only of the great superiority of granite, as a suitable material for the footways of a city, but of the actual unfitness of Yorkshire flagging, where its substitute is sought for at such an increase of expense.

It is now considered that better granite may be imported to London from Dunleary, at a cheaper rate, than from Devonshire or Aberdeen; and I am assured that a proposal has been made from some gentlemen contracting on behalf of London, which, if successful, and its success is most probable, would give the harbour of Dunleary an export of granite to London, amounting annually to 20,000 tons. What a public blessing would such a

measure extend to the impoverished and unemployed districts round Dublin; what bountiful consequences might reasonably be expected; *a fortiori* it might be expected that Liverpool, more connected with Ireland by social sympathies and domestic intercourse than any other part of England, would, in her liberal and kindred feelings, quickly follow the example of London; and that these two commercial emporiums, the greatest in the world, thus exhibiting public and durable testimonials of the value of Irish granite, would thus create a most beneficial and extending export for this country.

There is no apprehension of the exhaustion of this material; Mr. Frazer, the laborious and scientific author of the Agricultural Reports of Devon and Cornwall, and the Statistic Surveys of Wexford and Wicklow, states, in the fifth page of the last work, that in a particular district of the county Wicklow, there is "a vast mass of almost continuous granite covering an area of 84,000 acres."

But granite abounds, and of the first quality, through the neighbourhood of Dublin; Dutton, in his Survey of the County of Dublin, published in 1802, states in page 16, as follows: "Few cities have a greater variety of stones for the purpose of building, for there is no part of the vicinity that does not produce both limestone and others, for this purpose; the south side presents an inexhaustible fund of mountain granite, which possesses in a very eminent degree the desirable property of remaining unchanged for ages by every vicissitude of climate; it is also peculiarly fit for flagging our streets, as the roughness of its surface prevents the foot from slipping." Doctor Rutty, in his Essay towards a Natural History of the County of Dublin, published in 1772, is an additional and eminent authority for the abundance, value, and properties, which I have ascribed to the granite in the neighbourhood of Dublin.

It is time to get rid of the national opprobrium which belongs to our perverse neglect of this most valuable na-

tional production; when London sends six hundred miles for Scotch granite, surely Dublin might send six miles for her own. A word from you, and even with the word, the encouragement of granite will commence, and a few years will see Dublin flagged with her own stone. The granite is everywhere on the south side of the city; yet for want of a fixed regular demand, there has been as yet no market for this product, to which a stranger could in the first instance resort, or by which the price of the commodity could find its level; the regularity of the demand for the flagging of Dublin would form a market and educate a trade; of that trade you would be the creator.

There is a principle of common sense which pervades common life, that the best article is the cheapest; if this be ever true, it must be so in a special manner in the comparison of granite with the Yorkshire flag. In Dublin it must be the cheapest flagging, even in the first instance; some cases are independent of extrinsic proof; they carry their own internal evidence. It is useless for any one to assert, that when the people of London find their account in sending to Aberdeen for granite, to the exclusion of Yorkshire flag, it should be cheaper for the people of Dublin to import flags from Yorkshire, than to bring their own granite from the neighbourhood of Dublin. I could not believe this if many swore it, neither am I bound to believe them any more than I should be to believe the same number of witnesses of equal credit testifying that two and two make five;—it is impossible but granite must be cheaper; the matter proves itself. As to combination, surely all would not combine; surely Alderman Darley would not combine to aggravate the price of this material; he possesses a mountain of granite at Kilgobbin; and I am sure, in common with many others who possess it, would feel a pleasure in affording it to the commissioners of paving at a fair value.

This happens to be one of those improvements in which your Excellency can find little difficulty; and I trust

will not permit delay because it risks nothing; it requires only justice, and a little justice; whilst it affords an infallible promise of public benefits, not only important but immediate.

5th November, 1822.

In the midst of abundance our poor are in indigence. This is the problem which must be solved: this is the evil which must be remedied; the problem may be solved in the following manner: you have sufficient food for all; you want sufficient means of distributing it: you will increase the distribution of this sufficiency of food by alleviating the burdens of local taxation, and creating new means of employing the poor. The distress of Ireland does not result from this cause or that, but from many causes; each has its own remedy: the increase of employment is a principal remedy. On the subject of granite, I have already shewn one mode of multiplying employment; I shall now develope another, for the remedies to our evils must be taken in detail; when the evil is so urgent, no time should be lost, and where it is so extended, although we cannot immediately heal, we may begin by contracting the dimensions of the wound.

The enormous evil of exporting annually a million sterling for coals, would be susceptible of considerable mitigation, by correcting those abuses which obstruct the supply of Dublin with turf; it would also cheapen the fuel, and increase the employment of the poor; their food is cheap, but their fuel is dear, and always must continue dear, until a more liberal system is adopted in respect to the encouragement of the resources of this country.

Mr. M'Cartney in the Irish house of commons, on the discussion of Mr. Grattan's coal bill, in the year 1793, (Par. Deb. 13 vol. p. 468,) stated, "that a substitute for this monstrous export of the current coin (for

in that only did we pay for coals) was a grand feature in our political economy." Your Excellency will please to observe, that in the increase of our burdens, and diminutions of our means, which occurred since that period by the expense of the war, and operation of the peace; the export of our currency for coal, justly described as monstrous in 1793, is now double what it was at that period.

Mr. M'Cartney, in continuation, observed, "that turf, as a general fuel for the poor, and as an occasional fuel for the rich, was known to be an excellent substitute for coals; that if parliament should give a bounty of one shilling a ton on all turf brought to Dublin, which should be sold at a rate not exceeding fourteen pence a kish, it might induce companies to be established, with large capitals, to enter extensively into the coal or turf trade; that such establishments would operate to prevent fuel from ever rising to an extravagant price; would save to the kingdom the annual export of vast sums of our current cash; would afford constant employment to thousands of the industrious poor, of all ages and descriptions; reclaim unprofitable and unwholesome bogs; people and fertilize extensive tracts of country, that are now barren and waste; and provide a constant supply, at the cheapest rate, of that article, which is at all times the best species of fuel for the poor, and occasionally, the best species of fuel for the rich."

I ask not for bounties on this occasion, but only that mischievous obstructions may be removed. Surely it is reasonable, in this land of bogs, as Ireland has been called, that we should at least possess the benefit which these bogs are capable of affording. Surely turf ought to be cheaper in this country than English coal; yet it is dearer, *twice as dear*, on the consumer; more than double in price what this fuel ought to be, and would be, under an improved system of regulation.

A sort of embargo or quarantine has been established on our canals by the carriers of turf to Dublin, which

deprives this city of a large portion of our native fuel; and aggravates, to an extraordinary degree, the price of that turf, the admission of which into Dublin it does not obstruct; for instance, at James's-street harbour, which is the principal canal harbour, the carriers of turf have made *a regulation*, by which only eight turf boats shall be allowed to discharge at the same time, although there are always *thrice* that number, and often *four times* that number of turf boats lying there. The regulation is, that turf boats shall not discharge except in what is called the selling harbour; all the rest must remain in what is called, and most properly called, "idle harbour." The selling harbour holds only eight boats, which discharge their cargoes in about a week, that is, on an average, about a boat-load each day. All the other boats loaded with turf must lie by in "idle harbour," and they are in number always threefold, and often fourfold, of those in selling harbour. These must all wait for their turn; so that, of the entire, there are, on an average, about thirty boats loaded with turf always in the Dublin harbour, at James's-street; of these, by the present arrangement, only about one boat-load is discharged each day; thus every boat, from the time of its arrival to that of its discharge, takes thirty days, whereas three days would be sufficient. Indeed I am informed that the boats are obliged to delay from four to seven weeks. At all events there is nearly a month of unnecessary delay added to the expense of the cargo; and as the value of the turf consists in a great measure of the expense of the carriage, the price is enhanced to an uncommon degree.

It is peculiar to this municipal abuse, that all interests are injured by it. A greater quantity of English coals are thus let into the country; a greater quantity of our little capital is thus carried off; the demand for this fuel from the city is thus obstructed by half from the great height of the price, and its natural demand diminished by half. The multitude in the country, who

would be engaged by the more extended trade in turf, is thus thrown out of employment; the interests of the canal is deeply injured, which, from the great improvement in land carriage, can only sustain itself by the conveyance of bulky material; and the carriers themselves are as much injured as any, because, where they now can make but one trip, they might make three. This is an egregious abuse, and its correction would be a great public benefit, immediate, and costing nothing.

12th November, 1822.

ALMOST every plan produced at levee to mitigate the state of this suffering nation, assumes the shape of a grant for money; these may be right notwithstanding, and deserve as well your consideration as support; but this money-shape affords a reason why you should receive with apprehensive delicacy such proposals, in a country, wherein the administrative sub-authorities have so long run the round of one continuous job.

My plans differ from these in one respect; they seek not money; they ask but justice, and they ask not more than a *little* justice.

Ask the poor woman who begs on the streets, the particular misery of which she complains; her answer will not be that she or the children are in want of food, although, doubtless, she might often with truth say so; her general answer to such an inquiry bears more on the want of fuel than of food; such as that there is not at home a spark of fire; and that the children are starved with cold: the latter expression, like most others of the Irish peasantry, is full of meaning; because, amongst a people like ours, living on such a subsistence as potatoes, requiring to be boiled at every meal, the want of fuel is a cause of hunger.

A mass of wealth has been sunk in the excavations of canals; one of the great purposes of these canals is the

conveyance of native fuel to the metropolis. This purpose of these canals is effectually obstructed by the present arrangement of the turf carriers respecting this commodity. The line of the canals, as it encircles the city, is marked with harbours at convenient points; namely, the heads of the great avenues which lead into and through the city; and from which our citizens and poor might, and ought to be supplied in convenience and abundance with native fuel; yet, as if to fix a satire on our country; as if to brand the national character not only with indolence but with stupidity also; or, as if to suggest to the inquiring stranger, that the manufacturers of our turf fuel were in combination with the importers of our coal fuel, each harbour has its "idle harbour," where the boat, loaded with fuel, must ride its quarantine, sometimes for two months, and always for one, before the owners can discharge, or the public can purchase: for instance, to repeat from my last letter, that which can never be too often repeated, until it is remedied, and to narrow your attention and the proof of the fact to one point, and that the chief point; I say, that in the "idle harbour," attached to the canal harbour of James's-street, there is always a fleet of boats loaded with turf lying there, obstructed from discharging, and amounting to from twenty to thirty on every day round the year. The skipper lying every day during his quarantine, sleeping on his cargo, or drinking on shore, one of his men kept to watch the boat, another sent back to take home the horse, and return with him whenever the family may be advised that the quarantine may have expired, whilst, doubtless, the family, during this period, are employed not more industriously than their head. Thus the Irish public are treated now in the same manner, in respect to the native fuel of turf, as they were about fifty years ago, in respect to the imported fuel of coal; when, according to judge Hellen, as quoted in one of my former letters, the colliers were kept back in the bay, whilst a small number were discharging in the river,

and the price of the fuel kept as high as could be effected by such an arrangement.

No interest suffers more than that of the canals by this ridiculous, mischievous, and atrocious combination. Every boat-load of turf averages about forty tons, the cargo at the bog costs not more than £12, and pays to the Canal Company about £5 tolls: this trade would be trebled if it were free, and, of course, this important revenue, arising from these tolls, would be trebled also.

The country wants capital; raise the depreciated value of the canal debentures, and you will increase the capital of the country; improve the estate of the canals, and you will raise the value of their debentures; open the turf trade, and you will treble their turf tolls, and thus raise their debentures, and the public capital, by increasing their corporate income. You will cheapen turf threefold; you will give a fuel to Dublin and its country, and its neighbourhood, which now they have not; you will keep out a corresponding portion of British coal, and keep in the country a corresponding portion of Irish capital; but above all, you will give employment to multitudes of the poor, who now are unemployed; you will even increase the employment and income of those who are now so imperfectly employed. The skipper and his boat, his horse and his crew, are now unemployed two-thirds of the year; they now make but about six trips in the year; under any fair, liberal, and open course of trade, each boat, instead of six, would make eighteen. One month of open trade would soon satisfy all parties, that the interest of all was the interest of each, and that the public interest, in this respect, is also the trader's.

The canal companies cannot effect this reform of themselves, but with the aid of government it could be done; and their aid is necessary to break up this combination.

Such a measure would confer on you much honor, and on the country which you govern, considerable benefit.

26th November, 1822.

I HAVE endeavoured to describe the wondrous advantage which Britain derives from the abundance of her fuel. I have referred to the benefits which authority might extend to the pressing exigencies of this suffering nation, by even a partial cultivation of those powerful resources in which Providence has been not less bountiful to this country, than to the sister island. Let me now refer your Excellency to those positive evils which our ignorance, or neglect of our native fuel, has entailed on the poor,—that is, on the people of Ireland.

What crowds the cabin of the Irish peasant with his domestic animals and family together? What huddles the cow, or calf, or pig, or all, into miserable fellowship with the cottier's children? the scarcity of fuel. What converts his hut into a sty, and by design constructs it without a chimney? What withers his complexion, and discolors his visage, and distempers his eye; but the necessity of husbanding the heat, and inclosing the smoke arising from his scanty fuel, and by which wretched resource he endeavours to give warmth to his shivering family against the inclemencies of a humid atmosphere, acting on a crazy and unprotecting habitation.

The Irish peasant is not insensible to the mischievous inconvenience which this effect of the scarcity of fuel imposes on his family, and when a stranger enters his hovel, kindly invites him to prefer the lowest stool, in order, as he quaintly, but justly observes, "to keep the gentleman out of the smoke." This wretched state of society, with its injurious consequences on the manners, habits, and health of our nation, long since attracted the notice and observation of Arthur Young, in his tour through this country: in page 35 of his Appendix, annexed to the second volume of his Tour through Ireland, in his description of the Irish cabin, he introduces the following remarks:

"These cabins have only a door, which lets in light, instead of a window, and should let the smoke out instead of a chimney, *but they had rather keep it in;* these two conveniences they hold so cheap, that I have seen them both stopped up in stone cottages, built by improving landlords; *the smoke warms them*, but certainly is as injurious to their eyes, as it is to the complexions of the women, which, in general, in the cabins of Ireland, has a near resemblance to that of a smoked ham. *The number of the blind poor*, I think greater than in England, which is probable owing to this cause."

Indeed there can be no doubt on the subject; any one may convince himself of the fact, who attentively observes the hold-passengers of a packet, as they annually migrate to the English harvest; the great majority of them are afflicted with distempered eyes. There can also be little doubt, that the exposure to cold, resulting, among other causes, from this scarcity of fuel, predisposes them to a habit of using spirituous liquors.

Why is the Persian clothed in muslin, and the Russian in fur? why does the one drink sherbet, and the other spirits? it is because climate must influence the habit of a nation, and, therefore, where a humid atmosphere is connected with a scarcity of fuel, a similar sensation as that which impels the bird to seek warmth in a winter morning within the smoke issuing from the chimney-top, will also impel the Irish peasant to construct his hut without a chimney, and inclose the smoke of his scanty fire.

It is well known that agues prevail in those parts of Ireland where fuel is scarce; and the politico-medical statistics of Doctor HARTY sufficiently shew its powerful influence on the production of our periodic epidemic.

In Dublin, the poor man's fuel is as costly as his food; I mean, of course, the very poor; a penny will procure him nearly seven pounds of potatoes; and it will require a pennyworth of turf to boil them. It is true, that turf

is twice as dear as coal, but when it is considered that more fuel must be necessary for a poor man's family, than what suffices to boil a single meal of potatoes, there is still room enough for the truth of the proposition, even although he should use coals, that *the poor man's fuel costs him as much as his food.*

But why, it may be asked, should turf fuel in this city be double the price of coal? I have already shewn, that this enormous mischief results from a vulgar and wicked combination, which has been too long endured, and should be instantly put down; I say *instantly*, because at this moment we are threatened from the tempestuous state of the weather, with an interruption of the English supply, a sort of periodic curse, to which this country is continually liable, and must be so while we neglect the cultivation of our native fuel.

Your Excellency, I understand, has just sanctioned by your approbation, the intended new line of canal from Shannon harbour to Ballinasloe; this will certainly multiply the fuel of the country, as that new line will intersect a considerable district of bog. But in vain will you multiply the ramifications for the conveyance of native fuel, if combination be suffered to strangle this conveyance at its throat, and a group of persons calling themselves "BOG DIRECTORS," and sitting in some public house, shall direct the arrangements of *idle harbour*, intercepting from the metropolis its fuel, and from the peasantry their employment.

But how, I may be asked, is this to be remedied? to which I might answer, it is enough for the citizen to point out an extensive and admitted injustice; and it is the proper business of authority to arrange the remedy which its wisdom may approve. If I were, however, to give an opinion, I would say, that our police establishment would be able to detect this hidden mischief; I am sure they have the disposition to do so. I am sure such an evil must be susceptible of some remedy; and I beg leave to inquire for what purpose do the commissioners

of inland navigation receive 6 or 7,000*l.* a-year in salaries, and for what purpose have so many millions been sunk in canals, if a non-intercourse is thus to be established between the city of Dublin and the fuel of Ireland?

IRELAND has many evils, and wants many remedies; but no number of remedies can improve her state, so as render it other than miserable, until means be adopted *to cheapen fuel;* without that improvement the united efforts of the wisest heads and best hearts that were ever devoted to the good of mankind, might labour to construct a plan for her happiness, and would for ever labour in vain.

Our benevolent brethren of the sister island, in suggesting remedies for the wretchedness of our countrymen, say that we should inculcate a taste for comforts, and that then our peasant, industrious by nature and only indolent through accident, will not abate in pursuing the fruit he has tasted. This may be very true, and very applicable in England, but it is very inapplicable at present in Ireland; and why this difference? Why is our countryman industrious abroad and not so at home? It is because abroad, in England for instance, reward comes in to sweeten labour; there is not on the earth a more striking picture of the vigor of human industry, than that displayed by the Irish peasant cutting the English farmer's harvest; he labors, as the French say, *comme quatre,* and certainly his week's industry is more like that of *four* men than one; why this difference? It is not the English air or habits that could thus instantly convert an indolent stranger into a laborer more industrious than the most industrious people of the world; (for he is in a great degree preferred by the English farmer to the English laborer;) it is because comforts are brought within his grasp, and his industry, his matchless industry, evinces at once his taste to pursue them;

then where did he acquire that taste? surely not in the *air* of England; not in the passage of St. George's Channel? No, he *had* the taste in the country that he left, but comfort was not there within his attainment; place comfort before him, but within his reach, and any labour between him and that object, and he will be as to industry what he should be, and he will be in Ireland habitually, what he is in England occasionally; but first let *fuel* be made available to him, that chief amongst all human comforts, without which few others can be enjoyed, and in the absence of which most others perish.

This proposition, true every where, is particularly so in this country. Addison in England divided the year into four months of summer and eight of winter; Ireland, placed in the front of the Atlantic, the first land between Europe and America, which stops the course of the westerly gales, intercepting by her hills and retaining in her vallies, the clouds and vapours of the ocean and the air, is a climate unusually humid. Our dry weather is confined to our summer, so that when we have a wet summer, it may be said that we have wet for the most part, if not for the entire year; if then the preceding winter be added thereto, the consequence is, that on the occasion of every wet summer, we have a prevalence of wet weather during sixteen or eighteen continuous months.

To this character of climate our island owes her fairest emblems and finest products; her *green* fields and *yellow* harvests; and to protect us from the evils incident to such humidity, nature has benevolently gifted this island with abundant fuel to guard her inhabitants from the mischiefs of her otherwise beneficent atmosphere. In fact, without fuel the family of our peasant must be always without comfort, and never without hunger.

No country in the world, of the same population, *wants* so much fuel; *has* so much fuel; imports so much fuel; and is so unable to purchase it.

Within the last six years, a cargo of British coals sold

in Dublin at three guineas, and within the last twelve years, at five guineas a ton. Let us suppose that the coal mines of Great Britain were exhausted, or not worked; observe the effect which such a state of things must produce on the condition of that nation and its people: were the coal mines of that island mismanaged, or managed in the same manner as ours, most assuredly from thence forward they would keep the peace with all the world; her commerce would vanish, her navy would rot, her manufactures become as our own, silent, her resources would be quickly confined to her agriculture, and her labourers, like those of Ireland and Poland, the wretched cultivators of an exuberant soil, raising corn for others which they cannot share, in the midst of cold which they cannot mitigate; would soon become a saddened people, and till her fields in misery and sorrow.

INLAND FISHERIES.

Sir William Temple, in his Letter to Lord Essex, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, July 22, 1673, says:—"The fishing of Ireland might prove a mine under water, as rich as any under ground, if it were improved to those advantages it is capable of, and that we see it raised to in other countries."

So strongly did Sir William Temple consider the improvements of the Irish fisheries as essential to the prosperity of this country, that he suggested, and strongly recommended to the Earl of Essex, the necessity of introducing a bill into parliament to make it legal, that no individual should be admissible into the House of Commons, or the commission of the peace, unless he had taken a practical part in the encouragement and advancement of the fisheries of Ireland.

Spencer, in his State of Ireland, p. 29, observes, "and sure it is yet a most beautiful and sweet country as any is under heaven, being stored throughout with many goodly rivers, replenished with all sorts of fish, most abundantly sprinkled with many very sweet islands and goodly lakes, like little inland seas, that will carry even ships upon their waters."

Daniel, in his Rural Sports, vol. ii. p. 144, says "that the waters of Ireland are better stored, and the fish contained in them of a size superior to those generally found elsewhere in the United Kingdom."

Lord Bacon, in his Letter to James I., on the planting of a colony in Ulster, descants on the value of the Irish fisheries, added to the other great natural advantages of the country—"as it is not easy, (he says) to find such confluence of commodities, if the hand of man did join with the hand of nature."

Hamilton, in his Survey of Antrim, says—"The salmon fisheries on the sea coast and in the rivers of the north of Ireland, have sometimes been very productive, affording a valuable cargo for the Italian markets during the time of Lent. The abundance of fish may be inferred from hence—that fourteen hundred have been taken in the river Bann at once hawling the net, and nearly a thousand at the succeeding haul."

Yet this invaluable source of national wealth and substance has rapidly decayed, through the waste committed on the breed of fish, and will soon become entirely extinct, unless the magistracy enforce the statutes so often enacted for its protection. For example: in the Shannon, salmon are now found not farther than 60 miles beyond the tide-way, whereas formerly they were found 200 miles beyond it. But how can it be otherwise, when the spawning fish and salmon-fry are sold along its banks to feed the pigs, and in despite of the law, are permitted to be taken in the open day in those prohibited seasons, when the fish is no use for the food of man,

and the wondrous multiplication of this rich luxury is thus rudely, and illegally, and wantonly obstructed, which otherwise might be found in plenty at the table of every poor man in the country.

EXTRACT FROM A VIEW OF THE STATE OF IRELAND IN 1824, NOT BEFORE PUBLISHED.

THE history of England is the history of liberty, and the interests of liberty are the interests of this empire. This position, always true, was never more urgent than at this moment. The two objects most formidable to our foreign relations, are the growing powers of a mighty monarchy in the old world, and a mighty republic in the new one: and the two objects which most promise a counteraction to those threatening dangers, are, the eastern and western points of Europe, that is, Greece and Ireland. The first claiming a rank among the nations of the earth; and the second a participation in the prosperity and constitution of Great Britain. Our government, by promoting the rising liberty of Greece, may oppose a bulwark for Europe against Russia; and by favoring the just claims of the Sister Island, the western frontier, now exposed, may be cheaply garrisoned by conciliated millions.

Great Britain, referred to in contumely by foreigners, as little more than a speck on the globe, with her colonies spread through every quarter of the earth; and her navies traversing every part of the ocean, may in some degree be regarded as the *spirit* of commerce; and will cease to rule it as she does, when she ceases to lead the van of the free nations of the earth; and to be the patron of those who are struggling to be free. Commerce is the life of British prosperity, and slavery in every shape is

the enemy of commerce. Such was the ancient policy of England, such was the principle of the great Elizabeth. When a bigot king and cruel viceroy tormented the Netherlands by their double scourge; Elizabeth, as chief of a commercial state, felt it to be the interest of her people to interpose; and because it was their interest she did interpose: she protected the provinces of Holland, aided their struggle, and established their independence. *Dux fœmina facti.* She saw the new sources of commerce this measure would open; and by disclosing them, became the creator of British commerce. This great act of wise mercy to the objects of oppression was soon attended with mighty results; when the iron tyranny of Alva was broken, that country which he had scourged, as the Turk has scourged Greece, rapidly altered its previous appearance. A great republic sprung from the bosom of the deep; Freedom embraced her sister Commerce; as the queen of the west broke the chain of the slave, whilst regenerated myriads, looking up to her in gratitude, shouted "Liberty," and wept for joy.

What were the commercial advantages of Holland, compared with those that belong to Greece; or the natural advantages of that swampy region, compared with those of our neglected sister island?

> "An island rich—exhaustless in her store
> Of veiny silver and of golden ore;
> Her fruitful soil for ever teems with wealth,
> With gems her waters, and her air with health."

It is our business in peace to be prepared for war; because such preparation is the best security for the continuance of peace; that greatest blessing of every nation; that first interest of a commercial one. What does a British statesman owe to the interest of the Turk, or the interest of a party, that he should sacrifice the prospective and probable advantages likely to result to our commerce and trade, from a liberal policy towards Greece and Ireland? What is the first object of every government?

The tranquillity of its people. How is that object best attained? By giving the people sufficient and profitable employment. What was the *immediate* cause of the French revolution? Numerous, and complex, and inveterate were its causes; but its *immediate* cause, that is, the cause of its ebullition, has been frequently assigned, and with much probability, to a deficiency of bread in the metropolis of France. How then is a great commercial community, like this empire, with a population disproportionate to the products of its soil, to be sustained against want, or protected from convulsion, if the obvious sources that offer them employment be, without cause, neglected or foreclosed? The commerce and trade of the British empire have lost enough by the expense and results of the late war, to make us anxious to avail ourselves of the objects proffered to us during the peace, to repair the losses which we have thus suffered. For twenty years we sustained a war, with no other real object of interest than to preserve to our trade the commerce of Europe. Cabinets must avow some objects for a war; but the object which they avow is seldom the true one. We fought for many avowed and unreal objects; for the Scheldt, for the Bourbons, for social order against republicanism; for Malta, for safety, for any thing—for nothing. We began the war for the love of war, and continued the war because the war was begun; but amongst all the untrue objects which we avowed, and real objects which we concealed, there was one ruling motive for the war, which, although it was not, and could not be assigned as a reason for war, was yet a strong motive to a commercial empire—we fought *for the market of Europe*, which our adversary threatened to take from us. For this we marshalled against France the five coalitions; for this we blockaded the coasts of Europe with our fleets, and Napoleon counter-blockaded its shores by his armies; for this we issued our commercial orders, which he met by his commercial decrees; for this we accumulated a debt injurious to our credit,

and a taxation oppressive to our trade. For the market of the continent, we fought the king of the continent; we fought and conquered; we gratified our pride; we conquered the conquerer. We saw the lion trampling the eagle in the dust, and the star of Napoleon set in blood. We got fame, glory, debt, laurels, taxation, triumphs, every thing but *our object*. We won the battle, but lost the prize; we have lost in a great measure the market of Europe. The policy of our enemy was our exclusion from that market, and he has transmitted that policy to his successors, to our allies; they have adopted it.

We do not mean that the sovereigns or nations of the continent have succeeded, or perhaps can succeed, in the entire exclusion of our manufactures from the continental market; because, the unequalled excellence of British manufacture must force its way, and to a certain extent will command a consumption in spite of all resistance from the edicts of its governments, or the inclinations of their subjects: but it must be admitted, that every obstruction of this description has operated since the peace, and may be expected to continue. It is therefore the duty of our government to substitute other and new markets for those which have been lost, or narrowed by our conquests. Ireland offers an extensive market, which from our past neglect may be deemed a *new one;* and which through the improved intercourse from steam navigation, may justly be regarded as a *home market*. The instantaneous benefits resulting to the people of these islands from the wise removal of those barbarous obstructions, known by the title of union duties, evince the power naturally belonging to the British and Irish nations of mutually conferring on each other extensive and unknown advantages, which an ignorance of just principles had heretofore locked up, and a recurrence to them must rapidly and increasingly disclose. Ireland also offers an inviting theatre to the operation of our capital, and manufacturing enterprize. Great Britain excels the world in her manufactures; and there is

no nation that presents so large a quantity of human labor, at a price so cheap, as Ireland can: yet these two nations are in immediate proximity; and this labor is unemployed. It may be said that we cannot transfer the labor of the one country to the manufactories of the other: why then may not British manufactories be established in the country where the labor is so cheap? One answer is, Ireland is deficient in coal. To this we reply, that it is now established that coal abounds in fifteen counties of Ireland. Enough has been proved during the last sessions before a committee of the house of commons, to shew that there is no exaggeration in this statement. It was asserted by an Englishman well acquainted with Ireland, in his history of that country, half a century ago, that Ireland, in all probability, could supply coals to Europe; yet there is no country in Europe more distressed than Ireland through want of fuel. Indeed, the capability of that country for the production of coal, was known so early as the reign of Charles the First; and his viceroy Strafford, who was well informed in its resources, in a public document, testified by his signature at the Castle of Dublin, on the 28th August, 1623, recommends Irish coal on two different occasions, as a suitable export from that country to Lisbon, and the Canary Islands.—*Strafford's State Letters*, p. 109. And see also *Warner's History of Ireland*, vol. i. p. 50. Why then extend our views to the mines of Mexico, when the best treasures of the mineral world are thus offerred to our enterprize at home. British trade ought, and British policy must find out employment for the poor of Ireland. Want of employment is the first and most urgent of the many evils which afflict that country. It must be remedied, and without delay. This evil is not only urgent and pre-eminent, but increasing every hour. The first remedy for this evil is to open the coal mines. As want of employment is the first, so want of fuel is the second great evil of Ireland. Thus the two most pre-eminent amongst the statistical evils of the country, would be met

at once, and a groundwork laid for the establishment of manufactures.

There is much reason to be persuaded that all the treasures of the mineral kingdom, and coals more especially, are more abundant in Ireland than in England. England exhibits the uncommon advantages resulting from coal; and Ireland all the miseries that follow from the want of it. Next to food, fuel is the most essential article in every northern country; without it, food loses much of its value. This is more particularly the case in Ireland, where potatoes are the principal food of the people. The potato is not only the food, but the entire food of the peasantry; hence the want of fuel is the more severe; as to bread, which might be procured and used without fuel, or flesh meat, which might be prepared with a little of it, they scarcely taste either throughout the year. Therefore I say, give Ireland her own market to her own fuel; and we shall at the same time supply a remedy to the two most important amongst her evils; namely, the want of employment, and the scarcity of fuel. The measure of relief which this would supply may be estimated by the existing dearth of this article of prime necessity. The people of England need not be apprehensive of the loss resulting to them from giving to Ireland her own market. The invention of steam offers a new market for coal, sufficient for the coal mines of the two countries; and this local jealousy, which has been so long acted on to the severe injury of the two nations, is now perceived to be not only repugnant to the interests of both, but to the true principles of trade and commerce.

It is certain that a silent, but what the event will prove a radical change is about to take place in the commercial relations of this country with England, and in the condition of her mercantile people. Whether this change will operate favorably or otherwise for Ireland, time only will enable us to judge. Perhaps a review of the

causes which are at work in producing this change, and of the mode in which the change is operating at present, may suggest its probable results on the wealth and prosperity of the nation.

The abolition of the union duties has had this effect, that the price of colonial and manufactured articles is reduced to the Irish consumer to the minimum paid by the English. You can, or ought to have, in a retail house in Dublin, a pound of tea or sugar, or a yard of silk or calico, on the same terms upon which these articles are supplied to the English customers by the London shopkeeper. You ought to have your china and crockery, your cutlery and carpeting, at the same rate. The only difference is the distance, and the consequent freight. But it is less expensive to import muslins from Manchester and Glasgow to Dublin and Belfast, than to carry these articles from these places to the capital of the empire. Steam navigation, which has already effected such great wonders, will accomplish still greater. A man may leave Dublin to-day, and arrive in Manchester to-morrow, purchase his goods there on Wednesday, and return with them to Dublin by Friday. If the railways and locomotive machines be established, (and we understand that all the shares are already subscribed,) the distance between Dublin and Manchester will be considerably abridged. It has been laid down that a machine of a ten-horse power will move fifty tons at the rate of seven miles an hour, equal almost to mail-coach travelling; and that the machines for passengers may be so constructed that they will go thirty! This is like a story in the *Arabian Nights;* and a man who would venture to speak of such a project some ten or twelve years ago, would be placed, without hesitation or remorse, in the Laputa of DOCTOR SWIFT. Yet nothing is more certain at least than this, that the *shares* of the project are subscribed off in all directions. From Liverpool to Manchester; from thence to Birmingham; from the potteries of Staffordshire to Bristol; nay, it will

scarcely be credited, from York to London! Several bills, with a view to companies, are preparing for the next session; and before the close of the year 1825, this mode of conveyance will be partly established in several parts of England. If it should become general, it will bring as it were the extremities of the empire together. A journey to Leeds will be almost as short as a journey to Cork.

But even though this dazzling and extraordinary scheme should not be realized to the extent contemplated by the projectors, yet, from the improvement which is every day making in steam navigation, and from the spirit of enterprize and competition, generated by an immense capital, now existing, the direct navigation from London to Dublin will be upon a footing which (if we may allow an Hibernian mode of expression) will shorten the distance between the two cities to half the time, and in a very short period after its establishment, to half the expense. Travellers will go as usual by Holyhead and Liverpool; that is to say, generally speaking; for it is well known that the steam-packet between London and Leith (a longer voyage than from the former to Dublin) is freighted every trip, not only with *ordinary* passengers, but with gentlemen and ladies of condition. Why a similar conveyance was not established between the English and Irish capital before, it is unnecessary now to inquire. Suffice it to say, that the steam navigation between Dublin and London will speedily commence.

By this means we shall have, in three or four days, from London those *heavy* articles, which, by the most rapid conveyance, we could not have obtained for eight or ten. Cabinet work, for instance, and those assorted cargoes, which can be made up no where else.

Now let us inquire into the effects which this rapidity of communication will have upon the mercantile interests of Ireland. Its first and obvious effect will be to make almost *every shopkeeper his own merchant*. A man wants twenty or thirty hogsheads of sugar: formerly he

went into the commercial buildings and examined the samples set out by the different merchants. He has now nothing to do but to step over to Liverpool, buy them at first cost, and they are stored almost as soon in his warehouse, as he could have them from the custom-house stores, or the stores of the Dublin merchant. A woollen draper wants a certain assortment of cloth; instead of going to the wholesale importers and leaving them a profit, he betakes himself to the fountain head. Nor will he, by any means, find it difficult to obtain credit. A few hundreds in hands will enable him to command treble its amount in credit. With regard to teas and all other articles, it is precisely the same. In fact, such is the small profit now left by the operation of the great capital of England, and the difficulty of its profitable investment, that his custom will be *bid for:* agents and riders are now in Ireland from almost every part of England, and from every description of tradesmen. In short, if the system proceeds, these agents, and the circumstances we have detailed above, *will supersede the Irish merchant*, properly so called. We shall then have advertisements from all the brokers of Liverpool, and the carpet-makers of Kidderminster, and the iron-mongers of Birmingham, and the calico-weavers of Manchester, just as we have notices of sales or of goods for sale from the merchants and shopkeepers of Dublin.

CHAPTER V.

ON THE PRINCIPLE OF MALTHUS AND SMALL FARMS IN IRELAND.

CONCURRENTLY with the other causes of non-employment, was the new-sprung idea of large farms; adopted by our landlords from the principle of Malthus; one of the most mischievous errors which has ever misled the public mind, or obstructed the public interest. This writer has been the first to place in a popular and attractive light, the idea that God has organized man to increase faster than the means of his subsistence.* He laid it down as a law of nature, that population increased in a geometric, and food in an arithmetic progression; that is, that population increased as one, two, four, eight, sixteen; whilst food only increased as one, two, three, four, five. If this be in truth the law of nature, it is strange that it remained so long unknown; and that all the great lights in science, politics, and philosophy, maintained an opinion exactly the reverse.† The ancients regarded populousness as a positive good. The Greeks rewarded marriage, and the offspring of marriage, with distinguished public honors. The Athenians punished incorrigible bachelors with heavy penalties; whilst the Lacedemonians directed them to be beaten by the women. The statesmen of Rome pursued the same policy, and deprived a bachelor legatee of his bequest, unless he married in 100 days after the death of the testator. The Jews consider the ordonance "increase and multiply," in the light of a divine command; and Plutarch relates, that Alexander doubled the gifts to pregnant women, which had been instituted among the Persians by Cyrus. The Koran is equally encouraging to mar-

* Stokes. † Ensor.

riage and population. The code of the Hindoo has tl same tendency. The like principle has descended fro antiquity to modern times. Sir W. Temple proposed tax on bachelors of twenty-five years old. Bolingbrol alleged, that the increase of people must be always a advantage, and can never be an injury to the stat Swift said, that it is an undoubted maxim, that tl people are the riches of a country; Fenelon and Rayn expressed the very same idea; Pope, Goldsmith, a Paley speak of the importance of population, and tl superiority of it above every other national advantag and that it is the true and absolute interest of a natio To which may be added the authority of the enlighten Bentham, (enforced and enlarged on by our own cou trymen, Ensor and Stokes,) who says, that he conside "la force et la richesse d'une nation, le nombre d hommes."

So much for the *old*, and as to the *new* world, the is little doubt, that men and women, nay children, ha *there* been considered as of the wealth of a nation. was about the time of the late Irish rebellion, 1798, th Mr. Malthus gave prominence and currency to an ide not long before originated by some writers of minor n toriety; that the wisdom of the world had labored und a grand mistake in regarding the increase of a peop among the riches of a nation; or "a bold peasantry, country's pride." That battle and plague, misery a vice, were the greatest reliefs to a nation against tl calamity of its increase; that the wisdom of the Dei had been extensively defective in providing the means life for those that live; and that a virtuous, industriou and peaceful race, must insure by their good conduct the horrors of starvation. According to his view, a n tion of quakers could have no escape from the certain of famine, and the exercise of their virtue must be tl cause of their extinction.

This doctrine was most convenient to whatever selfis ness and cold-heartednesss happened to exist among tl

higher orders of society. What boots it that the majority of any, or every nation, are suffering from hunger, or perishing through want? Why need such a condition interrupt the repose of the rulers of states, or the masters of mankind: has not kind providence foredoomed them to a lot of this kind? Is not mendicity inevitable? Is not charity tantalizing? Is not the law of the gospel overpowered by the rigorous law of nature? And what is benevolence in the higher orders, or good conduct in the lower, but causes conspiring to prolong human misery? The position was impregnable, as Mr. Malthus said it was. The misery of the populace no longer need be assigned to the ignorance of rulers; the forms of government; the selfishness of the wealthy; or the oppression of the powerful. These classes might each reply to the erroneous complainant, "though can'st not say I did it." Philosophy has explained it: man is born to starvation as the "sparks fly upwards?" his lot is hunger, his want is incurable. Providence has certainly made *us* exceptions. But nothing can mitigate the doom of the majority, unless by adding moral to physical checks; by arranging a morality that will shake hands with vice, and conspire to stop the propagation of mankind.

This philosophy gave sword and buckler to the tyrant, the oppressor, the miser, and the cynic. Patriotism and benevolence were, impertinence and importunity. The man in power lends a facile ear to the argument offered by this new system to spare his exertions, indulge his repose, and keep his money in his purse, for uses of his own. Those who argued otherwise did not forsooth *understand philosophy*: they had not read Malthus, or could not comprehend him. The humble minded were abashed, the unlearned were bewildered; the godly were puzzled, or exulted in the inefficacy of good works; and the oppressors of mankind, disciples of this school, reposed on their stoicism, and scorned to become

"The shallow fools of coward conscience."

No dogma that ever sprung from the invention of man gave more apology to misconduct, or more opiates to remorse; and, accordingly, no dogma was ever better received among those classes for which it was intended.

Mr. Malthus is clear, that all those who differ from him on this subject, have fallen into a gross error; no such thing can happen to him; he is confident that he cannot be mistaken, and that in a populous and peaceful nation, the majority of the laborers thereof cannot earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. He says,* that where population had increased in the proportion of from 1 to 128, the means of subsistence would only have increased in the proportion of from one to nine. If this be true, surely the world is large enough and old enough to have exhibited some necessary result of the operation of such a principle. On the contrary, has the "population of the east increased so fast as to create anxiety about the subsistence of man for thousands of years to come. What extensive tracts exist in Siberia, North Asia, North and South America, New Holland, and Southern Africa, of the greatest fertility, and almost unoccupied? What part of the world is peopled with any degree of density?" Dr. Stokes says, that the city of Yeddo, in Japan, is inhabited by ten millions of people, and that that nation, inhabiting an area nearly equal to that of Great Britain and Ireland, amount, on the most probable calculation, to one hundred millions, and do not seem distressed by their numbers, although laboring under imperfect civilization and bad government.

Who told Malthus that population increases in a geometric, and subsistence in an arithmetical ratio? He did not derive this alleged law of nature from a revelation; and if he did, the balance of evidence would lead us to believe rather, that his witnesses were dupes, than that a wise and benevolent Deity could provide so inadequately

* Stokes.

for his creatures. Malthus suggests that his position is mathematical; but Locke denies that any reasoning of this kind can admit of any mathematical induction; and experience shews, that the greatest errors are often conveyed and *concealed* under the machinery of arithmetic. The position of Malthus is an alleged induction from facts that *he assumes*, and he conducts the argument in the following manner: he takes the increase of man from the most rapid example, America; and the increase of subsistence from the lowest, Great Britain; and compares the possible increase of man in America, with the probable increase of subsistence in Great Britain. Dr. Stokes has shewn the unfairness of this reasoning, that he should not have taken the extremes, but an average of the world, or have compared man and subsistence in the same country, probability with probability, or possibility with possibility; but not the probable in one case, with the possible in the other; because men and food might both increase in America, and both remain stationary in Great Britain without danger to either.

Malthus appears to shut his eyes to the immense increase of the animal world; the crowds that may be fed by the labor of a few fishermen; the wonder of procreation in respect to the herring,* which is said to contain 40,000 eggs; the salmon half that number; the cod fish ten times that number; the shoals of the herring, many

* Hector Boethius informs us, that the ancient Scots lived almost entirely upon fish.—*Barrington on Stat.* 146.

The salmon fisheries of Ireland are, in proportion, infinitely more numerous and productive than those of any other country, the natural history whereof has fallen into the writer's hands.—*Newenham's View of Ireland*, 54, pub. 1809.

The fishing of Ireland might prove a mine under water, as rich as any under ground, if it were improved to those advantages it is capable of, and that we see it raised to in other countries.—*Sir William Temple's Letter to the Earl of Essex, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.* Dublin, July 22, 1673.

That every man who extracts a fish from the ocean, may consider himself as having found a piece of money.—*Dr. Franklin.*

square leagues in density, rolling periodically through the ocean to the land, and the sun often darkened by the flights of the feathered tribe.

The animals of the earth, wild and domestic, incalculably exceed in their increase that of man. A remarkable instance of this extraordinary fecundity occurred in New South Wales, about the year 1778: two bulls and three cows having strayed into the woods, it was discovered, in about seven years after, that they had increased to a herd of 1000. To this may be added the fertilizing nature of land, under the advantages of labor, machinery, and situation, instanced by an acre in the neighbourhood of London, equalling in its produce thirty, under ordinary cultivation. Will not the labor of one man raise food for many persons? Can he not cultivate nine acres in a year; and how considerable the number its produce will support, more especially if planted with potatoes! Do not such considerations supply sufficient evidence,

"To vindicate the ways of God to man,"

and shew that Providence is not so much mistaken as this philosopher seems to apprehend? Is it not, on the contrary, clear, that food increases faster than population; in a proportion varying with the attending circumstances? that sufficiency, if not abundance, is the reward of labor? that all creatures dedicated to the subsistence of man, increase in a proportion much greater than he does, corresponding to the analogy that those vegetables from which such animals derive their existence, increase also in a much greater proportion than they do? and that to deduce a position, that the good conduct of an industrious and peaceful civilized nation, must subject it to the condition of perishing for hunger, is alike repugnant to the true notions of the Deity, the wisdom of man, the feelings of humanity, and the precepts of the gospel, as it is acting on the principle of telling lies of God?

This gloomy heresy, this creed of a misanthrope, must

be in Ireland effectually eradicated, to make way for the progress of improvement and prosperity.

Malthus, in referring his theory to Ireland, inveighs against her populousness and use of the potato. It seems inconsistent to complain of an over population, and at the same time of the cause which enables us to sustain it. Humboldt has a different view of the value of this root, and says, that "no plant, from time immemorial, has had so decided an influence on the prosperity of mankind."

That Ireland is over-peopled, is an opinion which a morning's ride round Dublin might remove. "In the mountains of Wicklow an area might be included, comprising 150 square miles, within which no human habitation occurs; and some parts of this area advancing within seven miles of Dublin. Perhaps there is not an eighth of this great tract which might not be sown or planted with trees to profit, and not a fourth which might not, when drained, afford tolerable crops of potatoes, turnips, clover, and grass. Among the Morne mountains, in the county of Down, is a district, of the third part of the extent of that in the Wicklow mountains, as destitute, and within twelve miles of Newry, a thriving town. That part of the county of Galway, which the commissioners of bogs denominated 'the district of Cunnemara,' gives a specimen of the neglected state of the Irish coast; it contains 350,000 acres, and is inhabited by 30,000 people, nine-tenths of whom live on the sea shore; the rental is £50,000. This district contains twenty safe and capacious harbours, fit for large vessels, and twenty-five navigable lakes, of a mile or more in length, besides many more of a smaller size; the sea coast abounds with fish. This district, with its islands, possesses four hundred miles of sea shore, and on Lough Corrib fifty. It possesses as many miles of shore, whether of the sea or navigable lakes, as there are square miles of surface.—*Stokes on the Population of*

Ireland, 14. *Fourth Report of Commissioners on Bogs, Appendix*, 187.

Can a country, with many such districts, be over-peopled? The population may be ill-distributed, but cannot be excessive. It appears that we have room enough for many centuries to colonize *at home*, without the great trouble and expense of transmitting our poor, for that purpose, over the globe, or across the Atlantic. And these islands of waste, dispersed through the country, the largest within seven miles of the metropolis, as if to accommodate our people in every direction, and bring the relief for their wants home to their doors.

What then is the great evil to be remedied?—Want of employment for our poor. And whence one great cause and remedy for that evil? From the circumstance that we will not suffer our unoccupied poor to work on the surface of our unoccupied land.*

Let, therefore, the following remedies be forthwith adopted: let emigration be encouraged, but not depended upon; and let the encouragement be pointed to that class which depends on labour alone.

Let the landlords resume the encouragement of small farms, and again re-connect a large portion of our poor with the land. Small farms are suitable to a poor country; large farms require large capital. Small farms are suitable to a country that wants it. In a populous country, with little or no manufactures, it is *not possible*, according to any theory, Malthusian or anti-Malthusian, to distribute its agricultural class into large farms, without getting rid of the people by emigration or otherwise.

* "That as to agriculture, there are of reclaimable bog in Ireland two millions of Irish acres, of a soil well suited for the production of grain; and one and a half millions of Irish acres of mountain districts at present comparatively unproductive, of which, it appears that one-half is suitable for agriculture, the remainder for much improved pasturage for rearing cattle or dairy purposes."—*Petition to Parliament for the Improvement of Ireland, by the Society for the Improvement of Ireland*, 1822.

In such a country no philosopher or theorist can conceive the population and large farms to co-exist.

The landlords must therefore return to small farms: this is the natural state of things, and the source from which larger farms will grow, when, as in England, we get manufactures to share with the land in support of the poor, and give increase to the fund of wages. Thus the small farmer will become *his own market*, and get the rural food of himself and family at the prime cost in the strictest sense of that term; escaping the over-price produced by the fluctuation of markets, and the various and accumulated profits of the different grades from landholder to huxter, which so enhance the price of food to the mere labourer. Thus the family will be fed, and the land fertilized, where its own produce is consumed upon it by a small farmer who has *some certain interest* in its improvement. Let the landlord allocate the poor farmer even on poor land, and if he gives him some certain interest therein by a light rent at first, and a higher thereafter, there can be no doubt of mutual success to both. Let this small farmer hold directly from the landlord, and let the latter reduce, and gradually extinguish all the classes of *unoccupying* tenantry, that is, middlemen. These work no improvement; if not resident they *cannot*, and if resident *they do not;* but they oppress the occupiers, and render them as incapable as they are themselves unwilling.

"It remains to inquire, whether the landlord's security is a full recompense for so much mischief. But here it is proper to observe, that, though the intermediate man is generally better security than the little occupier, yet it is not from thence to be concluded, as I have often heard it, that the latter is, beyond all comparison, beneath him in this respect; the contrary is often the case; and I have known the fact, that the landlord, disappointed of his rent, has *drove* (distrained) the under-tenants for it at a time when they had actually paid it to the middleman. If the profit rent is spent, as it

very generally is, in claret and hounds, the notion of good security will prove visionary, as many a landlord in Ireland has found it; several very considerable ones have assured me, that the little occupiers were the *best* pay they had on their estates; and the intermediate *gentlemen* tenants by much the *worst*."* By the minutes of the journey it appears "that a very considerable part of the kingdom, and the most enlightened landlords in it, have discarded this injurious system, and let their farms to none but the occupying tenantry; their experience has proved that the apprehension of a want of security was merely ideal, finding their rents much better paid than ever. At the last extremity, it is the occupier's stock which is the real security of the landlord. It is that he distrains, and finds abundantly more valuable than the laced hat, hounds, and pistols of the gentleman jobber, from whom he is more likely, in such a case, to receive a *message* than a remittance."†

The next remedy is to suffer the unoccupied poor to be employed on the unoccupied surface of the country, which amounts to about a fourth of Ireland. In this grand object all interests and efforts should be combined. The government, the legislature, the treasury, and the higher orders not only of Ireland, but England also: the latter country being deeply interested in making Ireland the Sicily of the empire; and giving room to a growing population, which must soon be the greatest that Europe ever saw on the same space. The same Providence which seems to have decreed it, has also accompanied its object by its means: superior fertility, and a species of produce by which one acre gives as much food as three acres of corn; a food so benevolently suited for a country, to which God has been so bountiful and man so oppressive, although Malthus cannot see the one or the other.

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* Young's Tour. † *Ibid.* p. 20.

A general inclosure and drainage act is, therefore, essential to Ireland, five-sixths of whose people depend on husbandry for support. It is enough to say, in respect to its form and substance, that it should be on the principle of that of England; and that the course and direction of the improvement should be from the sea, or the improved country through the glen to the mountain.

Another remedy would be a parliamentary commission to aid the fisheries, by opening new roads to them from the improved districts of Ireland. The Scotch commission would be a precedent for this: the sum of money granted was £200,000 in fifteen years, and as much more by local assessment; and according to Mr. Telford, it has been the means of advancing Scotland half a century in improvement.

Another remedy is a system of poor laws; the necessity for which can no longer be resisted, but which will become the ruin of Ireland, unless two essential circumstances be attended to: first, that it may not, as in England, give the poor man a right to be idle; and secondly, that the poor rate on the occupying tenantry be made a deduction of so much from his rent, by tendering to the landlord the receipt thereof, as is the case of tithe composition in respect to a rack rent.

CASE FOR THE PAPER MANUFACTURERS OF IRELAND.

[Not before published.]

THAT this interesting manufacture is, and has been, oppressed by a weight of unproductive taxation, to which we ascribe its rapid decay, and from which we anticipate its speedy extinction; that the decay of this trade was considerably influenced by the nature and weight of the duty imposed, may be inferred from the facts which follow:—The duty on paper was first enacted in 1798: the duty on the paper-engine was next enacted in 1799, and the latter duty still further increased in the year 1800; and that during the period of these three enactments, the paper mills in the neighbourhood of Dublin were reduced to half that number which they had attained in 1798. That during the five years which followed these enactments no new mill was erected, no suspended one revived, and yet for the forty years preceding these enactments, the paper mills adjacent to Dublin had increased in the ratio of two mills for every three years during that period. That at the commencement of these enactments, the paper engines of this country amounted to nearly one hundred and fifty, but are now less than a third of that number. That there is no other manufacture which, in proportion to its extension, could produce by its taxation so little benefit to the revenue, or by its encouragement so much benefit to the country. That the value of every manufacture is compounded of two quantities, namely, the value of the material necessary for its production, and the value of the labor employed on that material. That there is no other manufacture in comparison with paper, of which so little of its value belongs to the material, and so much of it consists in the labor, which converts a material otherwise worthless into its state of perfection. That for these reasons, this manufacture ought to be an object of particular encourage-

ment, in a country distinguished for poverty and population. That the suspension of a paper engine withdraws food, on an average, from not less than four hundred persons. That if (as we believe) one hundred engines have been suspended since the commencement of these duties, that suspension must have added to the class of pauperism 40,000 individuals, and injured the revenue by the decrease of taxation on the numerous articles which so many persons must have been thus disabled from consuming, whilst the taxation for the year ending 1815 did not produce £16,000. That any possible improvement of the revenue on this manufacture can be no counterpoise for such a calamity. That could the trade be revived to that degree of animation which it had attained even in its infant state, a large portion of these 40,000 individuals would be restored to that competence and self-support which belong to the employed classes of the industrious; and the misery of the people proportionably relieved, and the various sources of taxation re-opened, which this over-burthen of taxation had thus closed. That the number of engines which survive, still give support to nearly 20,000 persons, and that these, too, must be added to the class of mendicity, if relief be refused to your memorialists, because prudence must compel them to relinquish a trade, to which they are now only bound by their habits, and in which they have seen, since these duties commenced, twice their own number pulled down to ruin. That if any manufacture were more suitable to Ireland than another, it might fairly be presumed to be that of a commodity whose exclusive components are labor and rags. That this rising manufacture was crushed in its infancy by taxing it on a principle of analogy to England; an analogy which affected to equalize, but operated to destroy all equality of pressure, first, because our taxation set off at the very point to which it had accumulated in England up to the year 1798, and the Irish manufacture was required in its infancy to carry the same weight which the British manufacture had

been inured to support, and was enabled to sustain, by a lenient process of gradual taxation, during a long preceding period of growth and prosperity; and secondly, because the capital and commerce of the sister country, with the age of her establishments, and enterprize of her trade, had no corresponding countervail in a country unaided by most, if not all, those advantages. That whilst this principle and nominal analogy appropriated to Great Britain the market of the world, fair policy might have so modified it, as to leave Ireland in possession of her home market. That the imposition of an equal duty, in both countries, on paper by the pound weight, brought the British manufacturer into the Irish market, under advantages not to be resisted; because the opulence of England supplies a finer material, and a demand for paper of a finer quality; whilst Ireland, from her poverty, and the absence of her gentry, supplies a coarser material, and a demand for paper of a coarser quality; and yet this taxation rejects all distinction of quality; and the poor country, with its coarse material, and exclusive demand for the coarse commodity, is equally taxed as the opulent country with its fine material, and general demand for coarse and fine, and its admission to the market of the world, and its protection against the world. That the coarsest paper, subject to the first class duty, is equally taxed as other paper which is tenfold its value. That a smaller duty on the pound weight in Ireland would have been equal in proportion to the price of the commodity to a greater duty in the other country; because averaging the price of paper manufactured in the bulk in both countries, the Irish is but half the price of the English, and yet both are equally taxed. That for an additional reason, a smaller duty in Ireland, would have produced, in proportion, as much to the revenue as a greater duty in England, because England has a drawback on the export equal to her duty, and as she has a considerable export, a large portion of the duty is thus paid back to the

manufacturer, to encourage him, and cherish the trade; for of the duty which the revenue receives in England on paper, it can only retain the difference between the duty and the drawback; but this is an advantage which can never operate in Ireland in any considerable degree, because, though in point of law, we also have this drawback, yet in point of fact we have not the export; and, therefore, the legal benefit of this drawback is to us a nullity, and the difference between England and Ireland is this, that in England the revenue of what it receives can only retain the difference between the duty and drawback, but in Ireland it retains all that it receives; and from our manufacture, so disproportionate in its price to that of England, all the duty is absorbed, and nothing is returned. That for these reasons, this manufacture, though nominally equally, is substantially taxed unequally; but were it taxed in a just analogy to the value of the manufacture, and interest of the revenue, half the duty now paid in England on the pound weight, would give to Ireland a fair level to the tax, and an increased profit to the exchequer. That this principle of analogy, which was the pretext for this tax, is thus clearly, an unreal analogy; nor is it even a nominal one, because we have a tax in addition which England never had; and to make the analogy even nominal, when their pound weight duty was imposed upon us, our engine duty should have been imposed upon them. That by the non-discriminating operation of the pound weight duty, the distinction of quality, so necessary for Ireland, is avoided; and by the non-imposition of an English engine duty, that necessary restraint on quantity is evaded. Great Britain by the first has an advantage through the law; and by the second, she has the advantage of evading the law; by the first, the more favored manufacture is here admitted, and by the second, the contraband manufacture is not excluded. Thus the enactment of the English pound weight duty, and the non-enactment of an English engine duty, combine to extinguish this

trade in Ireland; for the first in respect to our struggling manufacturer, secures the predominance of the British trader, and the second, in respect to our solvent trader, secures the predominance of the British smuggler, and the compound effect of these two causes of enactment and non-enactment is this, that in the Irish market, the fair British trader undersells the fair Irish manufacturer, and the British smuggler undersells both. Finally, it is submitted, that if diffusion of education in Ireland be an object of just encouragement, it must counteract this wise and benevolent policy, to tax paper, the material of education to a third of its value, and that the same cause which has so nearly destroyed a manufacture so interesting and important to the pursuits of industry and education, which so soon must convert those edifices of industry, in which we have embarked our hopes and fortunes, into other monuments of national decay, this cause of this ruin, which if not corrected, must so soon convert the thousands whom we feed into idlers and paupers; this same cause must alike operate to obstruct knowledge, decrease revenue, and ruin your memorialists.

CHAPTER VI.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

THE FIRST LORD PAGET.

[Not before published.]

WILLIAM LORD PAGET, first Baron of Beaudesert, lived in the stormy and difficult period of the four last reigns of the Tudor dynasty; filling the highest stations both at home and abroad, carrying his character up with him through all his advancement, and sustaining throughout, the general estimation of a good man, and a consummate statesman.

It has been said of him, in the quaint style of a cotemporary writer, that "his masterpiece was a quick insight into others, and an exact knowledge of himself. His address was with a decent state, agreeable to his character, his discourse free, always adapted to the subject matter of the debate, and his carriage so genteel, as won him love and admiration, insomuch that once the emperor Charles the Fifth, in a rapture, said, *he deserved as well to be a king as to represent one;* and one day seeing him come into the court, said, *yonder is the man that I can deny nothing to.*"

"The same emperor observed that he had received three ambassadors from the crown of England: first, Wolsey, whose great train and state *promised much but did nothing.* The second was Morrisson, who promised and did much; and the third was Paget, that promised nothing and did all. The first flourished his discourse with mere *words* without matter: the second with *matter* but very few words; and the third, with both matter

and words, in a style fit for a prince to hear, and a statesman to speak."

The author of the *Scrinia Reclusa* concludes his character by saying, that "he lived in the favor of his sovereign for his integrity, and died in the love of the people for his clemency and justice."

Lloyd, in his State Worthies, vol. i. p. 100, makes the same statement as the last-mentioned author, respecting the estimation entertained and expressed by the emperor Charles of this great diplomatist; and in addition speaks of him as follows:—"A general learning* furnished him for travel, and travel seasoned that learning for employment; his masterpiece was an inward observation of other men, and an exact knowledge of himself; his address was with state, yet insinuating; his discourse, free, but weighed; his apprehension, quick, but staid; his ready and present mind keeping its pauses of thoughts and expressions even with the occasion and the emergency: quick and regular were his despatches when secretary; pleasing all with his proceedings, even when he could not but displease many with his decision. Beecher was King Henry the Eighth his map of England, (so well skilled he was in our English customs, trade, improvements, situation, interest, and inclination,) Paget was his table of Germany, France, and Rome, so exact an account could he give of their situation, havens, ports, passages, provision, politics, revenue, and strength: secured he was in King Henry's changeable times, by his foreign travels and employments; escape he did king Edward's reformation by his moderation and peaceableness: he complied with Queen Mary's zeal, out of conscience, and submitted to Queen Elizabeth's authority, out of duty and allegiance; being one of those moderate men that looked upon the Protestants' primitive founda-

* He commenced his education at St. Paul's school, under the famous Lilly, was thence removed to Trinity College, Cambridge, and finally sent to complete his studies in the University of Paris.

tions of faith, duty, and devotion as safe; and on the Papists' superstructures as not damnable; whose whole life was Grotius and Cassander's wish, an accommodation to the christian world. When he had managed the secrets and negotiations of Henry the Eighth with dexterity and faithfulness; the lands of King Edward the Sixth with skill and improvement; the purses of Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth, with good husbandry and care: when he had lived enough to his country, to his sovereigns, to his friends, and to the publique good, he retired to live to himself first, and then to his God."

If a man read nothing but inscriptions upon monuments, he would have a high idea of the merit of mankind; but where such inscriptions, by the good taste of the writer, are chiefly confined to the recording of *facts*, and these are corroborated by all cotemporary authorities, such record will often supply, as in miniature, a collected view of a great man's biography.

A monument was raised to the memory of Lord Paget, soon after his death, in the church of Litchfield, which, with a part of that church, was destroyed during the convulsions of the usurpation. I have found however that the inscription has been preserved by that great antiquarian Sir William Dugdale, who happened to have taken a copy before its destruction, which is recorded in vol. ii. p. 391 of his Baronage, published 1676, and from which I make the following extract:

"Illustri heroi, piæ memoriæ, domino *Gulielmo Paget*, equiti maxime honorati ordinis Garterii; Regulo, seu Baroni de Beaudesert; potentissimi Principis Henrici Octavi, ad Carolum Quintum Imperatorem, semper augustum, & Franciscum Gallorum Regem Christianissimum, Legato sapientissimo; ejusdem Principis principi Secretario, & Consiliaro fidelissimo; inter alios hujus potentissimi regni Administratori, in Testimento regio nominato. Ducatus Lancastriæ, [regnante Edovardo] Cancellario dignissimo: Hospitii regii censori, seu Contrarotulatori prudentissimo: Privati Sigilli serenis-

simæ Reginæ Mariæ Custodi sanctissimo: Illustrissimæ Reginæ Elizabethæ seni Charissimo, senatori gravissimo; & optime de patriâ suâ, & bonis omnibus merito."

The following is the order in which those dignities were conferred that were so well compressed in the summary on his monument.

In the year 1530 [being then twenty-five years of age] he was sent by Henry the Eighth into France, together with Sir Francis Bryan, and Edward Fox, afterwards Bishop of Hereford, to collect the opinions of the most learned jurists in the universities of Orleans and Thoulouse, on the great question of the king's divorce from Queen Catherine. After his return he was made warden and constable of Maxtoke Castle, in Warwickshire, and also one of the clerks of the signet, an appointment that was subsequently confirmed to him for life. The conciliatory and ready address which at all times distinguished his character, occasioned him again to be employed, in 1537, in a business of peculiar delicacy, to prevail on the emperor and Protestant princes of Germany, to refer their differences to the mediation of Henry and the king of France. This arduous negociation it was necessary to pursue in a disguised habit, with great privacy; and he accomplished it so much to the king's satisfaction, that he was afterwards successively promoted to the offices of clerk of the privy council, of the privy seal, and of the parliament: by subsequent grants, the first and last of these posts were confirmed to him for life. In 1541 he was sent ambassador into France; and in 1543 he was made one of the principal secretaries of state. In the summer of 1545, in conjunction with the Lord Chancellor Wriothesley, and Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, he concluded an important treaty with the Earl of Lenox, in regard to the affairs of Scotland, and the marriage to that nobleman of Margaret Douglas, the king's niece; shortly afterwards he accompanied the king to the siege of Boulogne, and after the surrender of that fortress, was joined

in commission with the Earl of Hertford to negociate a peace between the two crowns, which at that time failed; but being again set on foot in the following year, was finally concluded on the 7th of June; Sir William Paget, John Dudley Viscount Lisle and High Admiral of England, and Dr. Wotton, Dean of Canterbury and York, being the English commissioners. On his return he was made Master of the Rolls. In January 1547 the king died, having on his death-bed constituted him one of the executors to his will, with the authority of regents, and also one of the council to his successor. In the following year (anno 1548) he had granted to him the mansion called Exeter Place, without Temple Bar, which had formerly belonged to the Bishops of Exeter, together with a plot of ground adjoining, and "lying within the gardens of the Middle Temple." Here he "transformed," to use the language of Collins, the old building "into a new fabric for his own habitation;" and which, during the time it was retained by his family, was called *Paget House*, but afterwards, from its successive owners, Leicester House, and Essex House. In 1549 he was delegated with the Bishops of London, Rochester, and others, to visit St. George's Chapel, at Windsor, Winchester College, and the diocese and university of Oxford, "to order matters for the improving of good literature and honor of those places."

The same year "he was sent ambassador to the Emperor Charles the Fifth, to signify, that King Edward being on the one side distressed by the Scots, and on the other by the French, and miserably rent by intestine divisions at home, necessity required speedy succours from him, or else he must submit to an inconvenient peace with the French. At his return, Sir William was made one of the knights of the most noble order of the garter, comptroller of the king's household, chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and called by writ to the parliament, by the name and title of Lord Paget of Beaudesert, in the county

of Stafford, took his place there among the rest of the peers; and on the 19th of January following, he had his solemn creation to that honor."—*Scrinia Reclusa*, p. 235.

The ambitious schemes of Dudley Earl of Warwick, to transfer the crown to his own family, were now ripening to maturity; and the fidelity of Lord Paget to his three royal wards, successive sovereigns of England, was a lion in the way, which must be removed. The ruin of the the king's uncle, Somerset,* was, therefore, connected with that of his ablest friend, and Lord Paget was for a time stripped of the garter, and sent to the tower.

In the next reign his dignities were restored, and he was sent ambassador to the emperor for the third time; and on his return made lord privy seal.

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* "Le chevalier Guillaume Paget, secretaire d'etat, étoit très entendu dans les affaires politiques, et per rapport à la religion, il étoit dans les principes des reformateurs. C'étoit par là qu'il avoit lié une étroite amitié avec Cranmer, et avec le comte de Hartford, (Somerset.)—*Hist. d'Ang. par Rapin*, tom. vi. p. 7.

Et vide Burnet's History of the Reformation, in which the diplomatic and other services of Lord Paget are on many occasions mentioned, and in which that historian refers to his wise and benevolent efforts to mitigate the rising dissension between Somerset and his brother; and, subsequently, between Somerset and his nephew the king, which, if effectuated, must have avoided the catastrophes by which the two royal uncles were sacrificed. The same writer also adds his opinion to all other historic authorities, in condemnation of the unjust and cruel severity exercised against Lord Paget by the Earl of Warwick, with the obvious policy of removing the steadiest guardian of Henry's three children, and grafting in lieu on the royal stock the grandson of his father Dudley, executed in the reign and by the authority of Henry the Eighth.

"And at length, seven other counsellors joining with those who were already withdrawn, and the city of London declaring for them, the Protector began to be discouraged; and this made him lose seven other counsellors, who joined with the rest: so that he could keep none with him but Cranmer, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Sir William Paget.—*Acta Regia*, Numb. xvii. p. 358.

One of the first acts of the queen, even before her coronation, was again to re-invest this protector of her family, with those honors of which Northumberland had struggled to deprive him.

In Godwin's history of Queen Mary, as found in Kennet's England, vol. ii. p. 336, it is stated, that on the 27th September, being a few days before her coronation, a decree was made at St. James's, where the queen then was, for the restoration of the Lord Paget, "and a chapter of heralds held, and forthwith the garter was buckled on his leg, by two of the knights companions present, and the collar of the order put about his shoulder, with the George depending thereat, and a command given to Garter, that his achievements should be publicly set up over his stall at Windsor, and the records of the order brand his degradation with injustice."—Vide *the Blue Book of the Registry, from Ashmole's Institute of that Order.*

"And the sovereign then present declared, that he had highly deserved of the nation by his prudence and counsel. And as a token how much the queen esteemed him, he was one of the four knights of the garter, that held the pall over her on her coronation."

But although in maintaining the legitimate succession of the crown, he upheld the rights of this queen to the throne, he was equally firm in maintaining the independence of the throne and country against her husband Philip. In the year 1555, on the presumed pregnancy of the queen, Philip caused application to be made to parliament for an act to constitute him regent till the child should be of age to govern; proposing to give security* for the due surrender of the regency

* The aforesaid caution which this king offered to my Lord of Bristol, made me think of what I read of his grandfather Philip the Second, who having been married to our Queen Mary, and it being thought she was with child of him, and was accordingly prayed for

when that period should arrive: the motion, it is said, was likely to be carried in the House of Peers, till Lord Paget, who entertained a becoming jealousy of Philip's designs, suddenly rising, changed the temper of the house, by asking, "pray, who shall sue the king's bond?"

Elizabeth's discernment of character, and gratitude to her guardian, placed him high amidst the Walsinghams, Raleighs, Burleighs, and

"The numerous worthies of the maiden reign."

In 1554 this highly gifted and honest statesman departed this life, at Drayton, in Middlesex,

"Full of years and honors."

ON THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE BUSHE, WHEN SOLICITOR GENERAL, IN 1812.

IRELAND has produced many eminent orators, scarcely any who has not been distinguished by some very striking personal disadvantage; an unhappy figure, or a displeasing voice; a vulgar accent, or an awkward delivery. This observation, though curious, is undeniable; it has its exceptions, and of these perhaps the most prominent is the solicitor-general, Charles Kendal Bushe.

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at Paul's cross, though it proved afterwards but a tympany, king Philip proposed to our parliament, that they would pass an act that he might be regent during his or her minority that should be born, and he would give good caution [bail] to surrender the crown, when he or she should come to age; the motion was hotly canvassed in the house of peers, and like to pass, when the Lord Paget rose up and said, "Ay, but who shall sue the king's bond?" So the business was dashed.—*Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ*, p. 134.

With respect to those external advantages, ornamental, if not necessary to the character of an orator, nature has done much for Mr. Bushe; and with respect to other requisites which are necessary, but may be acquired, Mr. Bushe has done much for himself. He enjoys in no common degree the useful accident of a prepossessing exterior; a voice, round, clear, varied, and harmonious; its tones, a combination of sweetness and strength, fit vehicle for the purposes of argument or pathos; it carries the suggestions of reason forcibly to the judgment, and the emotions of passion directly to the heart.

His eye eager, but not lively; his countenance interesting, but not variable; intelligent whilst he speaks, benevolent whilst he is silent. Indeed, from the blandness of his aspect, you might be led to presume that the lineaments of his features were but ill-qualified to give effect to raillery, or force to wit, or a keen direction to a sharp-pointed sarcasm; but those who have had an opportunity to see him, whilst he launched the thunderbolt of justice, in a court of law; whilst he hunted the wily villain through the mazes of chicane, or extorted truth from a reluctant witness, by the torture of a cross-examination, can never forget that the eloquence of his countenance is abundantly capable to make the ruffian blench, or the stoic smile.

For the advantages enumerated, he is indebted to nature; for those which follow, the merit is his own. A gesture energetic, impressive, and sincere; enunciation correct, flowing, and distinct; a manner in public courteous, yet dignified; in private manly, polished, and unrestrained.

In him you find two qualities united which are generally considered incompatible, because they are seldom found co-existent; great genius, and unwearied industry; a genius, which without industry would give character to the indolent; and an industry, which without genius would give distinction to mediocrity.

Varied, extensive, and tasteful in his acquirements, his education has supplied him with a stock of intellectual materials, which time has mellowed, and invention has increased; which he draws forth with ease, and applies with aptitude, equally successful to combine or separate his ideas; he alternately instructs you by the dictates of a solid judgment, or delights you by the sallies of a legitimate wit.

Perhaps the most valuable requisite for a mere lawyer, is a vigorous memory, and a ready recollection. Bushe always appears intimately acquainted even with the *minute* facts of his client's cause. His memory, naturally strong, derives a new, though an artificial strength from exercise, association, and a peculiar discipline in the disposal and classification of facts.

It is not in the turmoil of forensic distraction, that he struggles to collect the matter of his brief, by tossing over the sheets of his manuscript folio, by underlining a paragraph, or scribbling a remark, by snatching a point from a junior, or a fact from an agent. No! Whether such conduct be the result of affectation or necessity, be it remembered for his honor, that he is above such art, and for the benefit of his client, that he stands independent of such aid.

He enters the hall in the fulness of preparation, the matter of his instructions written in his *memory*, and the merits of his cause noted in *his mind*. In the court, ever serious, never contemplative, he gives utterance to that collection of legal knowledge, which he has previously investigated and arranged in his closet. He reads at home, he acts abroad; a student in his library, an advocate in the court; he makes the one the scene of his contemplations, and the other the theatre of his exertion.

The persuasive powers of this accomplished advocate must appear, even to the eye of envy, eminent and uncommon. An observer, at first view, would be inclined to suppose that he had adopted that method which some

recommend, of putting his *strongest* arguments *first* forward; but as the orator proceeds, the listener perceives that a stronger and a stronger still succeeds, each last argument more forcible than the former, until he is astonished at perceiving that the last is the strongest. All this is art.

When he commences, the mind of the audience is exclusively engaged by admiration of the orator. But as he advances, he imperceptibly withdraws you from the observation of himself to the contemplation of his cause. The client's hardship gradually swells as he rolls it along the range of incident. The lustre of his talents retire in eclipse behind that picture of misery, which he obtrudes on your view. The advocate becomes not only invisible but forgotten, and although your attention to him may be for a moment awakened by his action, or recalled by his language, you chasten your admiration, and are tempted to exclaim, Oh! his task is easy, for his cause is good; you are unsuspicious that this growing accumulation of hardship may be nothing more than the mere creature of arrangement. But such is the art of eminent eloquence; it is, indeed, the very nature of true eloquence to make you unconscious that any has been used. Such is the eloquence of Kendal Bushe; and the last impression which he leaves on the mind of his audience is, that the person whose cause he advocates is amongst the most injured and innocent of the community.

If a man has the advantage, and it may be a misfortune, to be gifted with what is called a fine imagination, it is not difficult to launch forth into a beautiful flight. But to be contented to walk, when you feel able to fly, is the compound effect of a great portion of common sense and self-denial. If I were asked, does Mr. Bushe *display* a fine imagination? I would say *no*. If I were asked does he *possess* one? I would say *yes*. And to reconcile these apparently repugnant opinions, I would add, that observation authorized me to infer, that he had the happy art to use and to conceal it.

urged against this sketch of character; I may be told, and perhaps with justice, that it is too unmixed to be natural, too faultless to be true. I am unable to remedy this defect; his faults are few, or very well concealed; we must resort for shadowing to the representation of the unfriendly. They insist that he is too much of a courtier, that the politeness of his manner is too indiscriminate to be valuable, too high-wrought to be sincere, but those who have most opportunities of knowing him best, maintain, that the opinion is an unmerited detraction. I dismiss the subject with this observation, that an instrument, whose use depends on its elasticity, should never be too highly burnished, lest in the endeavour to refine the polish to intenseness, peradventure you might lessen the strength of the spring.

In the senate, on the bench, at the bar, or in the private circle, Bushe is always "in his place;" the upright judge, the able advocate, the enlightened senator, the finished gentleman. Compare him with any, in each of these relations, and you will feel yourselves compelled to compare him with the first. Indeed the great peculiarity of his character appears to be this, that though some may excel him in the *degree*, none does in the number of his qualifications.

THE DUKE OF BEDFORD, LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND, 1806.

[Written in 1812.]

When the death of Pitt, and the dangers of Britain recalled the Great Fox to the councils of his king, the interest of Ireland was chief among the objects which engaged the anxiety of that enlightened statesman. To search for a viceroy to whom he could entrust the task

of soothing her sorrows, and healing her wounds, was the first, as it was the most difficult, of those arduous duties which his station imposed.

The masters of mankind have had an interest in disbelieving that lenity and patience were regarded by the wise among the first qualifications for human government. But the unbiassed mind of the patriot minister was conscientiously impressed with this salutary truth. In selecting a man for the viceroyalty of Ireland, he sought for one who would cordially exercise these wholesome virtues for this country's welfare. Among the peers and patriots of England, he sought for the character necessary for Ireland; and from the first of her peers, and the foremost of her patriots, he had the felicity to select the *best of his countrymen.*

Benevolence was the grand requisite for the tranquillity of Ireland. In the chief of the nobility; in the brother of his friend, this high and necessary virtue was pre-eminent. Simplicity of manners, and directness of intention, purity of motive, and integrity of mind, an honest zeal, and calm passions, a cool judgment, and a warm heart, exalted and distinguished in an eminent degree the unsoiled character of JOHN DUKE OF BEDFORD.

Foremost of the hereditary patriots of England, heaven had gifted him with an independent mind, and a family calamity, which plunged him and his country in affliction, poured around him an unexpected affluence. This independence of mind and circumstance he has steadily directed to some great social object, either to promote the prosperity of the empire, or to advance the happiness of his kind.

His patriotism was not that mere English patriotism which is "all English," and nothing more, which regards liberty with the eye of ownership, not merely as a benefit, in which MAN may intercommon, but as a property which Britons had appropriated, not merely as a birthright, but as an entail. His, was not that unsocial attachment to country which rejoices to possess what it

refuses to impart; that hates *to be* slaves, and yet loves *to have* slaves; that would convert a principle of right into a principle of profit, or degrade that principle into the vulgar privilege that stops at the channel, and never crosses the Tweed.

His patriotism was not merely English; his charity was not merely Protestant; his benevolence did not vary with change of climate nor change of place; was not regulated by latitude and longitude, nor circumscribed by considerations of colour or of creed, it was universal, and unmixed with the debasing alloy of self, or sect, or faction, or country.—*To be a man* was enough to qualify you for his notice, and injury or misery to recommend you to his beneficence.

Every patriot, nay, every placeman who still clung by one patriot object, in him found an energetic coadjutor. Every philanthropist, every benevolent enthusiast, had a claim on his friendship, and a draft on his purse. With Wilberforce, he would break the chain of the negro; with Francis, deplore the suffering of the Hindoo; with Fox, maintain England's liberty; with Whitbread, struggle for Europe's peace; the friend of mankind; the foe of ignorance; the first patron of Lancaster; the associate of Howard.

With all this disposition and exertion to do good, inclination withdrew him from the public eye. His manners, his habits, his health, and propensities, disposed him to the enjoyment of a secluded life; he loved retirement, and disliked power, for he hated its abuse, and was diffident of his exertions. It was not, perhaps, possible, that Fox could impose a greater violence on the inclinations of his friend, than when he importuned him, by his love for justice, and for the good of Ireland, to resign his reluctance to public station; to represent his sovereign in the severest, most difficult, and most invidious of the regal functions; to gather the scattered rays of royal clemency, and pour their collected force on this neglected land; to cheer her spirits, and revive

her hope, by proving that occasions might arise, when England could summon up the courage to be just, and rule her sister with the hand of mercy.

This was, perhaps, the only request which, coming from Fox, could give him pain; the only one from that quarter, with which he did or could hesitate to comply. For the first and last time, he at length accepted place; and the Catholics of Ireland, for the second time, in a viceroy, received a friend from the house of Bedford. A Duke of Bedford had been the *first*, and was the *last* of their viceregal benefactors.

Half a century before, the grandfather of his Grace, under the same title, and in the same station, commenced the great work of undermining the penal code. He was not the first viceroy who received an address from the Catholic, but he was the first who *returned an answer*, and recognized their loyalty as subjects, and their existence as a community, at the very time, when, according to the dictum of the chancellor of the day, they were unknown to the law, except as objects of punishment.

With such a domestic example before his eye, the friend of Fox brought with him to Ireland an hereditary attachment to the great body of the people. He commenced his important viceregal functions amidst the applause of the good, and the approbation of the wise. He rightly apprehended the situation of Ireland, for his policy was clemency, and his principle, conciliation. He governed her in wisdom, for he governed her in mercy. Against the suggestion of many of his council, all of them Irishmen, he refused to proclaim the counties disturbed. It was his maxim, that there existed a spirit in the constitution sufficient to heal her own disorders: he refused his signature to any such proclamation, satisfied that no country should be governed by *power*, until it was *evident* that she no longer could be governed by *law*.

The administration of which he was a member had

excited, but did not satisfy the hopes of the people: it is probable that *too much* was expected: it is certain that *too little* was performed. *That* administration exhibits an anomaly to the historian, an administration, combining all the political strength of the country; strong enough, and weakening itself by a foolish struggle to make itself stronger: an administration, endeavouring to neutralize its enemies, and succeeding in converting them into the worst of all enemies, "*false friends:*" an administration, combining the political talent of the empire: an opposition, possessing little of its talent, and none of its confidence; and yet *that* opposition triumphing over *that* administration. How can a result so singular be explained? Perhaps the personal character of the king mixes too much in the complexion of government, or, perhaps, when Fox lost his life, that ministry lost "its soul."

However this phenomenon may hereafter be explained, the *personal* conduct of the Irish viceroy claims exemption from all reproach, and challenges the suffrage of every man who has not an interest in the sufferings of this country. Every thing depending on *himself* was directed rightly. For the first time, *before* or *since*, (with the exception of the short administration of Fitzwilliam,) we saw Catholics at the levee of the viceroy, promoted to stations to which they were admissible by law; and the Catholic charities of this extensive metropolis enjoying the benefit, and what they more valued, the gratifying honor of viceregal patronage.

In his bounty, generous but not ostentatious, the virtues of the viceroy were all of the solid kind; they had little surface; he could give them none. Benevolent, but not courteous, he was entirely unskilled in the courtly trick which would enhance a favor by the manner of conferring it, or impose an obligation by the silken phrase in which it couples its regrets with its refusal, its compliment with its evasion, or its flattery with its falsehood. Brief in his expression, and candid in his

purpose, he could never be misunderstood; his meaning never was obscure. In official communication rather cordial than communicative, he gave access to all, conference to few.

Oppressed with a modesty approaching to bashfulness, the trappings of state-dignity hung loosely and ungracefully on the upright whig, the unaffected patriot, the man whose purity and principle scorned court courtesy, the plain-mannered, high-minded representative of the Russels; unfitted alike by his taste or his habits to endure the fatigue of a castle or corporation dinner, the bustle of a ball, or the tumult of a levee, the pageantry of a procession, or the complimentary falsehood of an address. In all those functions in which the chamberlain could excel, it is highly probable that his Grace was deficient; and there is little doubt that he impressed that functionary with rather an humble opinion of his viceregal qualifications.

Time has mellowed the traits of his character, and excites regret for the friend we have lost. His future heir already begins to impose obligations on the Catholics of this country. The marquis introduces their question in the commons. His early reputation begins to disclose all the virtues of his amiable father, all the spirit of his uncle Francis; he already begins to wreath new civic laurels round that ducal coronet. The Catholics of this country, and the whigs of both, owe the tribute of their common veneration to the house of Bedford, and the name of Russel;—a house, in which that vestal spark has been so well preserved, which so oft has kindled the "public soul;" a family, which, in defence of civil and religious right, has been unsparing of its sacrifices, and prodigal of its blood; which has seen its sons, in the cause of freedom, suffering on the scaffold, or courting death in the field; which has seen them in the worst of times, boldly bearding angry tyranny, and at the risk of every thing, (except their honor,) building their glory on the public

good. Ever cherished be the name of Russel! brightest and fairest of all the names that freedom has inscribed on England's banner! a name, which, in the hour of trial, has so often blazed in the van of patriotism; long may it float on the citadel of the constitution, the terror of tyranny, the standard of the free!

MR. WHITBREAD, 1815.

He was not the leader of the opposition party, but he was *more*, he was a party *in himself*. He attacked the ministry without the opposition; they might follow if they would; they often refused to follow him, but they never did so without loss of character.

He was worth all the opposition put together; he was worth more:

> ——— "They and all their talents,
> "Could not make up one tithe of him."

He had not all the talents of Fox, but he had all his virtues, and none of his weaknesses. He learned patriotism from Fox, and he could have taught him patriotism. He improved on the lesson. He outdid his master. He did not equal Fox in talents, but he excelled him in acquirements; for, unlike Fox, he never was a man of pleasure, and always a man of application. Perhaps Fox had more learning, but certainly Whitbread had more information.

He despised that principle laid down by Burke, that a man should sacrifice, or at least suppress, *his own opinion*, when it differed from that of his party. Whitbread maintained, that in no case whatever should a man sacrifice or suppress his own opinion; that he should regulate his own actions, not by the vote of any set of

men, but by the light of his own understanding; that he should support his party so long as he agreed with them, and act for himself when his party would not support him. Burke thought that the opposition should always brigade together in their resistance to a ministry. Whitbread thought that they should brigade together when they agreed together; and that when they could not agree, the members should act *independently*. Burke's mode was suited for the attainment of power; that of Whitbread for restraining it. Burke thought that in the discipline of a regular opposition, the opinions of individuals should be thrown into a common stock; that the heads of the parties should decide on operations, and the leader should conduct them. Whitbread thought that an independent senator should acknowledge no superior but the law, and that no man on any occasion should put his understanding into commission.

The principle of Burke was adopted by Fox, and acted on by the whigs.

Whitbread was neither a whig nor a Burdettite; he acknowledged all the whig principles, but not the whig party. He acknowledged most of the Burdettite principles, but not the Burdettite party. He differed from the whigs and Burdett, because he was a friend to A REFORMED AND IRRESPONSIBLE PARLIAMENT.

He was not an orator, but as a speaker, he was much better than an orator. He was more anxious about *what* should be said, than *how* it should be said. Intent upon facts, he was indifferent to phrases, and engrossed with the subject, he rejected ornament.

He was one of the few among the members of opposition, who might be called "a man of business;" and yet he was one of the few who declined place when his friends came into power. No man was more regular in his attendance to his official duties, than Mr. Whitbread was to his parliamentary ones. The Speaker receives £4000 a year for discharging his duties in par-

liament: at three o'clock in the day, or three o'clock in the morning, he could see Mr. Whitbread on his left hand, with Mr. Wynne and Mr. Abercrombie at his side.

His habit of prompt and ready speaking made him an efficient member of parliament. The thought was expressed as it sprung from the mind, in such language as the moment could supply; sometimes the expression was of course inelegant, but often happy; always strong, apt, suitable, and impressive.

It was the rule of Pythagoras, that seven years devoted to contemplation, and spent in silence, was a necessary preparative to the study of wisdom. Mr. Whitbread, as a senator, imposed on himself a more protracted and rigorous discipline. Mr. Whitbread sat fourteen years in parliament, a regular and attentive member, before he considered it becoming, or himself qualified, to hold the attention of the house of commons.

Indeed it was not until the trial of Lord Melville, that he became known to the public as a public man; and since that occasion, his public exertions have never been interrupted.

Whilst Pitt and Fox contended together,

> "Like fabled gods, whose mighty war
> Shook realms and nations in its jar,"

Whitbread, though an anxious, was a silent observer, and the modesty which accompanies real merit, restrained his great powers from the service of the country. It was not until the powers of Fox were in the wane, that he consented to assume the character for which he subsequently proved himself so well qualified.

The moral influence of his presence in that house must have been considerable on the actions of any ministry. The minister found himself at every movement, in the hearing, and under the eye of an intelligent, indefa-

tigable, ardent, investigating honest statesman, ready and capable to detect and expose.

"Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon light is quenched in smoke,
The trumpet's silver sound is still,
The warder silent on the hill."

LUKE WHITE, ESQ., 1830.

HAD the late Luke White never existed, the county Dublin would, in all probability, have become the borough of a single family. He found *one* seat entirely in their hands; the other with difficulty preserved from their grasp, and dropping occasionally within the vortex of their power. After two most expensive and unsuccessful struggles, he succeeded on the third, and opened the representation, which his family has since kept open at the expense of a contest on every election.

Of the princely fortune entirely acquired by the industry and talent of this highly-gifted man, nearly £100,000 have been expended to vindicate the independence of this single seat; not to place its suffrage at the service of any minister, but amongst the independent ranks of the house of commons.

What other man in Ireland, Luke White excepted, had the inclination and ability to make such an attempt, the perseverance to carry it through defeats to success, and the independence to dedicate the fruits of a victory so severe to the promotion of the public interests. But that man was formed by nature and character to outflank all difficulties through the powerful agency of his own original and uncommon views, to wrestle with fortune, and chain her to his purpose, to spurn obstructions, and command success. His energetic mind pervaded

and detected that latent principle which guides and regulates the complex movements of our monied system,

"O'er-looked, seen double, by the fool and wise."

This self-taught, clear, and strong-minded individual, unembarrassed by the aids and fetters of education, became at once a master in the science of finance; possessing in himself the resources to repair his losses, and take profit from opportunity, when his skill was baffled, his courage succeeded to extinguish his losses, by the reduplication of his risks, and convert even his failures into means of succeeding.

"Knowledge is power." With him, first it was wealth, and his spirit converted that wealth to power.

When this great example of successful industry had thus rapidly vaulted to eminent affluence; towering like the giant, piled in his own strength, he disputed the honors of the senate with the highest in the land; not in this one, but in many cases; though in the acquirement of his opulence, accustomed to regard the principle of economy as in itself a great fund; yet with the head to earn, he had the heart to spend; and through his various conflicts with his high-born opponents, this great scion of industry was prodigal of wealth, and it gratified those who owed all to themselves, to see an old man, the creator of his own fortune, expending it to extort ill-gotten power from the inveterate grasp of boroughmongers and coalitions, often defeated, generally at last prevailing; conquering power, conquering *envy*; no rich man more generous; no young man more brave.

GENERAL HOPE.

THE following address, (written by the author,) in 1814, from the Roman Catholics of Ireland to Sir John Hope, contains a sketch of his character in Ireland, and others of his most distinguished countrymen.

To the Right Hon. Lieut. General Sir John Hope.

SIR,

The general board of the Catholics of Ireland but seek an opportunity to gratify themselves, when they assure you of the deep impression which your wise and benevolent conduct in this country has left on the minds of its Catholic inhabitants. We heard of your appointment to Ireland with joy; we witnessed your departure with sorrow. With joy we heard that the pupil of Abercrombie, and associate of Moore, was deputed to the chief military command in this island. The first had instructed you by his precept, and both by their lives, that real military glory should be sought for by victories over the enemies, rather than the subjects of this empire. Ever formidable to a foreign foe; ever merciful to the misguided citizen; as warriors, their courage repelled danger abroad; as heroes, their clemency restored tranquillity at home. We hoped that their conduct would be to you an example; therefore we received you with joy. We found that their conduct was to you an example; therefore we parted from you in sorrow.

When you landed on our shores, you sheathed the sword; it was the best way of averting all necessity for using it. The sword is the worst, perhaps the weakest, instrument by which Irishmen could be governed. You governed without it, and, therefore, left us in peace.

In your struggles to repress faction, you secured the esteem of those whom you controlled. In a country divided and distracted like ours, the dispensation of justice

depends on the equality of its distribution. You wished to extinguish party, and your endeavour was equal to extinguish both. Where you could not suppress, you protected each against the other; and where you failed to avert aggression, you healed the injury, and obstructed the retaliation.

Your mind could comprehend the magnanimous policy, that kindness towards Ireland was wisdom in her rulers. May it be the boast, as it is the duty of your successor, to extinguish faction, by applying your remedy.

To you, as to many of the heroes of your country, Ireland owes, and offers her gratitude. If heaven respects the prayers of our people, a long train of glory lies before you. The eagle of France now sees the lion of England, not rushing to the Tagus, but dashing through the Nive. In the perils of the conflict, may providence defend you, and turn death from you with a guardian arm; but, should it be otherwise ordained, as you emulated in life, may you resemble in your death, the two illustrious heroes, whom Scotland, and you, and we deplore. Like them, may your tomb be on the field of battle, and immortality receive you from the arms of victory!

GENERAL—the soldiers of Ireland, who follow you to the field, participate in the sentiments which we have endeavoured to express; they will thank you in another and a better way. Select for them the post of danger, to storm the breach, or break the line; point to peril, and bid them meet it; we dare promise you, on their behalf, that they will follow, though they cannot lead; and that their valour will express our gratitude to you, amidst the tumults of the battle, and the thunders of artillery.

ABBE AND COUNT BARTHELEMY, 1814.

THE Count Barthelemy was nephew and pupil to the celebrated Abbe Barthelemy, a man for half a century known to France for his virtues—to Europe for his erudition.

Unambitious and unconnected with party, the abbe was respected as the Atticus of his country; he was the best classic and antiquarian of his day. He appropriated his wealth to three objects; the collection of a library and museum, the education of his nephews, and the comforts of the poor. The companion of the Duke de Choiseul, in his journey through Italy, he increased the numismatic treasures of Paris, and was the collector of 40,000 antique medals. The storm of the Revolution clouded the evening of his life. He became an object of suspicion at the age of seventy-eight: he was thrown into prison, but his enemies, awed by his character and innocence, liberated him after a confinement of twenty-four hours. The shock, however, was too much for his declining strength, and after a fever of a few days, on the 1st of May, 1794, he calmly expired whilst reading Horace.

This elegant scholar left behind him a number of treatises on medals and inscriptions; a romance, translated from the Greek, called "The Loves of Polydore and Calista," together with a conversation on Greek music; but the work which must give him immortality is his "Travels of the Younger Anacharsis," the most splendid literary monument of the eighteenth century, which cost its author more study and research, than ever was devoted by an individual to a literary production; and was the fruit of the labor of thirty years.

Such was the tutor of the senator Barthelemy. To the abbe he owed his education, and to the abbe he is also indebted for the introduction to the powerful friend-

ship of the Duke de Choiseul, his first patron, and the founder of his fortunes.

His protector was a nobleman who united in his character dissimilar and apparently incompatible traits; alike distinguished in the cabinet and the academy, he warmly espoused the interests of literature, whilst he intrigued in every court in Europe. He was the minister, the Machiavel, and the Mæcenas of France.

To his agency has been attributed two remarkable and portentous political events; the family compact between France and Spain, and the union of the houses of Austria and Bourbon, by the marriage of Louis and Marie Antoinette.

Francois Barthelemy, at an early age, was placed in the office of this celebrated statesman. When he attained the period of manhood, he was appointed to accompany the Baron Bretuil on a diplomatic mission to the Swiss Cantons. After residing for some time at Soleure, he attended the baron on an embassy to Sweden; and was present at that revolution by which the father of Gustavus destroyed the constitution; and by which Sweden for a time lost its liberties; a revolution which prompted Ankestroem to deprive its author of life, and, subsequently, re-produced a counter-revolution which drove the son from the throne of Sweden.

When M. d'Adhemar was appointed to succeed Bretuil, Barthelemy was nominated secretary of legation, and on his recall, Barthelemy was promoted to the rank of *ad-interim* ambassador.

In the meantime, an important revolution was insensibly preparing in his native country, and it was his good fortune, that he was among the first to derive benefit from an event, the commencement of which he struggled to obstruct. He was appointed by the king secretary of legation to England, and on him devolved the duty of announcing to the court of St. James, that Louis had accepted the new constitution of France. In December, 1791, he went to Switzerland in the same character.

His family had been protected by the noblesse, and himself and uncle had received from Louis the Sixteenth many testimonies of attachment. It was then supposed that he would have joined the emigrants, but he disappointed this expectation, and he either became a convert to republicanism, or he concealed his real sentiments, and sacrificed his opinions to his ambition.

He was the last ambassador appointed by the monarchy, and the first by the republic. Switzerland, the diplomatic school of his youth, was destined to be the theatre of his fame. There he first opened the powers entrusted to him as minister of the new republic. It then required considerable address in the diplomatic agents of France to procure a recognition from foreign powers; in this respect he was actively obstructed by a strong party of emigrants in the Cantons, guided by the Count d'Artois. He was at first treated with contempt and even insult; but such is the magic of success, that when the French arms began to triumph, he soon found means to get himself acknowledged, and conducted himself through his political agency with considerable ability and address. He promoted the expulsion of some emigrants from the territory of the Cantons, but his general conduct was distinguished for a moderation which acquired him the esteem of every party among Frenchmen. He was the first minister who procured the recognition of the republic by a foreign power; and he broke up the coalition of allied sovereigns against France, by withdrawing Prussia from the alliance, and ratifying a treaty of friendship and amity between Prussia and the republic of Basle in 1795. He soon after, by similar treaties, withdrew the King of Spain, and the Elector of Hesse, from the confederation, and bound them in new relations of amity with his country. The treaty concluded by Barthelemy with Spain gave so much satisfaction to that country and its government, that in compliment to the transaction, the minister Godoy was designated by the title of "the Prince of the Peace."

That great diplomatist, the Count de Segur, in his Memoirs of Frederick William, says, that the republic could not have made a better choice in selecting a functionary for these important duties. "Citizen Barthelemy, an experienced negociator, was by his conciliatory disposition, and the mildness of his character, the man of all others the most fit for moderating the most violent passions, and reconciling the most opposite interests. Esteemed at Vienna, justly appreciated at London, beloved in Switzerland, he enjoyed universal respect, and merited it as much from the extent of his knowledge, as the rectitude of his intentions."

By these successful treaties, Barthelemy acquired the character of the ablest negociator in Europe; and it became a common phrase, that France, alike victorious in the cabinet and the field, was not less indebted for her success to the valor of her warriors than the sagacity of her diplomatists.

England, who not long before had dismissed Chauvlin from London, in a manner which flung all mutual conciliation to a distance, now seeing the links of the confederation broken, not less by the triumphs than the treaties of her rival, was compelled to sue for that peace which she had lately rejected; and instructed Mr. Wickham to make overtures to Barthelemy at Basle. The directory, elated by its high tide of success, resolved to repay Great Britain *in kind*, for the abrupt haughtiness of its former rejection of their overtures, and the negociation was broken off ere it had well begun.

When Letourneur went out of the directory by lot, Barthelemy was called to fill his situation, by the almost unanimous vote of the council; thus exhibiting to the historian, the curious incident of a man called, by the general voice, to the head of the executive in a revolution, without having mixed in the acts or passions which produced it; or without having been even a resident in the country during the period of its progress. The first

time that Barthelemy appeared in France as a republican, he also appeared with the dignity and station of a director. It affords the moralist a splendid instance, that even in a revolution the most tremendous, a steady course of political moderation will sometimes lead to the highest political eminence.

His high promotion was communicated to him in Switzerland; he avoided the ceremonial of the public reception prepared for him, and on the 6th of June, 1796, he was installed in the great hall of the directory. In his speech to his brother directors, among other things, he used the following observations: "a *distant spectator* of the glory of the republic, I know not to what cause to ascribe this excess of kindness and confidence which called me to exercise the first office in the state. Need I mention, that on entering my office I cherish the sanguine hope of finding in the directory the foundation of a general pacification. The duration of empires is guaranteed by their justice, and justice and moderation after victory is the harbinger of permanent peace." The directory, flushed with their extraordinary successes, were not prepared for the adoption of such wise principles, and on their first deliberation Barthelemy was left in a minority, with no other supporting suffrage than that of Carnot. A director of the French republic was at that time the most powerful situation in Europe. Kings courted them by the most submissive applications, and the ambassadors of the greatest monarchs were to be found in their anti-chambers, waiting their leisure, and suing for their attention. It was the fate of Barthelemy to experience in an extreme degree the favor of fortune and instability of grandeur. His fall was as sudden as his elevation was unexpected; he enjoyed his greatness for but three months, and from the pinnacle of human power he was precipitated to the depth of human misery. On the night before the revolution of the 4th of September, Barras intimated to him his impending danger if he did not instantly tender his resignation. *Sed non ardor*

civium prava jubentium non vultus instantis tyranni mente quatit solida. He disdained to withdraw; that very evening he amused himself at a game which the French call tric trac. He was seized in the directorial palace, and hurried from his bed to the prison of the temple, his only words were, "Oh, my country!" Augerau was the military conductor of this revolution, and when he led the virtuous director to his prison, he said, "gentlemen, such is the nature of revolution; *we* triumph to day, to-morrow, perhaps, *your* turn will come." Barthelemy asked if no misfortune had occurred, and whether the public tranquillity had been disturbed? "No," replied Sotin, "the dose was a good one, the people have taken the pill and it has taken effect."

Without trial, inquiry, or defence, Barthelemy, Pichegru, and fourteen deputies were sentenced to deportation to the inhospitable clime of Cayenne. They were inclosed in four iron cages fixed on four-wheeled waggons, like gun carriages; four prisoners in each cage, with a guard who carried the key of the padlock that fastened the grating within which they entered. The cages were constructed of iron bars with interstices, in order that the irritated multitude might have an opportunity to view and insult them. The people were taught to consider them as men who attempted the restoration of the Bourbons; in this manner they were paraded through France, and after a journey of a fortnight arrived at Rochefort. With the exception of Pichegru and General Ramel, they were all old men or extremely delicate in their constitution; Barthelemy was not expected to survive even the first day's journey.

General Ramel, who wrote an account of their deportation and escape, says, that when they arrived at Rochefort, none of them had eaten or drank during the thirty-six hours preceding. On the 22d of September, they were placed in the hold of a small brig, called the Brilliant, a privateer that had been taken from the English. "A pail of water was let down amongst them with two

of the crew's loaves." For the next forty hours they got nothing more. At the end of that time two other loaves were thrown down; and that was the last time they tasted bread until their arrival at Cayenne. Twelve of them got hammocks. Willot, Pichegru, Ramel, and Dessonville, were not permitted that comfort. These four were lodged at the bottom of the vessel, and slept on the cables during the voyage. The other twelve were confined between decks, with the hatchways shut down. A rotten biscuit for each, with a bucket of gourganes, or large beans boiled, was their daily allowance during the voyage. On the eighth day of their voyage they were permitted to come on deck for an hour. Pichegru and two others were the only persons able to avail themselves of the indulgence. The most ordinary accommodations were refused; straw, spoons, and cups or basons, to separate their portions. The captain said, what occasion for spoons to eat beans or biscuits. "Deported," said he, "have you not fingers for your beans, and cannot you drink out of a bucket." Some of them, and Pichegru among the rest, suffered so severely from hunger, that they were liable to occasional paroxysms of the most frightful fury.

On their arrival at the tropics, the warmth of the climate in these smooth seas only added to the activity of their stomachs. Dessonville uttered such cries of rage through hunger, that Ramel declares, they were afraid he would bite them; and Willot gave his coat to a sailor for a pound of hog's lard, which he immediately swallowed.

They were lodged in miserable close dungeons in Senamara, and the employment of Barthelemy, with his faithful follower Le Tellier, was in killing the venomous reptiles with which their cells abounded. They were afflicted with scorpions, gnats, and musquitos; the insect which tormented them most was the chica, or niguas, a species of bug which enters the pores of the skin, and if not carefully removed breeds there, and destroys the

flesh so rapidly, as to render amputation necessary. General Ramel says, that they were not even secure from the serpents that frequently crept into the fort. Pichegru found one of uncommon size, which he killed; it was thicker than his arm, and lay concealed in the folds of his cloak, which served him for a pillow.

This description of sufferings and misery is extracted from a book published by General Ramel, one of the sufferers, and authenticated by his name. There may be in it exaggerations, but still the sufferings must be dreadful, even to admit of such exaggeration. Such was the situation of some of the most distinguished men of their day: among whom may be mentioned the then greatest general and statesman in Europe. Many of them died, only half escaped, after several months of captivity, in an open boat; they were picked up by a Dutchman, and through the friendship of Colonel Heslop, the British Commandant of Berbice, arrived in London on the 21st of September, the anniversary of the day when they sailed from Rochefort.

Barthelemy returned to the continent, and was among the first to be restored at the Revolution, which produced the consulate. He was soon after appointed a member of the institute and conservative senate. Thus, says Segur, Barthelemy experienced the fate his character necessarily attracted, he was called to the directory by probity, banished his country by tyranny, and restored by glory.*

There is no character in the Revolution in whose praise all parties are so much agreed; it sometimes is not a good character of a man to say, that every one speaks well of him, because, as the Spanish proverb has it, a man may be *so good* as to be good for nothing; but, if a man have filled high and difficult situations, and every one still speaks well of him, that man must not only be a good but a great man. Barthelemy unites un-

* A compliment of Segur to Bonaparte.

common talent with uncommon probity, and although often an ambassador, and once a director, that can be said of him which cannot be said of many ex-ambassadors or ex-directors in France, *he has not amassed wealth*. He is about sixty years of age, tall, meagre, and sallow; simple in his appearance, perhaps rather slovenly, but polished in his manners, and elegant in his conversation. He is the head of the senate of France, and among her honestest and ablest men.

COUNT O'SHEE, AND THE LATE MR. WATTERS, 1813.

GEORGE WATTERS was long an eminent coach maker in the city of Dublin, and between the age of thirty and fifty raised a large family and considerable fortune. In realizing his property, he owed nothing to accident; he owed an extensive credit to an unblemished reputation, and he derived his wealth from honorable toil. His children may regard with honest pride the inheritance which he has transmitted to them; it is the product of a father's character and industry. The favors of the great, the largesses of office, the fruits of usury, the exactions of litigation, rapine on the public, oppression of the poor, the operation of fraud, deceit, and circumvention, contributed not to the accumulation of their proud inheritance. They may feel that every guinea which they enjoy, was the pure result of a parent's industry and integrity. Unhappily, this is a ground of consolation which orphans in this country do not frequently enjoy; but if it can give any new value to the widow's dower, or the orphan's portion, the family of George Watters may feel "rich indeed."

His industry was not of a selfish description; whilst it gave wealth to himself, it gave bread to hundreds. In the transactions of business, punctuality was his prin-

ciple; he always regarded this golden rule, this groundwork of commercial confidence, as the very *life* of trade. He was not indulgent to the want of this principle in others, because he never transgressed it himself. The deference paid to his character in trade and in life was evinced in the flattering, yet melancholy compliment, expressed in the crowd of respectable citizens and gentlemen who followed his hearse, and *delayed* about his grave.

In one little week this city lost two of her most estimable citizens, George Watters and Dr. Moody; each an ornament to his own sect, and both lamented by men of all denominations. He experienced the difficulty, though he established the possibility, of an unassisted young man raising himself by honest means to wealth in Ireland; he proved, that *even in Ireland* character and application may not only advance, independent of fortune, but may conquer her *opposition*. He had another difficulty to contend with; he was a member of that class of citizens who are degraded, because they are Catholics. No city honors; no corporate appointments; no grand jury jobs; no secretary's smile; no castle favor; no municipal cabal; no government contractorship; no bank directorship; no political monopoly, collected on *him* the favors of power, or dispensed to the trader the patronage of the great. With the strong arm of manly industry, he cut his way to competence and independence, through every impediment which bigotry opposes to the rising Catholic; and in the pride of his heart, he despised those subsidiaries, which bigotry denies, and servility pursues.

Few men spoke less on the subject of his civil degradation; few men felt it more; domestic sympathy compelled him to feel it; his brother-in-law, the present Count O'Shee, a distinguished soldier of fortune, came to this country after the French revolution, with the rank of a major in the Irish brigade. The English government accepted of their services. The regiment of Major O'Shee was ordered on the severest service to

which British troops or allies could then be destined. In the pestiferous climate of St. Domingo, in a sanguinary, remorseless war; contending with the climate, famine, and the sword; amidst royalists, republicans, negroes, and Maroons, Major O'Shea, after prodigies of valour, displayed and acknowleged by friends and foes, saw his Catholic regiment annihilated, fighting for England against republicans. He returned to England; they refused him his rank; they refused him half-pay; they refused him a company; a lieutenancy; a cornetcy. They would give him none of these, because he was a Catholic. They would have given him any of these had he become a Protestant. He returned to Ireland; under the hospitable roof of his relative, George Watters, he found protection from poverty and despair.

Five years of inactivity and neglect had almost bowed his high mind to aquiescence in obscurity. He at length resolved to endure it no longer. My fathers, (said he,) robbed of their property and exiled from their country, had nothing to leave me but my sword as my portion. *That* sword I tendered to the service of my country; she has refused; and *I have no longer a country.* I have offered it to England; I shall now offer it to *France.*

He went to France; General Clarke, now Duke of Feltri, had attained the rank of minister of war. Clarke recognized a relative in the gallant O'Shea, and O'Shea in him found a benefactor. His military reputation had reached the ear of Bonaparte, although it could not reach the ear of the English minister. Bonaparte had heard his character from Rochambeau, against whom O'Shea had fought in St. Domingo. In half a year he got a majority; within the year he earned in the field a regiment of hussars, and, in the next year, he was made governor of Antwerp. His military precautions contributed to baffle the *ulterior* objects of the Earl of Chatham; his successful exertions to thwart and confound the general objects of the Walcheren exoedition,

procured him the rank of a "COUNT OF THE EMPIRE." He was then sent to serve in Spain; he commanded a corps at the Siege of Burgos, and, by a successful exertion, was instrumental in compelling the British troops to raise the siege.

For five years he lived under the hospitality of George Watters, and on leaving his house, in Dominick-street, to seek his fortune among strangers, he said, "the country who has refused me bread, will give me a halter when they may get me in their power. The chance of war may put me in their hands; there is my will; do thou be my executor." His friends received the will from his hands, and it is now in the possession of the executors of George Watters.

Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that the deceased executor of the Count O'Shea had a strong feeling on the subject of Emancipation, yet it never mixed with his social feelings, and he was esteemed by those who differed with him in politics. He was a man gifted with great commercial talents, and a very general knowledge of mankind. He had been a director of the Grand Canal, but, disgusted with abuse and mismanagement, he resigned the situation; he has, however, often said, that under their present improved and purified direction, they were likely to escape the destructive calamity which abuse had brought down on the sister company. He was a man of exemplary industry and regularity; he lived more than half a century, and *he never was intoxicated:* his sobriety rewarded him with the appearance of youth, and the full bloom of health; and in strength, health, energy, and aspect, he was, perhaps, the youngest man of his age in Dublin. His temper was warm, but his heart was kind; he was very prudent, and yet very generous; with a trader he could canvass the value of a farthing; with a beggar he would forget the value of a pound. In business he was always cool, and he was cool in nothing else; his temper was warm, and so were his affections. He was a steady

friend, a valuable citizen, a worthy, honorable, honest man.

"A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod,
An honest man's the noblest work of God."

ON MR. [NOW LORD] FITZGERALD, 1814.

WITHOUT any desire to slight the exertions of the Irish opposition, if there be any such now, it is a lamentable truth, however unavailing lamentation may be in the case, that those gentlemen, formerly known by this designation, are fast declining in the vale of years, and are no longer able to cope with the energy and activity of their young opponents; for instance the young Chancellor of the Exchequer, on introducing his budget last year, dazzled and cajoled the Irish opposition by wrapping up the most serious list of taxes ever imposed on Ireland, in a speech perhaps never surpassed *in address* and elegance on any similar occasion, while the dash of eloquent panegyric thrown in at the conclusion on the Duke of Wellington, who appeared the same day at the bar of the Commons to receive their thanks, gave a splendor to the whole, that quite deprived his opponents of the power of perceiving the extent of the measures which he had proposed, and insured their silence or acquiescence while adverting to that budget. Praise is due to Mr. Fitzgerald for the manly manner in which he came forward during the last meeting to correct two errors in those taxes; the one in the glass bill, which always appeared to be attributable to official negligence in some inferior department, and for which, in any liberal view of his duties, the Chancellor of the Exchequer could not be considered responsible, and the second in the modification of the duties on timber re-

specting the deals, and which modification nothing could have shewn him the necessity of, but experience in the detail of this species of taxation; but for which he deserves the praise of uncommon ingenuousness in having stepped forth to relieve the country from the measure as soon as he perceived its pressure.

Under all the clouds and suspicions which attach to office, we have long admired his talents, which are now indisputable, and have augured much from the part he has acted on the Catholic question, and the manner in which he has, upon two occasions, stepped forward in vindication of his country. In the present dearth of talents, a statesman of half Mr. Fitzgerald's merits might fairly look forward to move in the very first walks of political life; nothing can retard his progress but what we trust he does not feel, a disregard of public estimation, and a servile devotion to place and party. It is to be hoped that he values the people too much for the one, and himself too much for the other; if he rightly appreciate himself he will endeavor to move in an orbit above the common track of court followers, and be too proud to chain his judgment, his talents, and his character to the caprice or the arrogance of any superior in office; that he will take his own views, speak his own sentiments, and assert his own station. This a parliamentary man may do on every fair consideration of the connexion of party. An honorable mind will adhere to the common principle which may exist between public men, and despise the common interest with which a vulgar mind would hold in bondage the little placeman. Mr. Fitzgerald will take this as it is intended; it is not obtruded in the shape of advice; it is an open and honest avowal of what his country expects from a young statesman whose early career has been illumined by the lights of genius and of honour.

WILLIAM ORR HAMILTON, 1815.

WILLIAM ORR HAMILTON, barrister at law, and resident master in our University, was at his death about eighteen years college standing, and during the last fifteen years, shared the acquaintance of every member of that University, who had been distinguished for talent, industry, virtue, or character. During all that time, no member of that University, of any rank whatsoever, was so generally beloved, and so generally esteemed; nor was there any cotemporary during all that period, whose loss would have created so much general regret. Of course, he was a very remarkable person. He was more; he possessed many of those qualifications which must constitute, and may create a great man.

He was distinguished by a rare union of the highest personal and mental endowments. There was no endowment which the fondest parent could ask from Providence, for the most favoured child, which might not be instanced in this highly gifted individual. Strength, agility, and manly beauty, great talent, and pure taste, deep knowledge, and varied information, modest manners, and an independent mind, joined to an ardent, social, tender heart, exalted and distinguished in an eminent degree this honest, able, upright man. Had occasion called him into important action, his life would have been longer, and his station would be high; but he wanted the enterprise that creates opportunity; and he saw, without envy, and with a smile, the torpedoes outstripping him in the career of success.

His was a life of industry, but others reaped its fruits; his was a life of extensive usefulness; highly so to many; least so to himself. He was modest to bashfulness, and therefore, some thought him reserved. He was independent to sternness, and, therefore, some thought him proud; he was proud, but that was occasional, for he was affable, and that was habitual. With the humble

and affable, he was humble and affable, and with the proud, he was very proud. He is gone, and he has left no equal among his cotemporaries. He was followed to the grave by as great a portion of respectability, as could well be comprised in the same number of individuals; and his loss has diminished the value of existence to the crowd of surviving friends who deplore it.

FEINAIGLE AND HIS SYSTEM, 1815.

From a disposition to listlessness, which in a greater or less degree influences the faculties of the human mind, from a prevalent propensity in us to mental inaction, and a veneration for the habits in which we have been bred, we find the efforts of inquiring reason are often discouraged, if not totally suppressed; and we extract an apology for our own indolence, or excuse ourselves from the trouble of required investigation, by *affecting* to think and presuming to say that every thing *old* must be therefore *good*, and every thing *new* must therefore be erroneous; that every custom is the result of experience, and every improvement the mere adventure of innovation. Hence even the benefactor of mankind who in any age has extended the limits of human knowledge, or multiplied the means of human happiness, has been, at the outset of his benevolent purpose, derided as an enthusiast, or decried as a cheat. Hence science was magical; printing was demoniac; because *ignorance* was called *information*, and its *duration* was *experience*. Hence in early times Gallileo was a dreamer, and Columbus a madman; and, even in our own days, Jenner was a quack, and Lancaster an impostor.

So powerful is the *vis inertiæ* of the public mind; so great is the reluctance to listen to him, who, in any case,

would invite the public to abandon, even for a little, the dusty road; that the reformer appears as a disturber of our repose. His success wounds the pride of the ignorant, and envy, in her natural duty, gives to them the consolations of revenge, by advising them to make reprisals on his reputation.

Why should Professor Von Feinaigle flatter himself that these feelings are extinguished in our days. He must adopt the advice of Ulysses, and to pursue his voyage he must "put cotton in his ears." Calumny and apathy and professional selfishness will find their account in obstructing his career; many will continue blind to his merit, not because they cannot see it, but because they will not open their eyes or direct their attention to the objects of their censure; and when they will be compelled to admit success, they will insist that it flowed from other causes entirely distinct from his desert or exertions.

Every improvement, or attempt at improvement, should have at least a *fair trial;* and it should be the duty of the public press to guard the experiment against all premature condemnation. The press should protect the public theatre on which the reformer must contend with so many difficulties and opponents; all reasoning and all fact should be let loose against him, but nothing else; he should not be assailed by clamour or a cry, it is not only unfair, but unnecessary; for if Feinaigle be an impostor or only an enthusiast, nothing is more certain than his discomfiture and exposure; for

> "He has put his fate upon a cast,
> And he must stand the hazard of the die."

He has referred his doctrine to external evidence, to which none can be blind but those who will not see. He refers to the testimony of early quick-springing *facts;* and facts will not tell lies for Professor Feinaigle.

I may be told that there is little doubt but the Professor will be remunerated for the sum which he has

embarked in this institution. I hope he will; I am sure he will; we believe he is tolerably persuaded of that himself, but his confidence on that subject could only result from his confidence in his plan: and those who use this argument are not, perhaps, aware, that in denying to him the merit of disinterestedness, they admit the competence of his talents, the efficacy of his plan, and the inability of his success.

But, notwithstanding the probability of his remuneration from the fruits of his success, we maintain the title of this benevolent stranger to the reputation of disinterestedness, and public spirit; for notwithstanding the confidence which he was entitled to entertain in the value of the seed, or the skill of the culture, he never could be certain, that he, a stranger, was not sowing in a soil which might prove ungrateful; or cherishing a crop which might be nipped in the bud by the frost of indifference; or swept from his hopes by a tempest of passion: he embarked much, and not without risk; and when he shall have secured all the fruits of success, he must still retain the character of a confiding stranger, and a public-spirited philanthropist.

Is this the conduct or description of an *impostor*?—"I appeal for the success of my plan to the simple evidence of early facts; I wager some thousands of pounds that it will succeed, and I lodge the money in the hands of trustees. The plan is expensive, but the expense shall be mine; it has some risk, but that risk shall be mine; it will require the purchase of a house like a palace, it will require seven educated gentlemen, remunerated for their trouble with liberal salaries, it will require £6000 to begin with; I shall deposit four-fifths of that sum in the hands of trustees. I only ask the group of proprietors to subscribe the additional twelve hundred, to be retained in their own hands, and applied at their discretion, and I seek for this rather as a security of their co-operation than a division of the risk. They deposit a trifle; I embark all." Is this the l

guage or conduct of an impostor. This is the language and conduct of Professor Feinaigle. With the fact of this pledge authenticated to the public, we were surprised to see a morning paper condescend to admit a paragraph in an article denouncing this gentleman as a foreign empyric and impostor.

But we are told that he forestals the reward of success; he is a foreign empyric, who promises health to the patient *very soon*, but, in the mean time, pockets the fee; therefore he may run off from exposure, and carry with him the fruits of his craft; and the penalties of our credulity. He is an impostor who stakes nothing but promise, which his craft instantly converts into coin. Why certainly there might be some weight in this very argument, if it had not one fault, namely, that the *fact is not true*. The Professor is not a renegade, speculating in the sole capital of public credulity; he is not a trader, without any other fund than those derivable from discounting his promises; he is not a mere supercargo, who shares in the profits without contributing to the venture; he is not a nominal partner, who divides on the profits without subscribing to the stock; he is not a mere acting partner, who contributes nothing but his exertions; he is not a man who, in the event of failure, has nothing to lose except his employment and his character. These are much to lose; but he has much to lose besides; he has to lose all the property which he has embarked in this attempt to improve the education of Ireland.

PROFESSOR VON FEINAIGLE HAS EMBARKED FOUR THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED POUNDS in his present attempt to improve the education of this country. This circumstance may be ascertained by a reference to the late report of the committee of proprietors. The following extract may be found in the sixth page of this report. "In the outfit of the institution a capital of £6000 is engaged; four-fifths of this advanced by the *Professor*, one-fifth by the other proprietors, the whole being vested in trustees."

AN EGOTIST.

Prompt à conter sans nécessité ses propres affaires.
Le Sage.

SIR,

As the selfishness of men in authority, better known by the name of ambition, contributes to injure our political rights, so the selfishness of individuals in the intercourse of society is continually interfering with our social comforts. In fact, human selfishness is at continual variance with human happiness; it descends through all the relations of society, and meets us in all the business and even recreations of life. Here, also, the few govern the many; first, usurp an authority to which they have no right; and then exercise it in the true spirit of monopoly and tyranny; in every company, and in every group will you not frequently see arrogance, garrulity, and impudence snatching an excluding authority in conversation, and wielding that authority, thus usurped, over the modesty, or timidity, or politeness of the better mannered and more informed part of the company? Is there no protection, Sir, against the intolerable obtrusiveness of this selfishness? and will certain persons never learn that their own affairs, and the interests of their own vanities, may not be so prodigiously important to other persons as these are always to themselves? A man seizes you by the button in the street, and in the morning stops you in the midst of your career on your own business, for, as *Hamlet* says, "every man has business of his own, such as it is," and detains you against your will, and almost by force, to listen to the out-pourings of his own business, or his own pride. There are but two or three hours in the day in which business can well be done in Ireland, that is, between the hour of eleven, and the hour of 'change; and yet it is during this very period when these tormentors of mankind assail their victims. Can you conceive

any thing more deplorable than the situation of a man in trade, considering, and, perhaps, then pursuing the means of making up provision for his bill, due, perhaps, that very day, on finding himself arrested by one of those persons? If a poet, compelled to listen to his poetry, and if a scribe, to copious extracts from his prose, with reproving comments on the *recherche* beauties which the author kindly brings into relief for your better information and amusement. If a lawyer, you must listen to the rehearsal of his uncommon quantity of business, and the uncommon success of all his late cases, more particularly in those instances where he happened to give opinions in opposition to those of some of the highest in his profession. Should your tormentor be an attorney, you must listen at length to some notable case, where he differed from all his lawyers in inference, and yet succeeded for his client, against, not only the inclination of the bench, but the justice of the case; so coercive was the point of law which had escaped the sagacity of every one but himself. If a medical man, how many hair breadth escapes of his patients from disease—from disease pronounced by the faculty as incurable; for instance from a dropsy in the ear, which the patient knew not that he had. A merchant has successful speculations in sugars, flax-seed, and the new companies. Why, Sir, should any man presume that every one he meets has no business of his own, and no better avocation than to listen to another talking eternally of himself? It is against common sense to assume, as these tormentors must, that no man has business but themselves; in truth, as *Hamlet* says, every man has; and even if he had not, would perhaps prefer the enjoyment of his own contemplations to hearing another eternally ringing the changes on I—and I—and I—by itself I. Is it not strange, Sir, that men of education, or men of sense, do not reflect on the impropriety of such deportment? how are they able to conceal from their own minds that it is an admitted breach of all rules of politeness, all politeness being totally inconsistent

with selfishness, and this egotism being the most distinct avowal that self not only occupies the mind of the speaker, but so far as he can, shall engage the attention and conversation of other persons? The vain man may find a continual source of pleasure in his own contemplations; but when he would compel the listening throng to do homage to his self-love, how can he be ignorant that he only is exciting disgust or contempt in his involuntary auditors?

THE IRISH MEMBERS AND THE WHIGS, 1831.

EVERY convenience has its inconvenience, and want of harmony is sometimes the price which we are compelled to pay for liberty. Time and office had made the Tories polite and disciplined courtiers, they were not the better men in point of principle, perhaps only the better hypocrites, but they were the better in the performance of business. The Whigs, long secluded from official intercourse, retired and studious in their habits, became reserved, distant, bashful, yet not modest; learned and well-informed; but in their manners more resembling men of learning than men of information; honest and enlightened in their views; proud in their principles; confident in their opinions; positive in their purposes to a degree that sometimes thwarted the operation of their judgment; they had not the benefit of that attrition, which, arising from necessary intercourse, wears down the asperities of a bookish man's peculiarity. Their bluntness and brusquerie; their honesty and oddity; their erudition and inadvertence; their awkwardness and their dignity, exhibited alternately; the sometimes various, yet always interesting appearance of *Roderic*, *Penruddock*, or *Dr. Syntax*. But the Whigs are young officers, and time will soon make them *au fait* at their new duties. They

have too much good sense not to know that individual manners influence social harmony, without which political measures may not succeed, or may prove inefficient.

Our unfledged Irish senators are as new to their office, and as awkward in the official costume as the whigs themselves; and awkwardness must protect itself from an innocent laugh, by a superabundant portion of quarrelsome dignity, as "did you bite your thumb at me, Sir?" and that over pretension to excessive courtesy, which rides always on its high horse, not a little resembling an Esquimaux ambassador, who, touchy, testy, and haughty, is never seen but in a solemn state, or a towering passion. All this will soon wear off; it is nothing more than the necessary fidgetiveness of a new uniform to a young officer. This will soon grow easy, and patriotic members will laugh at the childishness of threatening a Whig ministry to carry over their votes to the opponents of reform in the very middle of a session. The Whigs, we are persuaded, will also become better listeners than they have been, and the good sense of both sides will guard us from the mischiefs which often result from a deficiency in good manners.

CHAPTER VII.

DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

KEAN IN RICHARD III. 1814.

MR. KEAN, as an actor, deserves considerable praise; and perhaps no actor before him ever enjoyed so much praise in so short a period. The press has been trumpet-tongued in his applause. That able critic and powerful writer, the enlightened editor of the *Examiner*, has adopted him with a degree of approbation that borders on enthusiasm. He has, in this respect, led the press and the public, and under the recommendation of such an eminent and judicious approval, from the moment that Kean appeared on the London boards, he has darted upwards to success with the velocity of a rocket.

We rejoice at this; not less because it rewards the desert of a deserving man, than because it proves the well merited authority which "Hunt" holds over public opinion. We love to contemplate the satisfactory exhibition of an humble, unassisted young man, soaring in the zenith of personal excellence, without any other aid than individual exertion and public favour. "Win it and wear it" is the golden rule that should regulate patronage and stimulate exertion; but let not Kean attribute *all* his success to *himself;* let not his *pride* war with his *gratitude;* and let him never forget, that when he was launched into boundless reputation, he was as much indebted for his unexampled success to the favor of the *Examiner* as to the desert of *himself.* The *Examiner* introduced Kean with *immeasurable* praise, and the public have echoed the commendation with

immeasurable applause. From motives unconnected with the fortunes of an individual, we rejoice to recognize the powerful predominance of this distinguished journalist over public opinion.

It *must* "come to good." But let Kean "season his admiration" of *himself*, by the recollection, that had the editor of the *Examiner* an opportunity of *seeing him on the stage;* (and we know he did not see him *there;* and we lament that he could not see him *there;*) but had Hunt the opportunity of seeing Kean on the stage, though his praise might have been equally serviceable to the fortunes of Kean, it certainly must have been less gratifying to his vanity. Undiscriminating praise is *scarcely* praise; it is the evidence of satisfaction, it may be but the *indolence of judgment*. Had Hunt seen Kean he would have praised him to a considerable extent, but with *positive exceptions*.

Kean has been described, by almost all who have described him, among the first actors of *this* or *any* age. If he *disbelieves this eulogy* he may deserve it; but, should it be his fate to outlive his present reputation, his declension may be traced to his credulity in his flatterers. As an actor, Kean appears unconscious of applause, even when it interrupts him; this is excellence in the actor; but if the tenth portion of that self-chastisement exists in his heart, there is very little doubt of his entire success.

He is *original; a great merit*, but, if we may be allowed the expression, he is *too much* of an *original*. His originality certainly produces *much that is excellent;* BUT, he confines his excellent *hits* to those exclusively of his *own creation*. Most of what is excellent in Kean is *his own;* BUT little appears excellent in Kean, which had previously appeared excellent *in others*. Had he appeared in the *infancy* of the stage, this would have been right, for, in that case, he might have started a *radical reformer;* but, appearing as he does, in the *maturity* of the stage, he can at best

expect to be nothing more than an *improver*. His business is to *add*, not to *re-build*; because, he *cannot* demolish pre-existing excellence, he should not, therefore, slur or suppress it; let him break *new ground*, he has done so; let him originate new excellence, he has done so; but, where others have been excellent, where he cannot improve on it, he might afford, in such cases, the condescension of being *a copyist*. Where he can improve on his predecessors let him, it is his right to do so; but, where he feels he cannot improve, let him *copy* their excellence, *it is his duty*; but, this *duty* he greatly neglects, for there is little admirable in Kean that is not *new* to the spectator.

The stage should exhibit the accumulation of its experience; and, whilst its present hero generates *new lights*, he should, at the same time, faithfully reflect the pure and unimproveable lights of his predecessors. Where Kean shines, the light is *his own*; where he might borrow and should borrow, he is opaque; when he cannot create, he should reflect the light of others. He is a *luminary*, but the sphere of the drama is not enlightened by one luminary, but by a constellation. In plain language, Kean suppresses most of what is excellent in his predecessors, and confines the applause of his audience to his own masterly corrections, inventions, or discoveries.

He is the best actor we ever saw, in what may be called the *pantomime of tragedy*; his acting is *inimitable* where there is *no speaking*.

He is the best listener on the stage; whilst his partner in the dialogue is addressing him, the rising emotions are admirably pourtrayed. It is a difficult thing not to appear awkward whilst another addresses one at any considerable length, and the gesture of attention often becomes severe; but no matter what may be the length of the speech addressed to him, Kean can always fill up the chasm of his own silence with business, emotion, and all the varied action which become a deeply

interested and attentive auditor. His excellence in this most difficult walk of acting had full room for exhibition in the attention and emotion with which he received the numerous speeches of Iago.

It is unsuitable to the reputation and merit of Kean to compare him with any but the *heroes* of the stage, and we close our previous remark with this illustration: If Garrick and Kemble and Kean could be exhibited on the stage together, in characters of nearly equal value, we are strongly of opinion that Kean would be considered the *best actor* of the three by a *deaf* spectator. His look of "anguish" is beyond praise; and in the *pantomime* of tragedy he is pre-eminent.

In his delivery, he is *best* where he has *least* to say; to that "little" he gives the fullest force, and a single word he loads with meaning. In the emphatic phrase; in the half line, in the interrogation, and the brief dialogue he is also the best on the stage. In all the dialogue he is excellent, *but* in the recitation; in the long soliloquy, the speech, the address, he fails; he either slurs over them or walks through them. He does not even seem ambitious "to soar the tragic flights of Kemble." He is seldom, as it were, *inspired* with "the high-wrought passage." He seldom attempts to mount the *climax*, and when he does he flounders to the bottom before he had reached the top; and the acme of the climax is grunted in bathos. He is not a *reciter*. He is not a *declamatist*. We venture to say he could not deliver the harangue of an *orator* for two hours, or one hour, as well as many in the house of lords, or commons; from all that we have seen he would fail under it; he could not combine the force, dignity, and energy necessary for such an occasion. But we may be told that these qualities are not of necessity co-existent in a great actor. We think they are; the best of actors should be the best of orators, as to delivery and externals. A good actor should be a good orator, in delivery and externals. No senator of his day could deliver an oration

as well as Garrick; and all the great orators of Rome flocked to Roscius, the actor, for lectures on recitation.

Mr. Kean, perhaps, blames his voice for his failure in declamation; he should blame himself. His voice is a bad, but it is not a weak one; it is much stronger than Kemble's, and if he combined Kemble's management and exertion, he could do more than Kemble in the grand passages, whereas, he manifestly does less. But Kean will not adopt the plan of Kemble, even to repair the defects of nature; for some might consider that as imitation, and he would be considered in all things an *original*. Therefore, as he cannot soar with his author, he sinks him to his own level; and as he cannot, with Shakspeare, occasionally mount the skies, he is determined that Shakspeare shall walk the earth with him, in a sort of familiar chit chat, arm in arm. The grand soliloquies are accordingly broken up into *colloquies*. Kean casts them into as many parts as he lists, and, like Dibden "giving tea," he fills them all himself. The blank verse is shaken out of its measure; it is flittered into its component sentences and half sentences. All the flights and eccentricities of Shakspeare's genius are levelled into a *conversational* form, and pressed into what is called a resemblance of real life. Shakspeare is delivered in plain prose; and George Barnwell or the Gamester seems to be the standard of the manner in which Mr. Kean thinks tragedy should be written and delivered.

In this respect Mr. Kean appears to attempt an extraordinary innovation on the drama and the stage; he would reduce the character and language of the drama to what he calls the *level of real life*. We beg leave to remind Mr. Kean that tragedy, in its nature as well as in the derivation of her very name, is inconsistent with this plan; because tragedy is, and, with Mr. Kean's permission, ought to be *poetry;* and poetry is not the language, nor like the language of real life; and

the characters of tragedy are all larger than *the life.* Mr. Kean must change the authors of the country before he can reduce the language of tragedy into the *merus sermo,* the common language of common life. The acts of real life in the manners of real life, and in the tones of real life, is the very definition of comedy; but tragedy speaks the divine language of poetry, and exhibits in a magnifier her figures and her agents. The witches and ghosts and monsters of Shakspeare exhibit his disregard for that *level of real life* in which Mr. Kean seems to place the beau ideal.

Shakspeare was never bound, and cannot now be restricted or represented by the tones and manners of merely real life; he soared far above it.

> "Each change of many coloured life he drew,
> Exhausted worlds and then imagined new;
> Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
> And panting time toiled after him in vain."

But Mr. Kean not merely attempts to exclude the music of poetry from the language of tragedy, and reduce her to the colloquial and conversational level of common life; he not merely degrades, but he takes other and different liberties with his author.

What does he mean by that "widdle waddle" gait and that horizontal semicircular swing of the shoulders in which he introduces his Richard to the public. Copying individual defects without necessity should never be resorted to, except where it cannot be helped, and is commanded by the poet. Now, as to the hump and leg, Shakspeare specifically refers to them, and therefore it becomes necessary in the actor to fashion his person to that description which his author requires him to give of himself; but beyond this all mimicry of personal defects is beneath the dignity of tragedy, and inexcusable. Would Mr. Kean, in the character of Alexander, think it proper to carry his neck awry; and yet that defect belonged to Alexander. But suppose

these personal defects should be exhibited; and we
they should not, beyond the exact necessity; but st
all the defects which belonged to the individual s
be exhibited, why exhibit defects that did not bel
him? How does Mr. Kean know? who told hin
where did he read that Richard waddled like a
and swung his shoulders like Mr. Kean? He is a
man, a great courtier, and a great military hero
manners are so very seducing that the wife of the
he murdered falls in love with him. Who told Mr.
that he waddled like a duck? This vulgar mimi
an imagined defect is amongst the little resources
hero of a pantomimical drama. Mr. Kean shot
above it.

Why does he make his appearance in Richa
tumbling on the stage with so much unnecessar
cipitation? The precipitation of his entrè is ver
suitable to the sermonizing, didactic, long speech
which Richard is introduced. He waddles in a so
dog-trot, and all at once, without any apparent reas
stops short to give a disquisition on the success
house, and the glory of her sons, on the nature o
and the nature of peace, on his own deformity, o
and mind, and his bad chance of success with the l
He certainly did not gallop through the city
tower, for we had heard of his arrival some time b
and we think that Mr. Kean's new manner of entri
improvement on the grave, calculating, meditating
in which Richard formerly made his first appea
There is in Gloucester the *dignity* of station,
ambition, glory, and success. And a considerable d
of carriage is expressed in the manner in whi
conveys reproofs or commands.

KEAN IN REUBEN GLENROY.

This piece is entirely unworthy of being the
to carry such an actor as Kean. It was writt

Morton, and was with difficulty saved from being damned, by the exertion of Kemble in some parts of Reuben Glenroy. In the passage where Reuben rebukes his brother's wife for her fashionable inattention to her infant child, and deputing to a nurse the duties of a mother, Kemble produced on the house a sensation like electricity; he was cheered by four distinct thunders of applause. Mr. Kean applied less exertion to this passage than it deserved, and of course created less effect than he was capable of exciting.

The character is a species of softened Penruddock; it is Penruddock in the season of youth and vigour of love; divested of his misanthropy, and educated in the mountains. It was written by Morton expressly for Kemble, and, of course, there was some obligation on Kemble to undertake it. Why Mr. Kean should *revive* it we cannot conjecture. The plot of the piece is the most jejune in the drama.

A young lady of fortune is forcibly carried off from Wales to London by a profligate man of fashion: an improbable misconstruction on a very improbable letter had so far misled her lover, Reuben, as to make him think, contrary to the truth, that she had broken her previous vows to him. The mistake is corrected a little before the fall of the curtain, and this constitutes the "story" of the play.

The "situations" are few, the incident trivial, and the dialogue mean common-place, copiously intermixed with trite moral saws, and canta from 'Change Alley. The author every five minutes requires the actor to step out of the ranks, and in the front of the corps to address the audience, in a strain of digressional moralizing, on the duties of mothers, the negligence of servants, the dangers of gambling, the miseries of marriage, the perfidy of lovers, or the obligations of philanthropy. Why Mr. Kean *revived* the piece we cannot conjecture; but when his stay is likely to be short amongst us, when so many are led by admiration, or curiosity, to pay him

the compliment of witnessing his powers in a crowded theatre, and in the month of August; why, under these circumstances, he has thought proper to appear *twice* in Reuben Glenroy, within the space of a single week; why he has re-produced a play, which can neither support nor be supported by the actor, is a matter not less to be regretted on the part of the audience than of the actor himself.

We cannot discover any thing that could account for such a very extraordinary selection, except the supposition of *friendship* in the actor for the author. This would *account* for it, though it could not *excuse* it. There is absolutely nothing in the part of Reuben which should seem attractive in a great actor's eye; it would have been a mill stone about the neck even of Garrick; HE could not float with it; he would not have attempted it. Mr. Kean did as much in it as could be done; he supported Reuben, though Reuben could not support him. If the manager imposed the unnecessary difficulty, and we believe he did not, it would be to Mr. Kean a good cause of displeasure with the manager; if the manager imposed its almost successive repetition, it would be to Mr. Kean a double cause of displeasure; but if, as we believe the fact is, Mr. Kean imposed it on himself, he has a double cause of dissatisfaction with himself. No candidate for public favor should for a moment forget that it is more difficult to *maintain*, than to acquire reputation.

The merit of Mr. Kean strongly appears in the transition from one passion to another; in this respect Reuben supplied him with *one* fine situation, when confiding love was suddenly steeped in despair. As we remarked of him before, his look of anguish pierces the very heart of the spectator. When the mind staggers under the stroke of misfortune, when the memory finds a difficulty to hold her seat in the distracted brain, his picture of intellect almost in ruins is equal to any thing we have lately witnessed. And again, when slowly reviving

reason shoots her new ray on the motionless, mute, and almost quenched eyeball, the symptoms of light returning to the mind is among the severest difficulties of the highest actor, and the best exertions of Mr. Kean.

We regard Mr. Kean as public property, and take an interest in clearing off the spots or opacities which may, to our eye, appear on the surface of this splendid mirror of the drama. The value of the exhibition is equally improved by the figures reflected as by the reflector itself. It is in such authors as Shakspeare, and not in such authors as Morton, that such figures are to be found: and, as to the defects of the reflector itself, there are many which Kean himself can cure.

His voice appears older than he is. If Mr. Kean addressed a stranger in the dark, his voice would appear that of a strong man of fifty. We hear, and believe, that Mr. Kean is not much older than half that period. In Richard we thought that he made his voice more rough and hoarse than it naturally was: we thought he might have done this by *design*, and that he had in his eye a passage which Shakspeare puts in the mouth of King Henry's Queen, Margaret of Anjou, in which she is made to speak of the "grumbling voice" of crooked-back Gloster. We find, however, that his voice is naturally of that description: but, we also perceive, that when he does not attempt to vary its tones, when he suffers his enunciation to be *equable*, for instance, in expressing a *command*, the tones are divested of much of their natural harshness; he should express himself oftener in that *manageable key*. Some of his words are often lost to the ear, this may be avoided, and should be avoided at any expense of grace or expression; because they might as well not be spoken *at all* as spoken *inaudibly*.

It is clear, that this is want of management, because when he speaks in a *low tone*, in his natural voice, he is sufficiently distinct for hearing, and it is in the *loud* tones that the *words are lost*, therefore he should

husband his voice like Kemble. If he has to mount a climax he should, at the commencement, give out the voice suppressedly and *thinly;* but he lavishingly emits the *full volume* of his voice at the outset, and thus suffers the fate of the prodigal, who becomes a bankrupt when his necessities set in. He should, like Kemble, stop to gather breath. He is a master of emphasis; he may create a pause for breath by an artificial emphasis; and if emphasis be out of place, he should rather stop short to gather breath, than dash through without being heard. Let him do any thing; but, let him be *heard;* where he gathers breath he can never be inaudible; if he *inspires* air enough, he will always be able in the respiration to emit voice.

We wish he would pay more attention to pronunciation. We were much surprised to hear him say, *illustrus* and *obsequs;* for illustrious and obsequious. He must know, because every school boy knows, that these are words of *four* syllables, not of *three;* and they are so classed in all our spelling-books. This pronunciation may lift the boys into censorship on the actor, and remind them of the puh long current in Ireland: that if he did not murder the word (illustrious) he certainly may be accused of knocking an eye out of it. The word *receives* he calls *resayves;* this is certainly an imitation of the *Irish*, but only of the Irish in *Munster*, and the *vulgar* in Munster; and however usual such pronunciation may be with *them*, it certainly has been very unusual on the Irish stage.

Mr. Kean, as Reuben, in the course of the play, makes his entrance into his father's house, after having been, during a good part of a winter's night, wandering on foot through the Welch mountains in the midst of a frightful tempest. It was curious enough to see a gentleman return from such a journey, in such a country, and at such a time, in a nice, bright, well brushed frock coat, and a bran new *unsoiled* pair of kerseymere gaiters, with glittering buckles, polished straps, and every ap-

pearance of having just come out of the shop of a London tailor rather than from a long journey on foot in a winter's night through the mountains of Wales; and yet, it is but justice to say, that Mr. Kean is particularly attentive to the propriety of costume.

The costume, deportment, and enunciation of a character in genteel comedy frequently imposes more difficulty on an actor, than the costume or deportment or enunciation of a hero in tragedy. A child may deliver the first speech of Norval with all the excellence of a finished tragedian; an apprentice boy may rant, with effect, the stormy passages of Octavian or Alexander; but, place them in a scene of Mirable, or Charles Surface, or any of the high characters of genteel comedy, and the child will appear a child, and the boy will appear a booby.

In a cavern, in a castle, or on the "Granick flood," with a faulchion in one hand, and his robe wrapped in the other, the boy could conquer foes, and murder friends, and poison queens, and feed his lions with his captains; he could maintain the deportment of great Ammon's son, take his place among the "immortals," and conduct himself with all the suitable mannerism that befits the station, of a glorious madman or a *leading god.* But bring him down from Olympus to earth, from his throne to a *drawing-room;* take off his crown and put a *hat* in its place, take off his "shape" and put a waistcoat in its stead; strip off his robe and put a fashionable coat on him, unlash his buskins and clothe his legs in a well-buttoned pair of well-buckled, well-strapped gaiters, and the graceful hero, warrior, or demigod, will quickly dwindle into a bashful booby. So much easier is it to maintain the deportment of a hero than that of a *gentleman.* The truth is, that the figures of tragedy being either historical, imaginary, abstracted, or magnified, we can only find their prototypes in our imagination; we never saw them with our eyes; we refer them to a standard figure in our mind, which we may not have taken much trouble to fashion, and which every one may fashion differently;

the thing is arbitrary, therefore, the actor has full scope; he may say thus Alexander looked and walked and spoke; thus Hamlet, thus Octavian, thus and thus the several characters that lived in antiquity or imagination. We cannot *contradict*, we may differ with him in our *conjectures*, that is all; but, when he assumes the character of a gentleman of our own country, and our own times, we then *can* contradict, because he affects to give us a resemblance of that which we see every hour; therefore, his difficulty is greatly increased, and our means of correcting him multiplied and facilitated. It is here and *not in tragedy* that Mr. Kean should endeavour to put on the air and carriage and manners of actual life. Mr. Kean should recollect or observe, that a gentleman is not continually *busy* in pulling off his gloves and putting on his gloves, and pulling out his pocket handkerchief, and again putting it in his pocket, and slapping his hands together. A child does so when it gets gloves or a pocket handkerchief for the first time, but the nurse rebukes the child, and corrects its little bustle by telling it its handkerchief and gloves are not to be resorted to unless when they be wanted. This habit seems to have stolen unconsciously on Kean; he ought to recollect, that this little bustle is either the newfangledness of new dress, or the resources of the awkward man, who knows not what to do with his *gloves* or himself.

When Reuben discovered that his mistress was *faithful*, why did he frown and bellow in his joy? The transition from despair to love revived and reassured, is as the mild beam of heat and light melting the dark, damp cloud of despondency. It is not the gathering, is the dissipation of the gloom; is *dove-like* peace; joy *unutterable*. The new rush of love is only expressed by tumult and clamour amidst the beasts of the wilderness or the monsters of the deep. Did Mr. Kean ever observe Kemble in the character of Rolla, when he substitutes himself in prison for Alonzo? did he observe the straining eye, the breathless anxiety with which he passed through the

transition of fear and doubt to joy: but, above all, did he observe the expression of delight when, with a *subdued*, grateful, and devotional tone, he muttered, in *the low accent, he's safe, he's safe*: could we judge from the Reuben of Kean, he would have shouted it in thunder, if he could. The satisfied mind, the grateful heart, the return of joy, the revival of love, may check the blood in the heart, pour the stream from the eyes, or *mutter* a welcome to unlooked for comfort, but it never riots in tumult or vociferation.

KEAN IN HAMLET.

The Richard of Mr. Kean is generally considered as his best performance; we were more pleased with his representation of *Hamlet*. In the character of Reuben Glenroy, the lightness of the burden retarded his progress. Like some steeds, he runs best with weights, and requires weight to secure success. In Reuben, in one of the most worthless comedies in our language, we were least pleased with Mr. Kean; and we were most pleased with him in *Hamlet*, the severest character in the Drama.

Shakspeare, the *creator* of the British stage, has supplied us with a double touchstone, by which we are able to ascertain respectively the merits of a man who aspires to the station of a great actor in comedy or tragedy; Benedict, the first and most difficult character in comedy, and Hamlet, the first and most difficult character in tragedy. To succeed in Benedict decides a man's talent for comedy, and to succeed in Hamlet decides his talent for both. How difficult to understand, but how much more difficult to represent the grave, yet gay; the moralizing, yet gallant; the suspecting, yet confiding; the sedate, yet sarcastic, the contemplative, undaunted, irresolute Hamlet.

Hamlet is not only the most diversified, it is the *longest* character in the drama. As Lord Shaftesbury remarks, the play of Hamlet has but *one character*. It *presents a great* body of practical morality, all drawn

from a single mouth, and all in reference to a single incident. Whatever be the difficulty of the character, as drawn by Shakspeare, it is increased by the alterations of Garrick. He has reduced all the other characters by the suppression of scenes and the curtailment of their language; he had even transferred speeches of Laertes to Hamlet; and made every thing yield to his desire of giving Hamlet as much as possible to do, and keeping him as much as possible before the public eye. Hamlet appears in almost every scene in the play; the consequence is, that a middling actor in this character is not endurable, and any actor but a good one must tire attention, and excite indifference. Mr. Kean fully sustained himself, and maintained interest through the entire of the piece.

There are three scenes in Kean's Hamlet which more particularly deserve attention: the scene with the ghost, his mother, and Ophelia. We have heard it remarked that his scene with the ghost is deficient in the expression of *terror*. Tke observation is just, but the criticism is groundless. Mr. Kean does not express *terror*, not because he could not, but because he does not intend it. Garrick in the scene with the ghost displayed the most high-wrought picture of fear. "Every hair stood an end like quills upon the fretful porcupine." All his successors have imitated him but Kean. He has essayed the bold original conception that Hamlet is *not frightened* at that figure "in which the majesty of buried Denmark did sometimes walk." We give Kean more credit for this courageous original, and, may we add, reasonable innovation, than for any thing else which we have read or seen of him.

On the best consideration that we have been able to give it, we are entirely persuaded that Kean is right in this manly, novel, and to us most satisfactory interpretation; it proves that Kean is a deep thinking man; a philosophic actor; a student of his profession, who, in opposition to reason and nature, lets no commentator

stand between him and the text; who, undaunted with precedent, custom or authority, boldly enters into the temple, and derives the meaning of Shakspeare, not even from Garrick, but from Shakspeare himself. The mixture of duty and affection, love and reverence, with which he pronounced the words

"King—Father—Royal Dane,"

but, more particularly, the pathos with which he delivered the word father, was too affecting to be applauded. The variety and length of this character not only require from an actor the greatest talent and labour, it also requires the greatest *verbal* accuracy; because, almost every line is an aphorism; because, the piece is so often represented, and the play so much read, that its language is familiar even to the vulgar, and every educated gentleman, at least in Ireland, is able to say, that the lines of Hamlet "live in his memory." In that very common speech (to the ghost), with which each schoolboy is so familiar, Mr. Kean spoke thus:

"Why thy *dead* bones hearsed in canonized earth."

Mr. Kean's ear should have told him, that this broke the measure as well as weakened the phrase. There is no such word in the line as "*dead*," and it is *canonized bones*, not canonized *earth*, it is *canonized bones*, not *dead* bones. The line runs thus

"Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in earth, &c."

Mr. Kean was again incorrect in the following passage:

"——— The *healthful face* of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

This is not the language of the author, it is not "the *healthful face* of resolution;"—it is, "the *native hue* of resolution."

Again, when arranging his "mouse-trap to catch the conscience of the king," he said,

"———— I'll tent him to the quick,
And if he *but look pale*, I know my course."

These are not the words of Shakspeare, nor so good; for who can give us words as good as his. Shakspeare wrote it thus:

"———— I'll tent him to the quick,
And if he *do but blench*, I know my course."

We wish Mr. Kean would, in *all respects*, as he does in most respects, consider Shakspeare as speaking to him in the language in which Hamlet speaks to the players—

"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it."

The actor has certainly a right to curtail the part, especially where it is so extensive as the character of Hamlet, for instance, he has a right to leave out an entire sentence, as Kean did in suppressing the passage,

"It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
Whilst rank corruption, &c."

But, we do not think that he is authorized to give one *part* of the same sentence and suppress the rest, as he did when he said,

"And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter.

He suppressed the last line; we do not think the suppression material, nor should we mention it but as a vehicle to the observation, that though he may suppress a passage, he should not maim one.

The address to the players was given admirably, with the exception of—

"It out Herods Herod;—pray you avoid it."

We have seen this given much better; but we never saw the address so well begun.

One of the greatest difficulties of a dramatic writer is how to get his characters off and on the stage with *a cause* for their entrance and exit. Shakspeare often entirely neglects this rule; Kean very often judiciously supplies the defect: for instance, he enters with the players at his heels, speaking to them with his back to them; "speak the speech, I pray you;" as if it had been the continuation of an easy mannered conversation in which he had been engaged with them along the corridore.

"To be, or not to be," was given admirably, with the exception of "aye, there's the rub." On this short sentence Kemble always succeeded in producing an extraordinary effect; Mr. Kean slurred it. We submit to his better judgment whether this phrase be not deserving of all his exertion; it is the *very hinge* of all the reasoning on "we know what we are, but we know not what we may be."

The scene with Ophelia was most impressive. He attempts an improvement, and we think he has greatly improved it. The slapping of doors, and a great part of Hamlet's ungallant and cruel deportment is, we think, properly rejected. Kean seems anxious, by his alteration, to defend the reputation of Shakspeare against the attacks of Voltaire, the continental writers, and even Dr. Johnson, in respect to his unnecessary cruelty to Ophelia. After his exit in his last paroxysm he returns, and, in an altered, subdued air, kisses her hand with respect and tenderness. Kean, no doubt, considers this as a sort of useful sign post to point out to the dullest of the spectators the road in which he is travelling; but we think that with his powers he is able to convey to his audience that the will accompanies not the deed, and that his severity to Ophelia is involuntary, and a violence to his own feelings. We think he did convey this sufficiently, and therefore it becomes questionable

whether he is authorized to superadd to the scene a pantomimical exhibition of *repentance*, which gives a direct contradiction to the language of the whole dialogue. When he returns in tenderness to Ophelia, he in fact turns upon Shakspeare, and gives his author a slap in the face.

Thus having struggled through the scene, to soften down the charge, he returns on the stage, and by his repentant air and affectionate look and the kiss on her hand, he retorts upon Shakspeare the accusation of that very savageness; and, he who ought to be the "abstract" of the poet, accuses his master of cruelty by the pantomimical but expressive disclaimer in the representative. To this unauthorized *addition*, to this irreverent *contradiction*, to this supplemental glossary, so repugnant to the text, we reply by saying, "*it is not in the bond.*" We say to this as an orthodox old gentlewoman some time since observed, when she heard of the Bishop of Landaff's *apology* for the Bible, "upon my word," said the old lady, "I do not think the Bible requires any *apology.*" And so say we to Mr. Kean, we do not think Shakspeare requires any apology. We think Shakspeare had very good reason for making Hamlet act towards Ophelia exactly as he did; we shall shew this hereafter. When Mr. Kean is so anxious to defend Shakspeare in one instance, why should he give additional effect to a general and just objection which has been urged by all continental writing, against the savage manner of writing, and representing the deaths of tragic characters on the English stage. Mr. Kean, having pronounced the last of his last speech, occupied some minutes in dying; although Laertes and the king, both of whom had been wounded *after* Hamlet, were lying dead before him; although the venom had done its work in so short a time with them, he seemed anxious to convince the audience that the constitution of Hamlet could resist the poison for a longer time than Shakespeare had appointed for his last word. After he had ceased to

speak he gave us a pantomimical representation of a lingering and painful death. He thought proper to terrify the children by not less than half a dozen separate, audible, dying groans. This was too much of the reality. The representation of death on the stage should never be more, at least in the article of agony, than a mere type of what the audience are required to assume, but not to believe; if there be an attempt to force it nearer to the reality, it offends, it becomes too serious, and seriously disagreeable. It is the just reproach of the British stage, and should not be exaggerated; it checked the applause with which the curtain would otherwise have descended on the Hamlet of Kean. One would think that Mr. Kean held an opinion that some groans were necessary to the exhibition of a play, and that if they did not come from the house they should come from the stage; but, this is a mistake, and nothing can be more clear than that all groans are misplaced whilst Kean is on the stage. We are quite sure that he can never hear in the theatre any groans *but his own;* and we anxiously hope and expect, that we may never hear another groan from *him;* but should he despise our advice, we have still one wish left, may no groan ever burst from the breast of him or his, except an *artificial* one. Distant be the day when his loss, like Garrick's, "shall eclipse the gaiety of nations," and when the age shall sustain such a serious deduction from the existing stock of harmless and instructive amusement.

Mr. Kean, in the play scene, received and deserved considerable applause; but he does not rival Kemble in this part of the piece; Mr. Kean *is too inattentive to Ophelia.* The proper place for Hamlet to sit in, during a court night, at the Theatre Royal, Elsineur, would be in the royal box, immediately next the chair either of his uncle-father or his aunt-mother,

> "For he was the near successor to their throne,
> Their chiefest courtier, cousin, and their son."

and therefore Queen Gertrude invites him to sit near the "Majesty of Denmark;" but Hamlet excuses himself, and lies down in a situation *exactly opposite* to the royal presence; his *purpose* was, that he might place himself *vis a vis* with the king, and be able to read in his uncle's aspect whether his father's apparition were an "honest ghost," but his *pretence* for his eccentric situation was, that *there* was "mettle more attractive." It therefore was a great object with Hamlet to shew his uncle that he had not left his place through *any design*, but merely because on the opposite side there happened to be "mettle more attractive;" and for this purpose he should have been sedulous in paying Ophelia "marked attentions."

Kean bestowed too much of his observation on the exhibition of the sub-mimic play. This was not necessary for Hamlet, because Hamlet was the only person among the stage auditors to whom the mere play could be no matter of curiosity, for he was the author and the "chorus." His business was not to observe *the play* much, but the operation of the play on his uncle. His *observation* should have been generally divided between the king and Ophelia; real attention to the king, and *affected* attention to Ophelia, in order to throw the king off his guard, and satisfy him that Hamlet had declined *his own place*, and placed himself opposite, not to inspect the king, but because *there* was "mettle more attractive." Kemble was in full possession of this idea, and whenever the eye of the king would fall on Hamlet in any of the questions which he put to him, the face of Hamlet was always towards Ophelia, and he answered the questions as to the name and plot of the play carelessly, as if they were interrupting his situation, and as if he took no interest in the play farther than that he had casually seen it. Mr. Kean, on the contrary, divided his attention between the play and the king, and during the most of the sub-mimic representation *turned his back* directly on the lady. Had his uncle observed his ungallant position, he must have been convinced that he had some

other object for declining his place than merely that the lady was "metal more attractive."

We think he was injudicious in pressing so much energy of voice into the passage

> "Let the gall'd jade wince;
> Our withers are unwrung."

The violent gesture with which he insisted that there was no offensive application in the piece, was enough to have alarmed the suspicion of the king, and make him think that *there was;* but it was Hamlet's object to *cover the trap*, and let the experiment work fairly.

When the king exclaims "lights, lights," and retires Hamlet should not have burst into an exclamation on the discovery, because a *shout* is not the expression of the ascertainment of a most afflicting fact. Besides, Hamlet was either in a public theatre or some great hall of the palace, and very likely to be *overheard*, either by some of the courtiers about the doors, or by some of the players behind the scenes. Some one must have over-heard him speaking a fact which no one did know, or should know, but Horatio and himself. Shakspeare is fully aware of this—of the sort of *whisper gallery* in which Hamlet was placed; and, therefore, instead of *immediately* putting in the mouth of Hamlet some sentence expressive of the *discovery*, which certainly would have been the case had Hamlet been free from the chance of being overheard, Shakspeare, in the first instance, makes him break silence in a seemingly inapplicable and *nonsensical* couplet—

> "Now let the stricken deer go weep,
> The hart ungalled play;
> For some must laugh, while some must weep;
> So runs the world away."

How pregnant with nature and observation is the introduction of this applicable and expressive piece of nonsense. It is making Hamlet act on the principle of the man who having, with his friend, fallen by accident into company with a band of thieves, the moment he

has discovered their vocation, gives a *meaning* look of discovery at his friend; and begins to whistle Molly Bawn, or chaunt a stanza from Robin Grey. On this principle Shakspeare had arranged the scene; but Kean, by his *shout*, split up the groundwork of the nicely arranged but delicate and subtle machinery; and by another blast from his lungs, blew the machinery and its economy into "thin air."

In the subsequent scene with his mother, we would suggest a correction respecting the miniatures. We shall mention the manner in which this picture business was managed, is managed, and in our view ought to be managed.

Formerly Gertrude did not wear a miniature, and Hamlet drew forth two from his *pocket*. This was neither natural nor striking, because it was improbable that Hamlet should be so aptly supplied with the necessary apparatus for a dialogue which he could not foresee; besides he was not likely to be supplied with a picture "*in little*" of his uncle. Therefore, the present more natural mode was adopted of Gertrude wearing the portrait of her second husband. This was a great improvement; but, in our mind, Hamlet should *match it*, by wearing himself the miniature of his father. If our eyes did not deceive us, he drew out a miniature *in a little case*. This certainly appeared more stiff and less natural than if it hung conveniently and becomingly pendent from his neck. The fumbling for it in his doublet or breeches pocket is interrupting, unsuitable to that quickness of thought and feeling in which he sweeps his rapid course into that apt and beautiful episode which brings to the eye and the mind of the audience the counterfeit resemblance of two brothers;—Hyperion and the satyr; the mountain and the moor; painting and poetry uniting to describe; the one giving the image as the heart-piece of the representation, and poetry intwining it with all the drapery of her colouring, with a splendid, beaming halo of enriching, expanding and beautifying *description*.

We submit to Mr. Kean another improvement. The resemblances should be not pictures in little, but family portraits, hanging from the wall,—the suitable, the necessary furniture of that very room; it was the queen's chamber. The father of her son; the brother of her husband; her two consorts; the two kings, were ornaments not only suitable, but necessary, to the chamber of the wife—the state apartment of the queen. It would be more natural that the portraits on the wall should catch the eye of Hamlet, and instantly suggest the beautiful episode. The figure of Hamlet, holding the arm of his mother with his left hand, and pointing with his right to the portrait of his father:

"See what a grace is seated on that brow,"

would be one of the best subjects for the pencil, and one of the finest situations on the stage.

This idea has been carried into effect by Lewis, in the "Castle Spectre." The picture of Angela's father appears on the wall, and is apostrophized in the passage which speaks of "the beaming lustre of his full, dark eye." We merely suggest this to the consideration of Mr. Kean.

The scene with the ghost in the chamber was ably sustained; and the passage where Mr. Kean tells his mother that his pulse beats as regularly as her's, is an additional proof in favour of his opinion that Hamlet was *not frightened* by the "poor ghost." At the exit of the ghost *he slapped the door in Hamlet's face.* This, though very usual, is *very absurd.* Shakspeare regulated his fancy, even in its flights, by a certain degree of propriety, which never would permit him to give directions to any of his *ghosts to shut the door after them.* Nay, when the wildest of our novelists would terrify their heroine by the creaking of hinges, or the slapping of doors, it is either by some natural agency, perhaps, concealed from the heroine, else

"It is but her fancy, or, perhaps, the wind,
Bursting its entrance through some hollow cavern."

But, they never go the length of committing that rudeness on all propriety, as to represent the finger of a ghost lifting the latch, or the hand of the dead knocking with a rapper; but, perhaps, the prompter will tell me, that it is necessary to slap the door, to create an obstruction to Hamlet from following the ghost. I answer to this, that there are other and better ways of keeping Hamlet on the stage, than the coarse expedient of making a ghost slap the door in his face; besides, what would hinder Hamlet from driving open the door if he insisted to follow the ghost, as Osmond does in the Castle Spectre; (there the door is shut by a man). The ghost beckons Hamlet not to follow, and Hamlet should obey. This is a remedy for the difficulty which the actor of the ghost could supply; but the poet himself, who, as an actor and a poet, had entered into all these minutiæ, forbade Hamlet following the ghost "through the portal," by giving him a special commission about his mother:

"To step between her and her fighting soul."

Or, if he must follow him to the portal, he might, as we have seen it done, fall and faint on the threshold; or, if he would not faint, he might gaze through the open portal after the ghost, in such a manner as to convince the audience that the ghost had vanished to his eye, when it disappeared to theirs, and the baffled gaze along the corridore would form a good situation for effect; and if he wanted to give a sign-post to this last idea, he might create an index to his plan by the crowing of a cock, as it was likely to be that period of midnight when sepulchres are presumed to receive their wandering tenantry, and man "scents the morning air." Let him do any thing, but let him not exhibit the dead, slapping doors in the face of the living, and Hamlet placing his ear to the door as if to invite the ghost to a *tete a tete* through the key-hole.

In the first dialogue with Horatio, we were greatly

pleased to see Mr. Kean pronounce the following line in the usual way:

"He was a man, take him for all," &c.

The emphasis which he formerly laid on the word *man*, as if opposed by the word "king," used by Horatio, was quaint and liable to reasonable objection. We lately said something to Mr. Kean about his pulling off and putting on his gloves; he certainly obviated the criticism, for in Hamlet he threw off the gloves *altogether*. He can well afford to do without gloves, for he has the finest hands we ever saw; but Hamlet cannot so well afford to be *ungloved*, for much of his business is transacted at midnight; and we hear complaints on his very first appearance, that "the air bites keenly," and that it is "a nipping and an eager air;" indeed, no man who has gloves should be without them when

"The morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill."

Hamlet, in his first scene of rehearsal with player king, mis-recites the beginning of the speech, "the rugged Pyrrhus." Mr. Kean appeared to us to labour the exertion at recollection far beyond its importance; the mountain should not labour with the mouse; Mr. Kean spent a great deal of time about the matter; the house shouted applause, but they should have shouted long before,

"——— good Hamlet,
Cudgel thy brains no longer."

Towards Mr. Kean we bear a sincere good will, and take a real interest in his success. In taking leave for the present we *kiss his hand*, in copy of his carriage towards Ophelia, and in similar disclaimer of all absence of intention that any phrase should convey the slightest offence. We hope this pantomime a la distance of our good will may be to him a better assurance of esteem and

correction of harshness than his supplemental g could be for his strong reproof to "poor Ophelia."

HAMLET.

THIS play has exercised more criticism on t and representation than any other in the drama or stage. To draw from its *original* source the st which this play was founded, may assist in cleari some difficulties, and the critic may have an oppo to compare the original character with that delinea Shakspeare. To Mr. Kean and his friends and this should be a considerable desideratum. Saxo-G maticus is the earliest historian of Denmark who r the adventures of Amlethus, or Hamlet; he wr Latin, in the twelfth century. His account wa tracted, altered, and translated into French by Belle a French author; this work was translated into En and published under the title of the "Historye of Ha and from this translation Shakspeare formed his gr work of Hamlet. Of this work I believe there one copy extant; it is in the library of Trinity Co Cambridge, in the curious collection relative t school of Shakspeare, given by the late Mr. Cal that Society. This book is in black letter, intitled history of Hamlet," imprinted by Richard Bradock Thomas Parier. The heads of the chapters are gi Mr. Cahill's posthumous work, the "School of S peare," vol. iii. p. 90, and a few extracts in Ma supplement to Johnson's and Stevens' Shakspear appears that Saxo-Grammaticus is the *source;* author is in the hands of but few; those who hav cess to it, may read the history of Hamlet in Lib. i iv.; they will find the following sketch tolerably acc

we recommend it to the perusal of Mr. Kean. According to this historian, Ophelia was placed to ascertain whether Hamlet was mad or not; Hamlet had got notice of the trick, therefore, it was an object with him to confound speculation, by an extravagant fit of madness, to the young woman: this is preserved in the translation; Shakspeare knew it, and this is his apology for the scene; and, therefore, Shakspeare does not require the supplemental pantomimical apology of Mr. Kean. Hamlet, in truth, is not mad, but believed that his safety depended on the counterfeit. Mr. Kean appears to forget that the king was watching him behind the arras, in the scene with Ophelia, and, therefore, must have discovered his sanity, had Hamlet the gesture adopted by Mr. Kean.

Long before the introduction of christianity into Denmark, Horwendillus, Prefect, or King of Jutland, was married to Gerathura, or Gertrude, daughter of Ruric, king of Denmark, by whom he had a son called Amlettus, or Hamlet. Fengo murders his brother Horwendillus, marries Gertrude, and ascends the throne. Hamlet, to avoid his uncle's jealousy, counterfeits folly; and is represented as such an abhorrer of falsehood, that, though he constantly frames the most evasive and even absurd answers, yet artfully contrives never to deviate from truth. Fengo, suspecting the reality of his madness, endeavours by various methods to discover the real state of his mind; amongst others he departs from Elsineur, concerts a meeting between Hamlet and Gertrude, concluding that he would not withhold his sentiments from his mother, and orders a courtier to conceal himself, unknown to both, for the purpose of overhearing their conversation.

The courtier repairs to the queen's apartment, and hides himself under a heap of straw. Hamlet, on entering the cabinet, suspecting the presence of some spy, imitates, after his usual affectation of folly, the crowing of a cock, and, shaking his arms like wings,

jumps upon the heap of straw, till feeling the courtier, he draws his sword, kills him, cuts the body to pieces, boils it, and gives it to the hogs. He then avows to his mother, that he only personated a fool; reproaches her for her incestuous marriage with the murderer of her husband, and concludes his remonstrances by saying, "Instead, therefore, of condoling my insanity, deplore your own infamy, and learn to lament the deformity of your own mind." The queen is silent; but is recalled to virtue by these admonitions. Fengo returns to Elsineur, sends Hamlet to England under the care of two courtiers, and requests the king, by a letter, to put him to death. Hamlet discovers and alters the letter; and on their arrival in England, the king orders the two courtiers to immediate execution, and betroths his daughter to Hamlet, who gives many astonishing proofs of a transcendant understanding.

At the end of the year he returns to Denmark, and alarms the court by his unexpected appearance; as a report of his death had been spread, and preparations making for his funeral.

Having re-assumed his affected insanity, he purposely wounds his fingers in drawing his sword, which the bystanders immediately fasten to the scabbard. He afterwards invites the principal nobles to an entertainment, makes them intoxicated, and in that states covers them with a large curtain, which he fastens to the ground with wooden pegs: he then sets fire to the place, and the nobles, enveloped in the curtain, perish in the flames. During this transaction he repairs to Fengo's apartment, and, taking the sword which lay by the side of his bed, puts his own in its place; he instantly awakens and informs him, that Hamlet is come to revenge the murder of his father. Fengo starts from his bed, seizes the sword, but, unable to draw it, falls by the hand of Hamlet. The next morning, when the populace were assembled to view the ruins of the place, Hamlet summons the remaining nobles, and in a masterly speech, lays open

the motives of his own conduct; proves his uncle the assassin of his father; and concludes in the following words:—

"Tread upon the ashes of the monster, who, polluting the wife of his murdered brother, joined incest to parricide, and ruled over you with the most oppressive tyranny. Receive me as the minister of a just revenge, as one who felt for the sufferings of his father and his people. Consider me as the person who has purged the disgrace of his country, extinguished the infamy of his mother, freed you from the despotism of a monster, whose crimes, if he had lived, would have daily increased, and terminated in your destruction. Acknowledge my services, and if I have deserved it present me with the crown: behold in me the author of these advantages, no degenerate person, no parricide, but the rightful successor to the throne, and the pious avenger of a father's murder. I have rescued you from slavery, restored you to liberty, and re-established your glory; I have destroyed a tyrant, and triumphed over an assassin. The recompence is in your hands; you can estimate the value of my services, and in your virtue I rest my hopes of reward." This speech has the desired effect; the greater part of the assembly shed tears, and all who are present unanimously proclaim him king, amid repeated acclamations.

Hamlet, soon after his elevation, sails to England, and orders a shield to be made, on which the principal actions of his life are represented. The king receives him with feigned demonstrations of joy; falsely assures him that his daughter is dead, and recommends him to repair to Scotland as his embassador, and pay his addresses to Queen Hermetrudra. He gives this insidious advice with the hopes that Hamlet may perish in the attempt; as the queen, who was remarkable for her chastity and cruelty, had such an aversion to all proposals of marriage, that no one of her suitors had escaped falling a sacrifice to her vengeance. Hamlet, in opposition to all difficul-

ties, performs the embassy, and, by the assistance of hi shield, which inspires the lady with a favourable opinio of his wisdom and courage, obtains her in marriage, an returns with her to England. Informed by the princes to whom he is betrothed, that her father meditates hi assassination, Hamlet avoids his fate by wearing armou under his robe, puts to death the King of England, an sails to Denmark with his two wives, where he is soon after wards killed in a combat with Vigletus, son of Rurik Hamlet, adds the historian, was a prince, who, if hi good fortune had been equal to his deserts, would hav rivalled the gods in splendour; and in his actions woul have exceeded even the labours of Hercules.*

KEAN IN OTHELLO.

After seeing Kean in Hamlet, the "most excelling" production, we were glad to see him next in Othello, th best *play* of Shakspeare. The great bard has receive much deserved reproof for his frequent negligence of dra matic rule. Voltaire has ascribed this fault to his *igno rance;* but the dramatic regularity of the "Moore o Venice" vindicates its author from this severe inculpation

Othello is written in a great degree according to rule and if the curtain rose on the Island of Cyprus, givin us in narrative the previous part of the story, Othell would be a play nearly as correct as the Cato of Addison that model of propriety.

Undiscriminating praise is an offering which cannot b either deserved by the *great* nor desired by the *wise.* I is like that sort of *reputation,* which, as Iago says, i

* Hic Amlethi exitus fuit; qui si parem naturæ atque fortunæ in dulgentiam expertus fuisset, æquasset fulgore superos; Hercule virtutibus opera transcendisset.

often "given without merit, and lost without deserving." To the majority of mankind it is the most grateful incense; to the majority of authors the most *easy* task. It is not an effort of mind; it is at best no more than an exertion of memory searching for phrases, not for ideas. Read it,—it is *words*; hear it,—it is *sound*. It does not *cause* impressions on the mind of the hearer, for it was not the effect of impressions on the mind of the writer; it neither corrects, instructs, nor informs; it conveys no light to the lover of knowledge, nor can impart any gratification, except to the fool who has the vanity to be the dupe of his flatterers.

When flattery, like the syren, begins her music and her mischief, she sounds her first notes in her loudest key; and, when real excellence demands her celebration, she cannot exalt herself, she cannot distinguish it; or she can only distinguish by *variety*, and she can only vary by *descending*.

If there be any value in this sort of eulogy, Mr. Kean has had a glut of it, it has been served up to him by ten thousand hands, thickened and sugared to the very consistency of syrup, and it will require in him either a wholesome self-denial, or a salutary moderation, if he can contrive an escape from the gross banquet, without allowing avidity or temptation to deprave the sense of his palate or the health of his appetite.

On our part, we trust we have enough of benevolence to preserve us from the influence of that morbid fastidiousness which feeds upon faults, and dislikes to be pleased; but it is a subject of fair and liberal discussion among the lovers of belles lettres, and students of Shakspeare, to moot the bearings and interpretations of his majestic images and immortal verse. Mr. Kean, no doubt, will receive with the candour of a scholar and the courtesy of a gentleman, ideas which, if erroneous, are harmless, which his acting have suggested, and the entertainment of which is not inconsistent with sincere admiration for his eminent exertions.

Be it right or wrong, we hold the opinion that in the representation of Othello, Mr. Kean exhibits strongly the symptoms of jealousy *before* Shakspeare had intended to excite it in the mind of the Moor.

In the third scene of the third act, Iago, according to his plan, "brings the Moor jump upon Cassio soliciting his wife."

In the dialogue which follows between Othello and Desdemona, Mr. Kean exhibits a great flash of jealousy. We submit to Mr. Kean, that Othello ought not to be represented as jealous at all in the dialogue with Desdemona, and that Shakspeare does not kindle jealousy in his breast until he is left with Iago. It would appear from the representation of Kean, that Othello would have found his way to jealousy if Iago had never lived. Shakspeare never intended this; Kean makes Othello jealous too soon, and before Iago had made any exertion; Kean makes Othello cater food for the "monster," before it yet had been supplied with food by Iago. Othello and Iago enter when Desdemona and Cassio are in conversation; Cassio glides off. *Iago:* "I like not that." *Othello:* "What dost thou say?" *Iago:* "Nothing, my lord, or if—I know not what." *Oth.:* "Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?" *Iago:* "Cassio, my lord!—No, sure, I cannot think it, that he would steal away so guilty like, seeing your coming."

This much, together with Desdemona's petition for Cassio, is *all* the incitement which had been supplied when the Othello of Kean exhibits the first flash of jealousy.

Now, the mere petition of Desdemona was not of a nature to make him jealous; because it appears in the play, though it is not represented, that Emilia informs Cassio that Desdemona had commenced her suit to Othello in the morning before they left their chamber, and with great success; that Othello had promised to restore Cassio, and the only question was as to the time and proper occasion of restoring him. It was still, however, a very

perplexing difficulty with Othello; he had declared to Desdemona that he was afraid of offending the nobles of Cyprus, one of whom Cassio, in drunkenness, had wounded severely. The half sentence of Iago—"I like not that," and the phrase, 'so guilty like," were sufficient to excite the anxiety of Othello, because he had suspected that the *honesty* of Iago had minced the matter in his account of the quarrel, and that Iago had more to reveal respecting the riotous conduct of Cassio than had yet come to Othello's knowledge. He had, therefore, good reason to be anxious to ascertain whether that was Cassio who had been with his wife; for then the account would stand *thus*—that Cassio had been tampering with the credulity of his wife, and that his "ancient" was suppressing the official misconduct of Cassio. Thus, his love was placed in conflict with his duty to the state, and having a few hours before pledged his word for the dismissal of Cassio, he was now likely to be importuned to restore an unworthy sub-governor through the credulity of Desdemona, believing his story, and the friendship of Iago suppressing his fault. This is the explanation of Othello's perplexity; this is what makes him crave time from Desdemona, and fence off the occasion which she appoints for the reconciliation. Love, however, at length triumphs, and he tells her he will deny her nothing. The whole scene appears to us a conflict between *duty* and *love*.

Mr. Kean describes it as a conflict between *love* and *jealousy*. By making Othello jealous in this scene, Kean makes love triumphant over jealousy; whereas it seems the great scope of the play is to paint jealousy in all cases triumphant over love. By this, Kean makes Othello a *suspicious* character, whereas, even Iago paints him as open and unsuspecting. Kean makes Othello a *dissembler*, whereas the poet describes him as a person with whom "to doubt was to be resolved;" and from the moment his doubts were excited he never can bestow on Desdemona one look of affection; whereas,

according to Kean's interpretation, Othello feels, i avows to her, the strongest love *after* many flashes jealousy had crossed his mind. Had Othello been j lous, would he say, *after* his jealousy, "sweet Des mona;" and after another and another sting would say, "I will deny thee nothing;" and *after many* stin would he say, "*excellent* wench—perdition catch but I do love thee, and when I love thee not, chaos coming again." If he were *jealous then*, could he so slow in finding out Iago's meaning *after?* I Othello been so very apt to be jealous, it would h been entirely unnecessary to throw so much energy : ability into the character of Iago. Kean conqu Othello too soon, and gives Iago an easier victory tl Shakspeare (to our mind) intended. He plants jealo in the heart of Othello, instead of deriving it from tongue of Iago. He reduces the character of Othell a man, and the *ability* of Iago as a villain. He ma Othello jealous from the evidence, instead of from Ia *interpretation* on the evidence. The jealousy of Oth should not be, that creeping, accumulating thing, slo engendering in the mind of the Moor; the idea sh come first from Iago, with the surprise and suddennes a stroke of thunder: one fine transition is lost,—the t sition arising from the perplexity which grows out o apprehension of Cassio's official unworthiness, to the stant horror which dispels that perplexity, and dart his mind the unworthiness of Desdemona. In all o respects Kean's picture of *jealousy* is one of the fi exhibitions that we have seen or could imagine.

We were surprised at the *entre* of Mr. Kean be the senate. Having entered from the side opposit the Lord Lieutenant's box, he walks to the centre of stage, and, turning his back upon the audience, m his obeisance to the doge. All this was very proper necessary; but after his bow he faces to the left, an course *he turns his back directly* on the court and th

nate—on his sovereign and his judge. Had he fallen back to the right, instead of wheeling round to the left, this palpable awkwardness could not have occurred. We call it a palpable awkwardness; no man admitted to the presence of the sovereign ever *turns his back* on his sovereign; no culprit ever turns his back on his judge; the humblest creature in the dock, in the Recorder's Court, feels the native courtesy and propriety of keeping his face towards the judge. The doge was both the sovereign and the judge of Othello. At first we thought this might be an inadvertence, therefore we did not remark on the impropriety at the first representation of Othello; but we saw Mr. Kean *repeat* the awkwardness on the *second* representation; and, we observe that it cannot well be accounted for as an inadvertence, because during the accusation of Brabantio, Mr. Kean *frequently* turned his back upon the doge, and remained so a considerable time, with his eyes directly turned on the Lord Lieutenant's box. If it be improper, as it is entirely unusual, for any culprit to turn his back upon the judge, it is more particularly so to do it while the *indictment* is reading, to which it is not only orderly but necessary that the culprit should pay the most particular expression of attention. Mr. Kemble would never do this. Some may think this objection trivial; we do not think it so. If it be trivial, Mr. Kean has received considerable applause on circumstances not more important. A great part of the merit of an actor is made up of attention to such circumstances; and his manner should be a model of demeanour.

In this and the previous scene with Brabantio, Mr. Kean appears particularly wrathful at the sneer on his want of personal attractions. Objections to a man's personal disadvantages are at best unworthy imputations. They may excite pity towards the fool that uses them; but never should excite *anger* in the mind of the object. A high-minded man will always receive objections to his person either with pleasantry or pity. When a stranger observed to Lord North, that a certain lady in a ball-

room was very ordinary—"Yes, Sir," replied the stat man, "we are considered the most ordinary couple England." When Madame Polignac remarked to Mi beau, that a certain person was guilty of ingratitude wards him; and yet, said Mirabeau, he owed me obli tions; he is indebted to me that for many years he l not been considered the ugliest man in France. Wh the celebrated Curran was taking part in a conversat respecting the custom of Irish peasants, saluting e other with a kiss—"I, myself," said Curran, "h been compelled to endure a kiss of a countryman, wi out conceiving a higher opinion of the man's affectio than I had of his good taste." In fact, a high-min man jokes on his personal defects, and receives the i putations of others, in this respect, either with pity pleasantry. Othello was a high-minded man, and y the Othello of Kean was agitated with rage when his ther-in-law accused him of *want of beauty*. Scorn, pi or indifference should have been the manner in whic man like Othello should receive such a charge.

Mr. Kean's pauses in the short dialogue are too f quent and too long; he lengthens the play considera by it, and plays are, in general, too long already. should particularly avoid this habit in Hamlet, whicl too long; and, in the two first acts of Othello, which very heavy.

> "Keep up your bright swords,
> For the dew will rust them."

Between these two short sentences he makes a l pause; and endeavours to throw *great effect* into last one. Now, the fact is, that this is a very unim tant observation, and should be delivered with all ease of a casual remark. Mr. Kean endeavoured to m too much of it; he constructs his clap-trap on the w *swords;* he pauses, as if teeming with an energ thought, and in due time he is delivered of the con

tion; and what is the conception? Why, nothing less than that

"The dew will rust them."

He delivers the next sentence, in respect to Brabantio, in the sternest language of anger and reproof—

"Good Seignior, you shall more command with years
Than with your weapons."

He should have given this with mild expostulation, for Brabantio was the father of his wife, and

"Had lov'd him, and oft invited him."

Brabantio was a friend who had reason to feel injured, because he had lost an only child, and the first word of Othello to his friend after this loss which Othello had caused, should have been delivered in a tone of alleviation, if not in respect to an old friend and host, at least, in respect to the father of his wife.

"Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter."

There was also too much pause and energy of emphasis thrown into this passage. It is another casual observation, and to deliver it in any other manner gives the warrior the carriage of a braggadocio—a captain Drawcansir. There are certain passages in the short dialogue where too much energy, emphasis, and effect, cannot be given by the actor; for instance, where Iago advises Othello "to go in" (to the house) on the approach of Brabantio and his friends—

"NOT I—I MUST BE FOUND."

Again,

"I HAVE NO WIFE."

Again,

"'Twas I that killed her."

These require every energy and emphasis; Mr. Ke slurred them over, and collected no effect upon them.

When Othello stabs himself the by-standers look without affording him the slightest assistance; this w most unnatural. We may be told this is not the fault Mr. Kean; but Mr. Kemble always spent as much ti at rehearsal, in marshalling and disciplining the cor dramatique, as in any other occupation. They sure would have done any thing which Mr. Kean direct them to do. Mr. Farren at least would have obeyed hi Cassio should surely show some feeling, and should r have stood by at such a distance, whilst the man w loved him so much was drawing a dagger out of l heart.

Othello appeared more like a Mahratta chief tha native of Africa. Shakspeare says he was *black;* Ke describes him as brown; Iago talks of his "sooty l som;" his father-in-law calls him black; Emilia ca him black: the doge, in the hearing of the senate, ca him black; Othello calls himself black. It is an o thing to see every one calling a brown man black to face. It is an odd thing to see a man with a brown fa ascribing the perfidy of his wife to his black face. Mr. Kean does not adopt the complexion given by Sha peare, we think he might as well retain his own; l we do not see the use of adopting a colour which belo neither to the actor nor the author. We should supp that there was something inconvenient in putting on t black complexion, did we not see that in all the previ representations of Othello, Mr. Pope represented Oth black, though Mr. Kean represents him brown. W was it not inconvenient to Mr. Pope? We appreh that, *at the time* when hostile fleets from the B phorus and Adriatic contended on the seas for the isla in the Levant, it would be no easy matter for the dog find in Europe a copper-coloured captain to whom Magnificoes would be disposed to intrust the comman their armies and gallies with the government of Cyp

The exhibition of an *Indian* commanding the armies of a country which acknowledged the Inquisition, in a war with the Ottomans in the *middle centuries*, is a breach of the unities, only tolerable had it been commanded by Shakspeare himself.

KEAN IN LUKE.

If we were asked to cite a character represented by Mr. Kean, to which we would find it impossible to suggest any thing in the way of correction or improvement, we would instance the character of Luke, in Massinger's revived play of *Rickes; or, the Wife and Brother.* His representation of Luke was both great and *faultless;* his personal disadvantages (and he has personal disadvantages) from the nature of the character were concealed, or not unsuitable; and yet we would rather see him in Macbeth, the least happy of his exertions. Luke gives not scope for the talent of Kean; its representation exhibited an author's dross, stamped with the excellence of an actor's merit. We have no hesitation in saying, that Sir John Burgess Bland Burgess, Bart., could not write, and that Massinger himself never wrote any character in which Kean should condescend to appear.

In Dublin he has appeared *twice* in comedy; first, in one of the worst comedies of the modern school, and next in one of the worst comedies of the ancient school. There is no common measure between such an actor as Kean and such authors as Morton and Massinger. They say Massinger was buried in the same grave with Fletcher; it is, perhaps, the only manner in which he can be classed with any of that school of which Fletcher was a member and an ornament. Massinger was a man of talent, but his talent was not suited to the stage, although he applied it so. He had a talent for heroic, not for *dramatic* writing; he was a *poet*, but not a dramatist; he could have written an excellent *poem;* he never wrote

a good play. He was occasionally very eloquent in h descriptions; but his writings are for the closet, not f the stage.

We are but repeating the opinion of able judges wh we say that his comedies have *no* humour, and his tr gedies *no* propriety. Take an instance: his best traged is "the Bondsman;" take a sample from it of his pr priety as a tragedian. A young Theban is enamour with Cleora, the daughter to the ruler of Syracuse. Th Syracusan chief had marched out of the city, at th head of his army, to meet some invaders. The youn Theban enters Syracuse; he is anxious to give Cleora proof of his undivided love and continence; he excit the slaves to a revolt, and gives them directions to *fle* all the fops of Syracuse, and dishonor all the matron and maidens in the city, except Cleora; in order that h may take merit with the lady for preserving his allegianc to "Diana of the Ephesians," amidst the ordeal of the Sa bine scene of manifold temptation. The chief returns he discovers the author of the revolt; the Syracusan discover the promoter of their disgrace, and when all th is ascertained, this compound character of Joseph an Tarquin, having declared his name and quality, receiv the hand of the lady Cleora, with the united approbatio of the Syracusans and the chief. So much for Massin ger's "propriety" as a tragedian.

His comedies seldom excite a laugh; his tragedie *never* extracted a tear; he excels in the terrible. H was the "Schiller of Elizabeth's time." He had talen to "ope the door of horror;" but he never could excit the milder sympathies.

Gifford, the late editor of his works, is very angry wit Warburton for permitting eight or ten of his manuscrip plays to be burned by the negligence of a servant. I may be a loss to the curious, but it is not any loss to th stage. This "comedy" is below criticism; were it no for the attractions of the actor, no man that ever saw it

once would ever take the trouble to sit it out again. Kean's acting is admirable notwithstanding.

KEAN IN MACBETH.

Mr. Kean in Macbeth changed his habit three times. These dresses were costly, splendid, and unsuitable; the Tartan habit of the Thane of Cawdor was so arranged as to involve its wearer in one of the greatest violations of scenic propriety; in one of the most palpable awkwardnesses that we ever witnessed in any barn, or on any stage.

The dress, we presume, was all connected together; the flesh-coloured legs and arms attached. When Macbeth appeared, after the murder of Duncan, his hands were covered with the blood of his victim; a good part of the scene which follows with Lady Macbeth, is in reference to the propriety and *necessity* of "washing his hands:"—"They should be washed," and "could easily be washed, and should be washed instantly;" and, in fact, after much conversation and injunction about "washing his hands," he is pushed off the stage by Lady Macbeth, for the very purpose of "washing his hands;" and yet Mr. Kean makes his appearance again, *with his hands as bloody as they were before.* Had Ross or Macduff looked at his hands, it would be impossible for them to have a doubt that Macbeth was the murderer; for what purpose did Shakspeare send him off the stage but to change his bloody appearance, so as to confound the speculation of the courtiers. Kean proceeds in his endeavour to confound speculation by covering his dress in a night gown; but yet he retains the chief and undeniable evidence, namely, the evidence of his hands being covered with blood.

Kemble never fell into an awkwardness of this kind; the cause of it was, that Mr. Kean had not time to extricate himself from the dress he wore, which would be necessary before he could appear with "clean hands,"

because the flesh-coloured arms were attached to the dress. But here the question again recurs, that was the cause, but no excuse for the awkwardness; for why did Mr. Kean wear a dress that must subject him to such an obvious embarrassment? We supposed, at first, that this might have been what is vulgarly called "an oversight," a thing overlooked, and therefore we did not mention it on the first representation; but when we see Mr. Kean repeating the awkwardness, we cannot help telling him, that we never saw any thing in the arrangement of costume so highly objectionable.

The huge cloak in which he dressed the character of "King Macbeth" was, from its magnitude, entirely disproportioned to the slenderness of his figure, and the humility of his statue; and the great helmet in which he was accoutred for the battle, must, by "its weight, have galled his laden brows," and by its height it appeared almost as tall as himself. When dress is, by its magnitude, disproportionate to the figure of the wearer, it imposes additional disadvantage to the eye. Poucet looks smaller in the boots of the Ogre, and Tom Thumb looks lower under the helmet of Huncamunca. If you wish to make a small man less to the eye, you have only to place a tall hat upon his head.

A man in the situation of Mr. Kean, should be more attentive to pronunciation; he should be at least *decided* on the pronunciation of his words. He said Emen; and in a moment after, when the word recurred, he pronounced the word Amen. He should have made a choice between the English and Scotch manner; and he should adhere to his selection. He said,

"The acter who frets and struts his *hours* upon the stage."

He should have said, "his hour;" the incorrectness alters the sense materially. He said,

"*Restores* the ingredients of *our* poisoned chalice."

Why should he say *our*? Shakspeare said not so; *Shaks*peare never meant that every man held in his hand

this poisoned chalice. Why did he say *restores*? why did he not say *commends*? Why did he pronounce "gouts" as if *gouuts*? He should have said *gowts*; it was always called *gowts* before Mr. Kean; but, perhaps, Mr. Kean thinks that this word is derived from the French word *goute*, meaning a drop; and, therefore, he Frenchifies the pronounciation. In this he certainly has the authority of all the commentators, who derive the word from the Latin *gutta*, or the French *goute*, and define the word as meaning a *drop*. We, however, have had an opportunity of finding an authority which cannot be questioned, and which possibly did not lie in the way of the learned commentators. The word *gouts* does not mean *drops*, but *guttars*, *channels*, *streams*, or *streamlets*; and for this interpretation we have the highest possible authority—*a record*—a record of *parliament*; a statute of the *Irish* parliament in the reign of Henry the Seventh, enacting certain legislative provisions respecting the gouts or *channels* of *Patrick's Cathedral*. This authority is unquestionable as to the *meaning* of the word; and the idea of streams of blood along the dagger is a much finer conception than the usual and erroneous interpretation of *drops* of blood on the dagger. The word, therefore, cannot be derive from *goute*, meaning a *drop*, and therefore ought not to be pronounced in Frenchified analogy to that erroneous derivation. Mr. Kean innovated on all former pronunciation, and having innovated, he has happened to go wrong. One advantage, however, he has gained; he may tell Mr. Morton and Sir John Burgess Bland Burgess, Baronet, and all the jimcrack playwrights in England, that he has learned in Ireland the meaning of a word in Shakspeare on an unanswerable Irish authority, which all the crowd of British commentators have been for so many centuries industrious in perverting and unanimous in mistaking.*

* A learned gentleman, of considerable professional and classical erudition, nas made the above satisfactory communication.—[The late *John North*, Esq., M.P.]

We have not at present time for further observation than merely to say, that it is not true, as has been stated, that Mr. Kean went through this character with the applause of the audience; we never saw any actor of any rank go through the character with so little applause as Mr. Kean in these two representations. During the last representation, which was an improvement on the former, there was no burst of applause but *once*. The Dublin audience have *twice* pronounced against the Macbeth of Mr. Kean; to say otherwise is not true; to tell Mr. Kean otherwise is rank flattery. We shall hereafter give our reasons, why we think that the Dublin audience are perfectly right in the emphatic sedateness with which they received Kean's Macbeth.

KEAN IN ZANGA, 1815.

There is no passion which Mr. Kea n depicts with more force and truth than that of jealousy. Much of his Zanga is excellent; much of it not so. During the first half of the play the attention of the audience was unfixed; during the latter half it was riveted on him in admiration.

When a person is asked for an opinion on this actor, the question means, or ought to mean, how is his acting in reference to Kemble, or C. Young, or any of the leaders of the profession. The question is, how far does he deserve half the profits of crowded houses; or if you will reject comparison, the question is the excellence, not the mere goodness of his representations.

The defect of his Zanga is a want of dignity. It exhibits the highly coloured portrait of an infernal spirit prowling around a little Paradise, gloating on vengeance, and glorying in its success.

It appears to us that the Zanga of Dr. Young is by no means so dark as Mr. Kean would represent him. Even in the tempest of his revenge, he says to his enemy,

> "——— Be it one part of vengeance
> To make even thou confess that I am just."

His revenge is created and conducted throughout on a principle; a very false principle; but still a principle of savage justice.

> "What is revenge, but courage to call in
> Our honour's debts, and wisdom to convert
> Others self-love into our own protection?"

Besides, there is about him much of the pride of fallen greatness.

> "Thou see'st a prince, whose father thou hast slain."

In his soliloquy he is continually referring to what his father was. Mr. Kean depicts him as a spirit; the essence of malignity; but the author tells us that the revenge of Zanga, like the sting of the bee, is deposited in the wound which it inflicts, and expires in the very moment of its gratification. There is in this idea something more mixed, less vile, less odious, more chastened, than mere malignity and vulgar vengeance.

This refers to the conception of the character, and we would extend the same observation to the execution of the part by Mr. Kean.

Kemble comported himself through this piece in all the tragic dignity of the buskin. In colloquy he was

> "Like a great sea in a calm,"

In soliloquy he was

> "Like a great sea in a storm."

His contemplations and resolves were deep, solemn, measured, and decisive. Mr. Kean appears to us to bustle and jump about the stage in a manner not quite consistent with the sombre gravity of the gloomy Moor. With this correction, the last three acts of his Zanga might well be considered faultless.

KEMBLE IN JULIUS CÆSAR IN 1815.

It is one of the advantages of the French above the British theatre, that in France there is a greater diffusion of theatrical merit through the mass of the company. The lowest actors on the French stage, in what actors consider as the most worthless characters, are sometimes excellent, often good, and always tolerable.

In these countries a company has been generally constituted by one, two, or at most, three excellent leaders, a few tolerable supporters, and a motley group of miserable supernumeraries. Kemble, in this respect, has improved the stage. The Roman mob in *Julius Cæsar* was the best performance of the kind that we ever witnessed on the boards. In classic plays of this description the general effect is much assisted by the movements of the supernumeraries. These plays are the "scenic pictures," not merely of the words and actions of great men, but the manners and customs of an extraordinary people. The groups introduced by the poet in these dramas are the picturesque and drapery of the representation, assisting and relieving the leading figures; and, therefore, it becomes suitable, and perhaps necessary, to throw some animation into the back ground. The supernumeraries individually, *en suite*, or *en groupe*, are, in truth, the living scenery of the play.

We said that this department of representation had been much neglected in these countries, and, perhaps, more in Dublin than in any other metropolitan theatre of these countries. We say, Kemble has made some advance in the remedy; and, indeed, the remedy was always in some respect dependent on the interference, and suggestion, and instruction of the chief actor, assisted, as no doubt it must be, by a certain docility and cooperation on the part of the company. It is wonderful how much supernumeraries have been improved in

his respect, during the present theatrical season; and we are sure that the persons concerned must feel their situation on the stage during the play considerably relieved by that portion of scenic business which Kemble has so judiciously allotted to them, and which, beyond all doubt, Shakspeare intended that they should fulfil. It was not less painful to the actors themselves, than it certainly was to the spectators, to be subject to the awkardness of being brought upon a stage with little to say, and nothing to do.

Mr. Farren, jun., and Mr. Johnson shewed their good sense, by accepting characters in the Roman mob. A good actor will always give value to any character to which he bends his consideration and exertion. Actors, and more particularly actresses, entertain a very general and ill-founded opinion, that their character will sink by that which they are pleased to consider a low part. Shakspeare never wrote a character through which theatrical merit could not makes its way to applause. Actors measure the value of a character often by its length; this is absolute nonsense; is there no such thing as a scope for the actor, even when the poet has given him nothing to say?—is there no such thing as *silent* acting? We beg leave to say, that the acting necessary for a judicious *listener* is a stronger evidence of theatrical merit, and a more difficult task, than the acting of him to whom the poet allots dialogue or soliloquy. *A boy* may spout a speech with propriety, but it requires *a man*, aye, and a sensible man too, to listen to that speech and exhibit those emotions, those mental operations and transitions which it is intended to excite on those who hear it.

Mr. Farren, in the Roman mob conductor, had little or nothing to say, and yet we never can admire him more in any character than we did when he exhibited the stupid attention that struggles to think, displaying the unsteady character of an ignorant man, changing his opinion as the rostrum changed its orator; now shouting with *Brutus* for Rome and liberty, and anon with *An-*

tony for gratitude and *Cæsar;* proving that before the invention of the press there was no stability in public opinion; that the commonweal was the property of every powerful or eloquent villain, and that the patriot must be the victim of the very people whom he struggled to emancipate.

KEMBLE IN CATO.

THERE is no walk of the drama in which an attention to costume is so requisite as in those plays which propose to represent some of the leading incidents of our classic studies. A greater attention, in this respect, was manifested in the representation of Julius Cæsar than in the previous representation of Cato. Cato has neither the incident, the variety, nor the pathos which properly belong to the exertion of a dramatist; but we differ entirely with those critics who maintain that it is divested of interest.

Certainly, it is rather a poem than a play; it is, in truth, a poem in dialogue, but by the power of association it has the means of renewing the impressions of our purest and earliest studies, and in this manner it is capable of creating interest, and perhaps emotion; but for this purpose, it is absolutely necessary that such classic plays as Cato, Coriolanus, and Julius Cæsar, should constitute a display, not only of the sentiments, but the manner and costume of ancient Rome.

With the exception of the dress of Kemble, few of the dresses in Cato, at its last representation, appeared to us suitable to rule. The Roman characters were all dressed differently, but it was the peculiarity of the Roman people, that no nation ever observed such an uniformity of dress.

The Roman characters, as lately represented on our stage in the play of Cato, exhibited almost every colour of the rainbow, and every fashion of every age and nation; but the Roman people were a nation in regimental;

the fashion of that regimental was the toga and tunic, or the gown and vest, and the colour of that regimental was white. We speak of the *civic* dress. The senators were all dressed contrary to rule—*red* robes instead of *white;* and yet it could not be a matter of much expense to array them all in white serge. We are sure that Mr. Kemble is of this opinion. The senate at Utica should have been dressed, and might have been cheaply dressed, in uniform with Cato himself.

Kemble's dress was the picture of accuracy in every respect except one. He did not at all adopt the laticlave which was the distinguishing insignia of the noble Roman. The dress of a noble Roman, though grand, was simple. It was the toga or robe which the dress of Kemble accurately represented. When the toga was thrown off, which was generally done *in the house*, the Roman then appeared in his tunic. This was a close dress something like a modern shirt, reaching in front a little below the knees, and descending behind to the calves of the legs. Kemble exhibited this dress in his last scenes of Cato, but we could not distinguish anything which resembled the laticlave. The laticlave was a broad double stripe of purple, covering a part of the breast of the tunic. A poor Roman wore the tunic alone; a wealthy Roman the tunic and toga; and a noble Roman the tunic, toga, and laticlave.

We were glad to observe the improvement in costume adopted in Julius Cæsar; the slaves were all uniform—their dress the Roman tunic, and the colours of that nation, white and purple.

These things should be closely attended to. The neighbourhood of a university to our theatre is one among many causes which makes our audience peculiarly classical, critical, and discriminating.

We have not remembered any circumstance which has created more difference of opinion, or more excited the ingenuity of criticism, than Kemble's manner of deliver-

ing the following lines, which Shakspeare puts in the mouth of Brutus:

> "It is the bright sun that brings forth the adder,
> And that craves wary walking."

Kemble pronounces the word "that," in the last line, without any emphasis; all his predecessors and cotemporaries on the stage marked it with a strong one.

If the word "that" (as some contend) refers to "adder," Kemble is wrong. If, as others contend, it refers to the whole clause aforegoing, namely, the coming forth of the adder, Kemble would be wrong again. If, as a third class contend, the metaphor ends at the word "adder," and the second line is not coupled, in sense, with the first at all, and the word "that" bears reference to a long course of previous reasoning, and refers to the circumspection which ought to be used, not by persons walking under the apprehension of adders, but by the conspirators in the present business before them: if any of these three interpretations be right, then there is no doubt that Kemble's new reading is wrong, and the word "that" should be pronounced with a strong emphasis. We adopt the pronunciation of Kemble.

The question is, how should these lines be read? Should the word "that," in the last line, be pronounced with or without an emphasis? The practice of the theatre is one way, the authority of Kemble another. Kemble pronounces the word "that" without an emphasis, and all actors before him marked it with a strong one.

KEMBLE IN CORIOLANUS.

Coriolanus is one of those characters which is perfectly fitted to Mr. Kemble; the majesty of his deportment, the gracefulness of his manner, the imposing appearance of his figure, all combine in forming the perfect, proud, and noble Roman.

We think Coriolanus a character for which few, very

few indeed, are adapted, and one that would lose much of its interest in any other hands: so closely do we consider the popularity of this play connected with Mr. Kemble, that although he might survive that popularity, we think it could not outlive him.

We are aware that it is often a matter of much difficulty to crowd into a play the strength of a company; each actor and actress have their own "line of parts," and strongly resist all attempts to diminish their reputation, as they call it, by casting them in a part out of their line. Hence it happens that the introduction of *the great actor* at the head of the *dramatis personæ*, causes a general dislocation of the cast, every one is moved a step below the usual gradation, and all being anxious to avoid trouble, endeavour to be out of the piece, and the exertions of Kemble or Kean are left to be supported by the supernumeraries of the theatre. This is bad treatment to the audience, for the piece is not filled as well as it might be.

There appeared in the cast of the last play a judicious exertion to remedy this deficiency, and there appeared a disposition on the part of the company to incur trouble, and move occasionally out of their line, in order to assist the general effect: an exertion of this kind on the part of an individual, is never lost to the observation of a discerning audience.

The truth is that no actor or actress should ever decline an opportunity of playing with Kemble. There must be a value in his instructions at a rehearsal; there must be a spring of emulation excited in those who play with him in the same piece; there must be a habit of accuracy and attention created by moving so near the inspection of so great a master. The best proof of Kemble's excellence in this character is, that the public tolerates with so much patience the sovereign contempt with which the poet in this piece vilifies and degrades the character of the people.

If we except the merit of the representation, there is

little in Coriolanus to fix our esteem. A slave to his mother, a tyrant to his countrymen, a rebel to the land in which he was born, and a traitor to that by which he was adopted, affecting modesty, and affecting divinity, he repays himself for his services by his pride; whilst he is assuming bashfulness, he is ever talking of wounds; and gasconading in the same breath about his transcendant contempt for praise and danger. The talent of Kemble holds this character on the stage; and we sincerely hope that the original will not survive his representation.

We believe this play was a state artifice to discredit the importance of the Puritans at the time when the patriotic exertions of that class were raising to its political rank the growing consequence of the third estate, at the beginning of the reign of James I. It was written in the last years of Shakspeare, when he was basking in the sunshine of court favor, and was manager of the Theatre Royal. It was the last, or among the last efforts of the poet, being produced about the 6th year of James I., when the popular spirit, which burst forth with so much fury in the following reign, was making its first struggles with prerogative, and the governmental system of repression was exerting itself with every possible energy. We therefore are persuaded (although it has not been remarked by any of the commentators) that the play of Coriolanus was a state artifice of James I. to resist the popular feeling of that day. Shakspeare had previously got into the habit of writing in a courtly strain. A few years before, he wrote Henry the Eighth, to gratify Elizabeth; and, in its subsequent representations, a new speech was introduced to flatter James.

This sketch may account for the particular severity with which the people are treated in this production.

KEMBLE IN KING LEAR.

Mr. Kemble as King Lear exceeded any thing we have ever witnessed on the stage.

We feel ourselves inadequate to the task of conveying any idea of this noble piece of acting, which would not fall far short of the merits of this distinguished performer; so exquisite, so noble, so true to nature from the first to the last, that to point to any particular passage would be unjust in us, so perfect was all.

We are convinced that there was not in the house one person possessed of the slightest feeling, that did not from their hearts sympathize in the heart-stricken affliction of the good old king.

In this, as in all such characters, where greatness and majesty are to be pourtrayed, whether rising with the towering grandeur and pride of victory, or sinking beneath accumulated misery, Mr. Kemble, as he has been, so he is likely to remain without a rival.

WARDE IN JULIUS CÆSAR.

THE representation of Julius Cæsar and of Coriolanus is connected with considerations not merely of taste, but of politics. The object of the author is manifestly to place a cap and bells on *le souverain peuple;* to depreciate the value of popular opinion; to discredit the exercise of popular franchise, and exaggerate the instances of popular inconstancy; to paint sovereigns as more, and subjects as less, than men; and by approximating Cæsar to a god, and Coriolanus to a demi-god, to sustain the prejudices, and promote the views of the advocates of divine right, and the favourers of aristocracy. Whilst

we, therefore, admire the numerous beauties with which these two splendid productions abound, let us receive with a due corrective, that pungent sarcasm by which they asperse the people; let us observe that these two plays were written, when the author had become a manager of the court theatre; and the first of the Stuarts had ascended the throne; when the spirit of the Puritans, and importance of the third estate, were just disengaging from the late trammels of the Tudor dynasty, and it became the interests of a prerogative court to throw discredit on the struggles of the emerging commons. The theatre at that time was a principal organ of public opinion; Shakspeare became a manager about the period when James the First became King of Great Britain. In the fourth year of that reign, Julius Cæsar appeared, and in the sixth Coriolanus. The great poet, towards the close of his career, bent the energies of his high genius to the mean views of a bad king; it became the object of the court to ridicule the people, and the people, even the Roman people, were ridiculed accordingly.

With this deduction there is little else to "season our admiration" of these two grand productions. Of Julius Cæsar, the beauties are beyond number and imitation; the two speeches over the body of Cæsar are the best pieces of oratory in the English language; it has been said with truth, that the first seems unanswerable, until the second comes in to overthrow it; nor can there be a finer scene of resentment and reconciliation, than that between Brutus and Cassius. We regard Mr. Warde as an actor of first rate merit, possessing qualifications which authorize us to number him among the candidates to aspire to the vacant throne of Kemble; for Kemble, in his day, was the monarch of the stage; the Roman characters of Cato, Coriolanus, and Brutus he had made peculiarly his own. We apprehend that Mr. Warde had not the advantage of observing that *great* master of his art in the last of these three cha-

racters. If he had, we believe his discriminating taste would have satisfied him of the impropriety of giving any of the replies of Brutus to the irascible Cassius, in that high tone, with which Mr. Warde retorted upon Cassius; it was the object of Shakspeare to contrast two great men, both honest, and each feeling injured by the other, and to shew the ascendancy of calmness over passion. Brutus was a Stoic, and it was the pride of that school to regard anger as a short madness; to view the ebullition of passion with contempt, and to subjugate even their most virtuous emotions to the control of a stern wisdom. Besides, it appears, by the conclusion of the dialogue, that at its commencement Brutus had been informed of the sudden death of his beloved Portia, and the frightful circumstances which attended it; his emotions, therefore, where they might be deemed naturally obtruding, must still have been under the control of a sedate and heart-striking domestic calamity. In this view Kemble regarded the enunciation of Brutus in this remarkable dialogue; his delivery of "away slight man," was a sample of the calm sarcasm with which he comported himself through most of the scene; and if Mr. Warde, or any person, read the dialogue *twice*, first reading the part of Brutus in a high, and secondly in a calm, but feeling tone, we are persuaded that he will adopt the reading of Kemble as the suggestion of nature.

WARDE IN OTHELLO.

Othello is written in a great measure according to dramatic rule. The infraction of rule respecting the unity of place, in the transition from Venice to Cyprus, between the first and second acts, is one of the very few objections to which this piece is liable; and if the death of Desdemona were differently arranged, and the curtain rose on the island of Cyprus, giving the first act in retrospective narrative, Othello would be a play nearly as correct as the Cato of Addison, that model of propriety.

This play is not only important as the best play of Shakspeare, and best reply to his detractor; it holds equal eminence upon the stage. In the actor's, as well as author's eye, Othello ranks the highest in the drama. It is the first exertion of the tragedian; the highest test of a great actor. In other characters it was said of Betterton, that he excelled all his cotemporaries; but in Othello he excelled himself. There is no situation on the stage which affords so much scope to the exertions of an actor who aspires to lead in his profession. In spite of the disadvantages imposed on the actor by the complexion of Othello, the character has more natural beauties than the actor can find in all the range of the drama to animate his powers and engage his judgment.

Every actor pretending to first-rate characters, and translated to a new audience, should place this amongst his first representations. Indeed it ought to be a first introduction; for in *it* success constitutes a high recommendation. If the actor have the talent for the station to which he aspires, no situation on the stage can so well develope them. The man who fails in Othello may yet succeed on the stage, but he who succeeds in Othello cannot fail.

In our opinion Mr. Warde has been successful in his representation of this character. We do not say that the part imposes most difficulty, but that it affords most scope to the actor, and therefore is a proper vehicle for the introduction of an aspirant to the first walk in the profession; but independent of this general reason it was a judicious selection of Mr. Warde. His voice, though not without melody, has more strength than melody; though not without sweetness, is more manly than sweet; and although one of the best voices for a tragedian on the stage, is better suited to the strong emotions of rage and jealousy than the expression of the softer passions.

Mr. Warde played to a thin house: to the credit of him and those who played with him, whatever be the va-

lue of their exertion, we believe they could not have played better to the best possible audience. This is right, although unusual. When an actor slurs over his part he evidently proves his ignorance of his profession. An old stager once wisely said to a junior: "make it a rule never to walk through your part, for you never can be sure but there may be some one in the house who never saw you before, and may never again, whose opinion might operate on your reputation or advancement, and who, forming that opinion from your single inert representation, may, indeed must, impute the effects of your listlessness to the defects of your talents."

But why was the house so thin when the play was surrounded with so much recommendation? When Mr. Warde's talents are better known, and the indelicacies of this play are made less prominent in the representation, the house will be better attended on occasions when it may be acted. When the author puts an indelicate expression in the way of the actor; if he cannot suppress it he may slur it; he may diminish the distinctness of the revolting word; he need not dwell upon; call forth the energy of his articulation; make it a point for an emphasis; a crutch for an effort; and lend his talents to the unworthy purpose, that no female in the house shall have a pretence for not hearing or an excuse for misunderstanding him. Can it be his object to place the feelings of that part of his audience in a painful difficulty? can it be his purpose to prolong that pain? what compensation does he look for or acquire? the loud laugh from *one* of the galleries, exulting in the victory over the confounded delicacy of the sex that requires and deserves protection. Such an actor deserves such an audience. Can an actor expect that a gentleman will bring his wife or sisters, daughters or children, to a representation where men exert their talents to distress and confound? We were truly grateful to Mr. Warde for the considerate ingenuity of voice and manner with which he baffled and softened the effect of whatever was calculated in this way

to offend. It is easily done where a man wishes to do it; and no man, even in the upper gallery, will blame the actor that acts so.

Mr. Warde has corrected one capital error of Kean in this character; Kean exhibited symptoms of jealous uneasiness from the very moment in which he asked, "was not that Cassio parted from my wife," and during the subsequent dialogue in which Desdemona petitions for Cassio. Mr. Warde with more propriety represents the difficulty of Othello in this dialogue as a mere conflict between love and duty; he had dismissed Cassio the night before; "never more be officer of mine;" Desdemona was petitioning for his restoration; an unworthy subgovernor was likely to be imposed on him through the credulity of Desdemona believing his story and the friendship of Iago suppressing his fault; he had appeased the Cyprians by his dismissal, and must irritate them more by the restoration; he must recal his own command or refuse Desdemona's first request. It is clear that Shakspeare intended this as a conflict between love and duty. Kean made it a conflict between love and jealousy. Kean, by so doing, made Othello a suspecting character and a dissembler, whereas Iago describes him as open and unsuspecting. Kean planted jealousy in the heart of Othello, instead of deriving it from the tongue of Iago. Kean painted the jealousy of Othello as a creeping, accumulating thing, slowly engendering in the mind of the Moor. Mr. Warde, with more truth, represented it as coming from Iago with the suddenness of a stroke of thunder. Kean lost one fine transition; the transition arising from the perplexity which grows out of an apprehension of Cassio's official unworthiness, to the instant horror which dispels that perplexity, and darts on his thoughts the unworthiness of Desdemona. This improvement of Mr. Warde is the correction of a judicious mind.

The character of Emilia, though subordinate, is important; it has more *silent acting* than any other character on the stage. The silent unhappiness of a wife, unjustly

suspected, struggling to conciliate the lost attachment of a wayward husband and a wicked man; impelled by duty or terror to conceal his conduct, and distracted between the obligation resulting from her allegiance to her husband and her knowledge of his crimes; but above all her habitual disinclination to construe any thing against her husband until his own avowal makes further disbelief impossible. These traits render Emilia a difficult character to represent with justness, although a subordinate one. It is the only subordinate character in which we would ever wish to see Mrs. Yeates.

WARDE AND GREENE IN THE PROVOKED HUSBAND.

Since the first introduction of this play it has held uninterrupted possession of the stage; we hope it will long continue to do so. We believe for the last hundred years its representation has never been omitted for a season, when the strength of the company at all permitted. The duty of the theatre, the interests of the public, require that in every season it should be represented, and if well acted, repeated. No play better bears a repetition; no play better fulfils the proper purpose of the drama, "delectando pariterque monendo;" no play calls better into action the serio and comic strength of a company, or is more pregnant with amusement and morality. It is the legitimate production of the comic muse—the laughing reprover of the vices of the day. This entertaining and useful piece was the joint production of Colley Cibber and Sir John Vanbrugh. Its title distinguishes as well as expresses the double source of its production. "The journey to London, or the adventures of a country family," was written by Sir John, and the rest by Colley Cibber. The production of this play marks the era which reformed the licentiousness of dramatic representation. The works of Vanbrugh, Congreve, and the dramatic writers of the time, although teeming with wit, were tainted with li-

centiousness. They seemed rather to belong to the reign just gone by, than the more sober manners which followed the revolution. The dramatic writers of the day, unconscious of the improved morality of the times, persevered, and increased their licentiousness of style; till the indecencies of representation became quite offensive, and the women of England, with Queen Mary at their head, resolved that the stage should reform, or they would abandon it.

The king supported the queen, and although a professed patron of the stage, to which he and the revolution were much indebted; and although he had granted a patent for a second theatre, yet he cordially joined in the general disapprobation of the dramatic writers, and mitigated the punishment of Jeremy Collier, for some political offence, who had distinguished himself by his writings against this licentiousness. Congreve, Vanbrugh, and others, for some time maintained a furious conflict with Collier on the subject: the contest lasted for some years. The law was at length called into action, and Betterton, the precursor and superior of Garrick, and Mrs. Bracegirdle, the ornament of her profession and her sex, were both indicted and tried, found guilty and fined, for giving utterance on the stage to some expressions of these authors. The dramatic writers were at last put down. The previous habit of depicting vice in recommendatory colours was renounced; the principle of union between the moral and the amusing was established or rather restored. The dramatic writers were obliged to recant, and with respect to a chief offender, Sir John Vanbrugh, the play of the Provoked Husband was the product and evidence of that recantation, as its prologue declares—

> "This play took place from principles of truth,
> To make amends for errors past of youth;
> At length he owned that plays should let you see
> Not only what you are, but ought to be."

Thus, the revolution of the state was nearly contemporaneous with the reformation of the stage, and this play, the first product of that reformation which brought women back to the play-house, has since maintained its place upon the stage, and expresses and perpetuates the compact then settled between public amusement and public morals.

This was, therefore, a proper play to represent, and as its characters were filled, we hope it will be repeated. No exhibition affords more amusement; no sermon more effective instruction and improvement.

There is one fault in an actor which we never will excuse. Whether he plays well or ill, let his part

"Live in his memory."

Let him be perfect in it; let there be no waiting for the prompt, or looking for the prompter. If there be, the whole machine of acting is deranged. The illusion dissolves into thin air.

An actor's must be a life of labour. He should walk, as report says Johnson* does, with his book in his pocket, and sleep with it under his head.

It has been said, with truth, that the ladies were more perfect than the gentlemen. The male performers are, however, expunging this reproach. The family of the Wrongheads was well represented; the whole picture good. Really Miss Booth is a most amusing hoyden. The by-play of herself and (Johnson) her Tony brother, would make the grave laugh and the cynic smile.—But the very merit of by-play has its limits; it never should be in action when the characters in front are saying anything, which, for the understanding of the plot, it is necessary for the house to hear, because it takes off the attention of the house from the author. The by-play should be always short, should be momentary, like the brief trick of the mischievous school boy, when he feels released from the eye of the pedagogue and yet expects its immediate return; by-play of this kind may,

* The admirable comedian of the Dublin stage.

with discretion, be used at any time, but it never should be much lengthened, except when the dialogue in front is heavy or unimportant.

Did not that excellent actor, Fullam, rather overdo the thing, when he, with the rest of the company, drew his chair and sat down in the drawing-room of Lord Townly? John Moody was the butler to a baronet, but there are limits even to folly, and if the foolish butler of a foolish baronet knew anything at all, it would be that he should not sit down with a lady in a drawing-room. But for what John Moody ought to be there certainly is no better authority than Fullam himself.

By the bye, in that very scene Mr. Manly took rather an awkward situation. Lord Townly and Lady Grace sat on his right hand, and John Moody on his left; it was his duty to turn obliquely and attend to the long story of John Moody, but he placed his chair so near the orchestra, that he could not turn his face to John without turning his back on Lady Grace. He should have sat more back than any of the others, and then he could have attended to John's story, and have the lady at the same time under the command of his eye. In fact, it was the object of Mr. Manly to amuse Lady Grace, and, therefore, he should have taken a position in which he might at the same time look towards John and observe the effect of his drollery on her ladyship: a lover would certainly keep his mistress in his eye, and Mr. Manly was the lover of Lady Grace. In the word com*pens*ate, Mr. Green should fix the emphasis on the middle syllable. He played the character on short notice, and does not require any apology for his manner of acting the part; he played it well, and will play it better when he throws more gravity into it. Manly is grave, cynical, and observant, so grave as to be the adviser of the didactic and sententious Lord Townly. The Lord Townly of Mr. Warde has much merit; we hope we may have an opportunity of seeing him in it again. He has the most distinct articulation of any man we ever heard speak. No man *is more* retentive of his author nor more faithful of him.

JOHNSON IN TONY LUMPKIN.

On Friday night was performed the comedy of She Stoops to Conquer. Had Goldsmith written nothing except this comedy his name would live as long as the stage. Dr. Johnson said that Goldsmith was ignorant of the world. This production is a manifest contradiction to that assertion. Its representation has produced much good effect, and, together with Roderick Random, has greatly contributed to destroy, by its satire, that worthless race of low-bred, drunken, boyish, foolish squirarchy that disgraced the character of the British country gentry during the reign of George the Second, and whose vices and follies are so justly exposed in the character of Tony Lumpkin, and the acting of Johnson.

This comedy, together with the tragedy of Douglas, have been too much hacknied in the representation, because, from the small number of characters necessary to "get them up," they are the usual resort of every weak company, and the stock piece of every strolling theatre; therefore, notwithstanding their merit, their triteness is an objection to them. They absolutely require a certain portion of disuse to let their familiarity fade on the public memory, and to give their representation some of the freshness of novelty.

It might, therefore, have been better had this agreeable little comedy not been repeated at so short an interval: indeed we would advise that it should be left to grow fallow for a season, and that it should never be repeated more than twice, if repeated at all, and even then at the widest interval which the duration of the season could conveniently afford.

Johnson will always be popular as Tony.

CLARA FISHER, 1823.

THE first impression created by her acting, on the mind of a reflecting observer, tends to depreciate the value of all theatrical merit, when so much excellence in the art and the opposite walks of it, can be exhibited even by a child.

In all the variety of dramatic character of either sex, of every age, or any condition, the acting of Clara Fisher seems to be upon a par, in every particular instance, with actor or actress most excelling in that particular walk or character, with, however, this difference, that her representation is considerably more agreeable from the very novelty of the exhibition, the versatility of her transition to the most opposite characters, and the great moral curiosity of her own. To rant a speech, or to speak it well; to exhibit a character in a tragedy, a leading one, and many of them; such exhibitions have, by early culture, been often brought within the comprehension and execution of a child; but knowledge of life, and closeness of observation, as well as powers of humour and dramatic talent, have hitherto been regarded as necessary to those who would excel in those mixed characters of comedy by which the drama reflects the passing world, and the comic author "shoots folly as it flies." Yet in comedy, opera, and farce, Clara Fisher ranks with the oldest and the best. In the Actress of all Works she represents a clownish child, a fantastic grandam, a London actress, a literary fop, and a Parisian dancer, with apparently a general and diversified knowledge of all the variety and curiosity of these several characters.

We said that this extraordinary exhibition tends, at first view, to depreciate our value of the histrionic art; but further reflection corrects that opinion, and leads us only to admire, in Clara Fisher, the extraordinary talents with which an individual may be gifted, and the early

period at which they may be developed; in fact, the wonders that may be effected by young talent with early culture.

The exhibitions of the characters represented at the theatre by Clara Fisher, that wonderful child, continue to astonish and delight the public. It is no matter as to any difference of opinion existing respecting her precise age; all such difference is lost in the surprising disproportion of her execution, to that which could be expected from any age that could possibly be assigned to her. As to criticism, what can it do with her? she is inaccessible to it; for if it be said that she does not play this or that character so well as it might have been played, or we have seen it represented by others, still the observation must always arise—let it be remembered that this is a child. We by no means say, that her acting requires to be protected by such a consideration; but still it is certain that she is so protected: it is therefore that we call her inaccessible to criticism. But there is one ground, on which it is allowable to suggest what we would consider an improvement, respecting the management of the little actress. Nature has placed sufficient disproportion between her youth and many of the characters which she represents: why should that disproportion be increased by art; why unnecessarily exaggerated? There is an entire range of characters in the drama, natural and proportionate to the age and appearance of Miss Fisher: there is another tier of characters, which, although not having the same proportion to these considerations, are yet by no means unsuitable to her years and powers; and in which the very circumstance of such disproportion but increases the more the admiration of the audience. It must, however, be allowed that this line of parts, in such a representative, is a transgression of rule; and although the transcendant abilities of this extraordinary child destroy this objection, and vindicate the irregularity, yet it has limits, beyond which it cannot be pushed, and within which this transgression must be circumscribed.

The illusion of the theatre should never be violated without cause; the audience will bear its violation so far as the necessity of the case justifies it, and no farther; they will endure, and may admire, a little girl playing *Prince Arthur*, but not *King John*. We should not be now surprised if this fine child were announced for *Sir John Falstaff*. We think this would be less unsuitable to her than some others which she has represented. Ease and grace are amongst some of her most prominent traits; "in form and movement express and admirable;" in action and apprehension a superior creature; an example of the wonders which education can effect, and an honor to the sex to which she belongs. It is a pity, and therefore can give pleasure to no one, to see a highly gifted being like this harassed unnecessarily, or burlesqued or caricatured by her own talents; it is a pity that exertions so rare should not be placed in lights the most advantageous; that a glass so well formed to reflect the beauties, should be charged with the representation of the most revolting characters of the drama. The bravo's mustachio, the old man's wig, the paunch of Falstaff, the hunch back of Gloster, the sabre, helmit, and coat of mail, are not of the costume of Clara Fisher. Why should her managers make her travestie herself? the cast of her characters should be in reference to her own character; her large stock of means to instruct and amuse should be in no respect mismanaged, for they deserve the best management.

SPRAY, 1823.

DOCTOR SPRAY is the benefactor of every one who hears him: he leads, and leads at a great distance, the resident school of music in this country. In this respect he has

neither rival nor competitor; and his acknowledged superiority is cheerfully conceded by that body of which he is the ornament and example. There is one circumstance characteristic of this great singer, in respect to which it is much to be desired that his example were more influential; he always sings *within* the compass of his voice; to give richness to melody it must be so united. Such sweet, and full, and deep-toned melody as his, can only be produced where the powers of the individual are preserved at his command, by being circumscribed within the compass of their extreme exertion. The singer's ease is essential to the modulation of song; but few are conscious, or have a right to be conscious, that they can afford, like Spray, to spare their powers. This extenuation of effort does not diminish the real value of the musical exertion, it only avoids weakening it by extending it: the value is not diminished, it is only condensed. This observation applies to all the singing of Spray; this excellence is peculiarly his; and being the result of judgment and good taste, it may be acquired by every singer, in proportion to his powers. The value of this rule and example of this master have not been lost on Smith, his pupil and associate; and in the duet of "*Here shall soft Charity*," the united effort of master and pupil afforded a fine specimen of this improved style, and conveyed, in the mild excellence of its execution, the strongest censure upon that shouting system, that orchestra clamour of song, which drowns sweet melody in tumult and noise, and is well described by the French as *à crier à plein gozier, et de toutes leurs forces.*

MACREADY IN RICHARD AND VIRGINIUS.

MR. MACREADY has appeared in two characters, one from the ancient and the other from the modern drama;

Richard the Third, and Virginius. This gentleman had not been for some years on our boards. He introduced himself in the character of Richard. He has acquired much reputation in England. It is easier to acquire than to maintain reputation. The first exertion should have been the best. He chose Richard in preference to Virginius; and the preference was not judicious, for he is an excellent Virginius.

It is not difficult to explain why in the part of Richard an eminent actor may fall short of excellence. This is one of the most celebrated plays of Shakspeare; but why, it may be asked, is it so celebrated? Johnson and all the best critics admit that its merits bear but a small proportion to the great celebrity that has pursued it. As a drama, it is in many respects irregular and objectionable; its incidents occasionally revolting or improbable. Its narrative is dispersed over fourteen years. The monarchs of England, like the sceptered posterity of *Banquo*, pass in review before the audience. Every act of the play is almost the reign of a king; the fate of three British dynasties are developed *seriatim;* and we see the fall of the house of Lancaster, and the rise of the house of York, and the ascension of the house Tudor on the ruins of both.

What is the atonement for such irregularity and monstrous anachronism? In what lies the fascination by which the admiration of the public, in despite of such defects, has been so long as it were spell-bound to this play; why has it been, and is it still, the most popular, the chief favorite, of our dramatic performances? Its charm is its *variety*, and the success of the actor in giving expression to that *variety*. Richard is the most diversified part on the stage; it comprehends a trait of every other species of character. We see the royal regicide of England wading through slaughter to a brother's and a nephew's throne, murdering as he moves, and *murdering in mirth*, and in his course continually alternating his appearances and varying his means for the attainment of

his end; rapidly unfolding in the service of the aim the character of king, conspirator, statesman, hero, intriguer, soldier, assassin, devotee, lover, obdurate and unrelenting sinner, by turns and nothing long. Richard is a collection of characters; a compression of the most striking historical figures; a well-arranged combination of stage-playing machinery, rapidly and instantaneously displacing and substituting the most striking and picturesque features of the drama.

To be a great Richard, a man must be a great actor; and a great actor is alone the master of the drama, tragic, and comic, but the possessor of the rare capability of human transition in one character. A great actor is an actor and back again. In fact, he is a Harlequinade, all the great characters and mannerism of the stage, the saint and the sage, the hero and evolution and distinct consecutive could not exist in Richard, too stately for its humanities, the elasticity necessary to possessed this power, of Richard in one man, he was excellent, but he was garity. And in the delineation occasions, grotesque, to assume. The moral *Plantagenet* every thing. He could be farce. Mr. Macready the common run of the his military commands, most consummate tion and in power, possessed.

blame him not; but, we cannot so easily excuse him for avoiding the points of Garrick. They have come down to us by tradition, sanctioned by the applause of half a century. A man cannot slur them. We have been so long habituated to pause and applaud them, that an exertion must be made, when they come in the way. This is not imitation, or it is the imitation of excellence. Why did Mr. Macready tear the arm off his vest or shape; a naked arm made a bad *jeu de theatre;* he soon after, however, atoned for it. His manner of giving "I am but man, and fate do thou dispose of me," was as fine as any thing we ever witnessed. He has found that it is easier to please a London than a Dublin audience. The truth is, the latter is more critical. It was in this city, and from a Dublin audience, that Garrick, in the second year of his exertion, received the title of Roscius.

> "Roscius, Paris of the stage,
> Born to please a learned age."

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CLARA FISHER, 1823.

THE first impression created by her acting, on the mind of a reflecting observer, tends to depreciate the value of all theatrical merit, when so much excellence in the art and the opposite walks of it, can be exhibited even by a child.

In all the variety of dramatic character of either sex, of every age, or any condition, the acting of Clara Fisher seems to be upon a par, in every particular instance, with actor or actress most excelling in that particular walk or character, with, however, this difference, that her representation is considerably more agreeable from the very novelty of the exhibition, the versatility of her transition to the most opposite characters, and the great moral curiosity of her own. To rant a speech, or to speak it well; to exhibit a character in a tragedy, a leading one, and many of them; such exhibitions have, by early culture, been often brought within the comprehension and execution of a child; but knowledge of life, and closeness of observation, as well as powers of humour and dramatic talent, have hitherto been regarded as necessary to those who would excel in those mixed characters of comedy by which the drama reflects the passing world, and the comic author "shoots folly as it flies." Yet in comedy, opera, and farce, Clara Fisher ranks with the oldest and the best. In the Actress of all Works she represents a clownish child, a fantastic grandam, a London actress, a literary fop, and a Parisian dancer, with apparently a general and diversified knowledge of all the variety and curiosity of these several characters.

We said that this extraordinary exhibition tends, at first view, to depreciate our value of the histrionic art; but further reflection corrects that opinion, and leads us only to admire, in Clara Fisher, the extraordinary talents with which an individual may be gifted, and the early

period at which they may be developed; in fact, the wonders that may be effected by young talent with early culture.

The exhibitions of the characters represented at the theatre by Clara Fisher, that wonderful child, continue to astonish and delight the public. It is no matter as to any difference of opinion existing respecting her precise age; all such difference is lost in the surprising disproportion of her execution, to that which could be expected from any age that could possibly be assigned to her. As to criticism, what can it do with her? she is inaccessible to it; for if it be said that she does not play this or that character so well as it might have been played, or we have seen it represented by others, still the observation must always arise—let it be remembered that this is a child. We by no means say, that her acting requires to be protected by such a consideration; but still it is certain that she is so protected: it is therefore that we call her inaccessible to criticism. But there is one ground, on which it is allowable to suggest what we would consider an improvement, respecting the management of the little actress. Nature has placed sufficient disproportion between her youth and many of the characters which she represents: why should that disproportion be increased by art; why unnecessarily exaggerated? There is an entire range of characters in the drama, natural and proportionate to the age and appearance of Miss Fisher: there is another tier of characters, which, although not having the same proportion to these considerations, are yet by no means unsuitable to her years and powers; and in which the very circumstance of such disproportion but increases the more the admiration of the audience. It must, however, be allowed that this line of parts, in such a representative, is a transgression of rule; and although the transcendant abilities of this extraordinary child destroy this objection, and vindicate the irregularity, yet it has limits, beyond which it cannot be pushed, and within which this transgression must be circumscribed.

The illusion of the theatre should never be violated without cause; the audience will bear its violation so far as the necessity of the case justifies it, and no farther; they will endure, and may admire, a little girl playing *Prince Arthur*, but not *King John*. We should not be now surprised if this fine child were announced for *Sir John Falstaff*. We think this would be less unsuitable to her than some others which she has represented. Ease and grace are amongst some of her most prominent traits; "in form and movement express and admirable;" in action and apprehension a superior creature; an example of the wonders which education can effect, and an honor to the sex to which she belongs. It is a pity, and therefore can give pleasure to no one, to see a highly gifted being like this harassed unnecessarily, or burlesqued or caricatured by her own talents; it is a pity that exertions so rare should not be placed in lights the most advantageous; that a glass so well formed to reflect the beauties, should be charged with the representation of the most revolting characters of the drama. The bravo's mustachio, the old man's wig, the paunch of Falstaff, the hunch back of Gloster, the sabre, helmit, and coat of mail, are not of the costume of Clara Fisher. Why should her managers make her travestie herself? the cast of her characters should be in reference to her own character; her large stock of means to instruct and amuse should be in no respect mismanaged, for they deserve the best management.

SPRAY, 1823.

DOCTOR SPRAY is the benefactor of every one who hears him: he leads, and leads at a great distance, the resident school of music in this country. In this respect he has

neither rival nor competitor; and his acknowledged superiority is cheerfully conceded by that body of which he is the ornament and example. There is one circumstance characteristic of this great singer, in respect to which it is much to be desired that his example were more influential; he always sings *within* the compass of his voice; to give richness to melody it must be so united. Such sweet, and full, and deep-toned melody as his, can only be produced where the powers of the individual are preserved at his command, by being circumscribed within the compass of their extreme exertion. The singer's ease is essential to the modulation of song; but few are conscious, or have a right to be conscious, that they can afford, like Spray, to spare their powers. This extenuation of effort does not diminish the real value of the musical exertion, it only avoids weakening it by extending it: the value is not diminished, it is only condensed. This observation applies to all the singing of Spray; this excellence is peculiarly his; and being the result of judgment and good taste, it may be acquired by every singer, in proportion to his powers. The value of this rule and example of this master have not been lost on Smith, his pupil and associate; and in the duet of "*Here shall soft Charity*," the united effort of master and pupil afforded a fine specimen of this improved style, and conveyed, in the mild excellence of its execution, the strongest censure upon that shouting system, that orchestra clamour of song, which drowns sweet melody in tumult and noise, and is well described by the French as *à crier à plein gozier, et de toutes leurs forces.*

MACREADY IN RICHARD AND VIRGINIUS.

MR. MACREADY has appeared in two characters, one from the ancient and the other from the modern drama;

Richard the Third, and Virginius. This gentleman had not been for some years on our boards. He introduced himself in the character of Richard. He has acquired much reputation in England. It is easier to acquire than to maintain reputation. The first exertion should have been the best. He chose Richard in preference to Virginius; and the preference was not judicious, for he is an excellent Virginius.

It is not difficult to explain why in the part of Richard an eminent actor may fall short of excellence. This is one of the most celebrated plays of Shakspeare; but why, it may be asked, is it so celebrated? Johnson and all the best critics admit that its merits bear but a small proportion to the great celebrity that has pursued it. As a drama, it is in many respects irregular and objectionable; its incidents occasionally revolting or improbable. Its narrative is dispersed over fourteen years. The monarchs of England, like the sceptered posterity of *Banquo*, pass in review before the audience. Every act of the play is almost the reign of a king; the fate of three British dynasties are developed *seriatim;* and we see the fall of the house of Lancaster, and the rise of the house of York, and the ascension of the house Tudor on the ruins of both.

What is the atonement for such irregularity and monstrous anachronism? In what lies the fascination by which the admiration of the public, in despite of such defects, has been so long as it were spell-bound to this play; why has it been, and is it still, the most popular, the chief favorite, of our dramatic performances? Its charm is its *variety*, and the success of the actor in giving expression to that *variety*. Richard is the most diversified part on the stage; it comprehends a trait of every other species of character. We see the royal regicide of England wading through slaughter to a brother's and a nephew's throne, murdering as he moves, and *murdering in mirth*, and in his course continually alternating his appearances and varying his means for the attainment of

his end; rapidly unfolding in the service of his ambition the character of king, conspirator, statesman, lover, hero, intriguer, soldier, assassin, devotee, hypocrite, obdurate and unrelenting sinner. "Every thing by turns and nothing long." Richard is a collection of characters; a compression of the most eminent theatrical figures; a well-arranged combination of scene-shifting machinery, rapidly and instantaneously withdrawing and substituting the most striking and dissimilar portraitures of the drama.

To be a great Richard, a man must not only be a great actor; and a great actor in almost all the parts of the drama, tragic, and comic, but he must also possess the rare capability of instant transition, from great acting in one character, to great acting in an opposite character, and back again. In fact, it is traversing in a sort of Harlequinade, all the great characters and most opposing mannerism of the stage, displaying all the phases of the saint and the sage, the hero and the villain, in rapid evolution and distinct demarcation. Therefore, Kemble could not excel in Richard. He was stiff, perhaps too stately for its instantaneous transitions. He wanted the elasticity necessary for its performance. Kean possessed this plastic power, but some of the characters of Richard he could not sustain. In the Harlequinade he was excellent, but he was by no means free from vulgarity. And he was distinctly deficient in that air of occasional grandeur, which it is proper for him sometimes to assume, who would justly represent the *last of the Plantagenets*. The man who plays Richard will play every thing. When Garrick succeeded in it, he knew he could play thenceforward in tragedy, comedy, or farce. Mr. Macready, like Mr. Kemble, threw most of the comedy out of the character. Like Kean, he issued his military commands with a rapidity, which must have made them indistinct. Military commands must be distinct, and in their delivery, bear the marks of self-possession. He avoided all the points of Mr. Kean, we

blame him not; but, we cannot so easily excuse him for avoiding the points of Garrick. They have come down to us by tradition, sanctioned by the applause of half a century. A man cannot slur them. We have been so long habituated to pause and applaud them, that an exertion must be made, when they come in the way. This is not imitation, or it is the imitation of excellence. Why did Mr. Macready tear the arm off his vest or shape; a naked arm made a bad *jeu de theatre;* he soon after, however, atoned for it. His manner of giving "I am but man, and fate do thou dispose of me," was as fine as any thing we ever witnessed. He has found that it is easier to please a London than a Dublin audience. The truth is, the latter is more critical. It was in this city, and from a Dublin audience, that Garrick, in the second year of his exertion, received the title of Roscius.

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a picture that perhaps we fondly cherish from the sweet recollection of the extreme pleasure which we derived at its first impression. We make not deductions for the exaggerated colouring of the rich and vivid impressions of our youth, when every relish was keen, and every sensibility intense, when with a dancing eye and a beating heart we counted the moments till the rising of the curtain where kings and queens, and ghosts and warriors, and the dazzling and surprising fairy-land of Thespia poured on the mind its novelties and its wonders. Whatever may be the cause, most certain it is, that for these reasons we should advise Mr. Macready, or any other actor, to prefer breaking new ground in new plays; to be slow and sure in taking up the characters of the old drama, but above all to be cautious in attempting a character where the excellence of a predecessor is both matchless and recent.

Mr. Macready must allow our recollections of the last Coriolanus to fade, before we can with justice entertain his claims to successorship. Kemble in many parts was inferior to many; to Garrick in most; to Barry in Othello; to Mossop in Zanga; and in Richard to Cooke; but Coriolanus was the *chef d'œuvre* of Kemble, and in it Garrick was his inferior; if Garrick now lived he would not play Coriolanus after Kemble. It happens to some men to be matchless in some things. Macready in Luke; and Kemble in Coriolanus. His Coriolanus was a matchless scenic exhibition; every sentence a lesson on elocution; every movement an attitude for the painter; it displayed a long line of historical figures; it developed a panorama of patrician Rome; it was a glass for kings to dress at; it was a lecture for Lawrence and Canova.

The moral code of the Roman people was for nothing more remarkable than its extraordinary inculcation of filial duty. The conquest of filial duty is the moral of the play, and its conflict with patrician arrogance, where Coriolanus says to his mother "I am going," was the

the great scene of Kemble's exertion; the recollection of which placed Mr. Macready under difficulty and disadvantage. Fenelon, in describing a hero of antiquity, conveys the characteristics of Coriolanus:

"Sa douceur et sa fierté, avec sa taille et sa démarche majestueuse."

In war a tiger in his fierce deportment, but in the presence of his mother all "mild behaviour and humility." The alternation of these two traits of character, "sa douceur et sa fierté," makes a great part of the business and difficulty of the character. The first trait, the *gentleness*, was the great omission and defect in the acting of Mr. Macready; a similar combination exists in Macbeth. His feelings towards his wife are made up of love and respect. We could not distinguish in Mr. Macready's acting any of those shades of occasional tenderness which lighten the gloom of the family picture. And yet the transition from the one to the other would afford to the actor striking situations; but yet the Macbeth of Mr. Macready has raised him considerably in our estimation. In this character, with attention, he will excel.

"He is here in *double* trust:"

the emphasis should have been *exclusively* on *double*. Again,

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;"

the emphasis should be on *mind exclusively*. Again

"She should have died hereafter.
There would have been a time for such a word,—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and—to-morrow," &c.

In this short soliloquy of not a dozen lines, there are five or six totally different lines of thinking; the breaks of a philosophic mind revolving the great subjects of life and death. Kemble, in delivering it, displayed as many various modes of elocution, and filled up the intervals with exhibitions of eloquent meditation. This little soliloquy is a compound of the results of five or six short chapters on the nothingness of life.

Mr. Macready's great capabilities of giving expression to the pathetic and horrible, suits him well for this character; his going in and coming forth from the chamber of Duncan was admirable. The dagger scena and banquet scene also very good. The banquet hall was quite an exhibition of scenic elegance. We have no such corrections to suggest as we had respecting Coriolanus, for the entire scenery and decorations were splendid, well ordered, and appropriate; this was all proper, for in respect of giving an interest to our recollections and associations, Caledonian ranks next to classic scenery.

The *corps dramatique* are as a class very meritorious; every one seemed playing his best. The groups of witches admirable. Mr. Cunningham, as Rosse, proved the value of exertion, and that in every part, however short, an industrious and judicious actor may arrest attention and extort applause.

Kemble bearded the ghost of Banquo off the stage, as if not afraid of the ghost; Kean made an alteration, and we think an improvement; instead of following, he retired with a head averted and in fear. Mr. Macready has adopted the reading of Mr. Kean, and as an histrionic interpreter of the author, we think him perfectly right. Shakspeare intended that Macbeth should express fear in that passage.

Kean played Macbeth in flesh-coloured arms, and gloves of one piece, and when he retired to wash his hands under the injunction of Lady Macbeth, the short interval did not allow him to disengage himself from his flesh-coloured arms and gloves, and he entered with his hands as bloody as before, so that the evidence of the murder was quite apparent. Mr. Macready properly avoided wearing such a dress, as could lead to such an awkwardness. Kean failed in *this* character; Mr. Macready has succeeded.

THE END.